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MAXIM

FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1998

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10 hot spots for one-stroke seduction pg. 90

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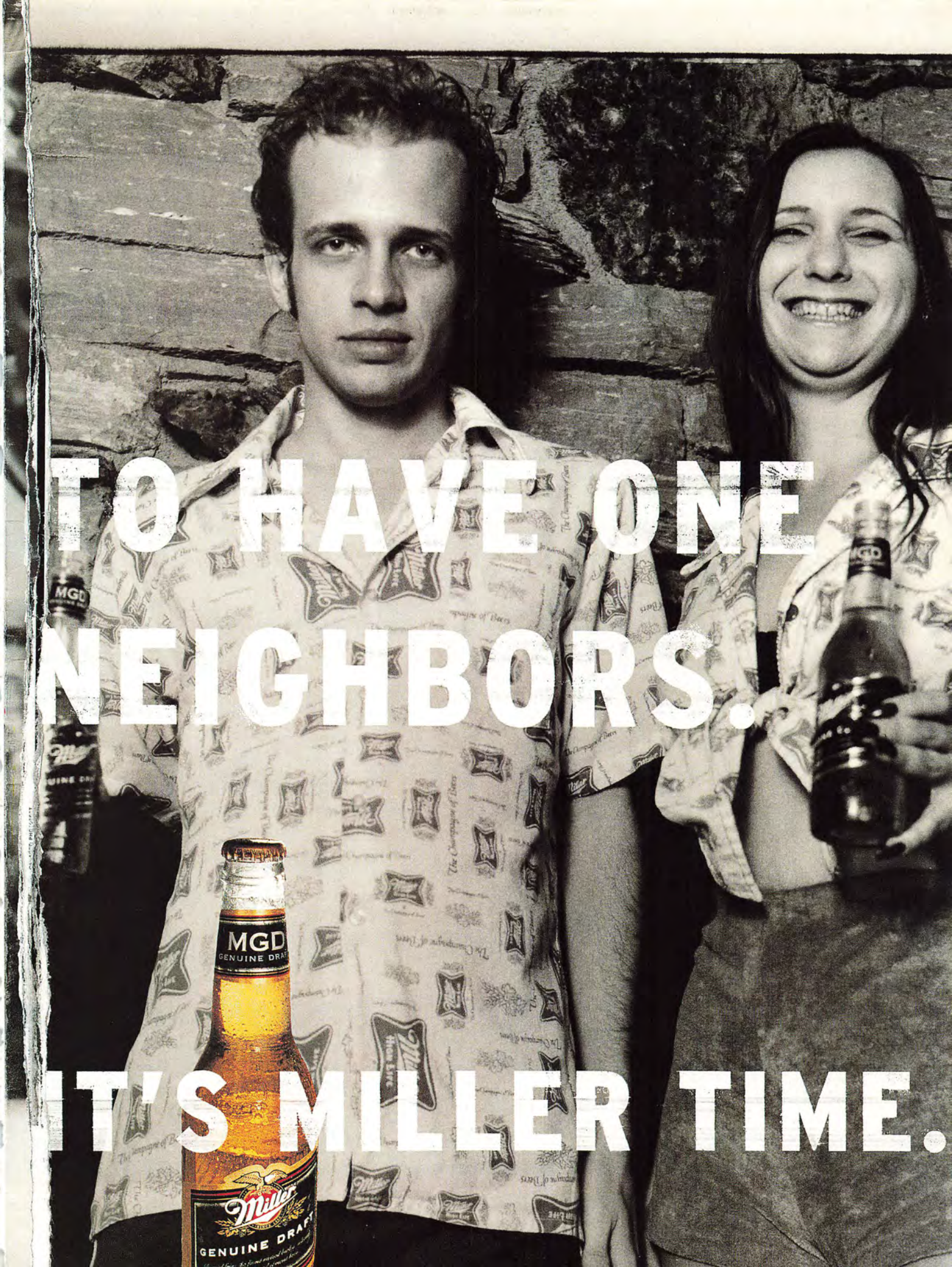
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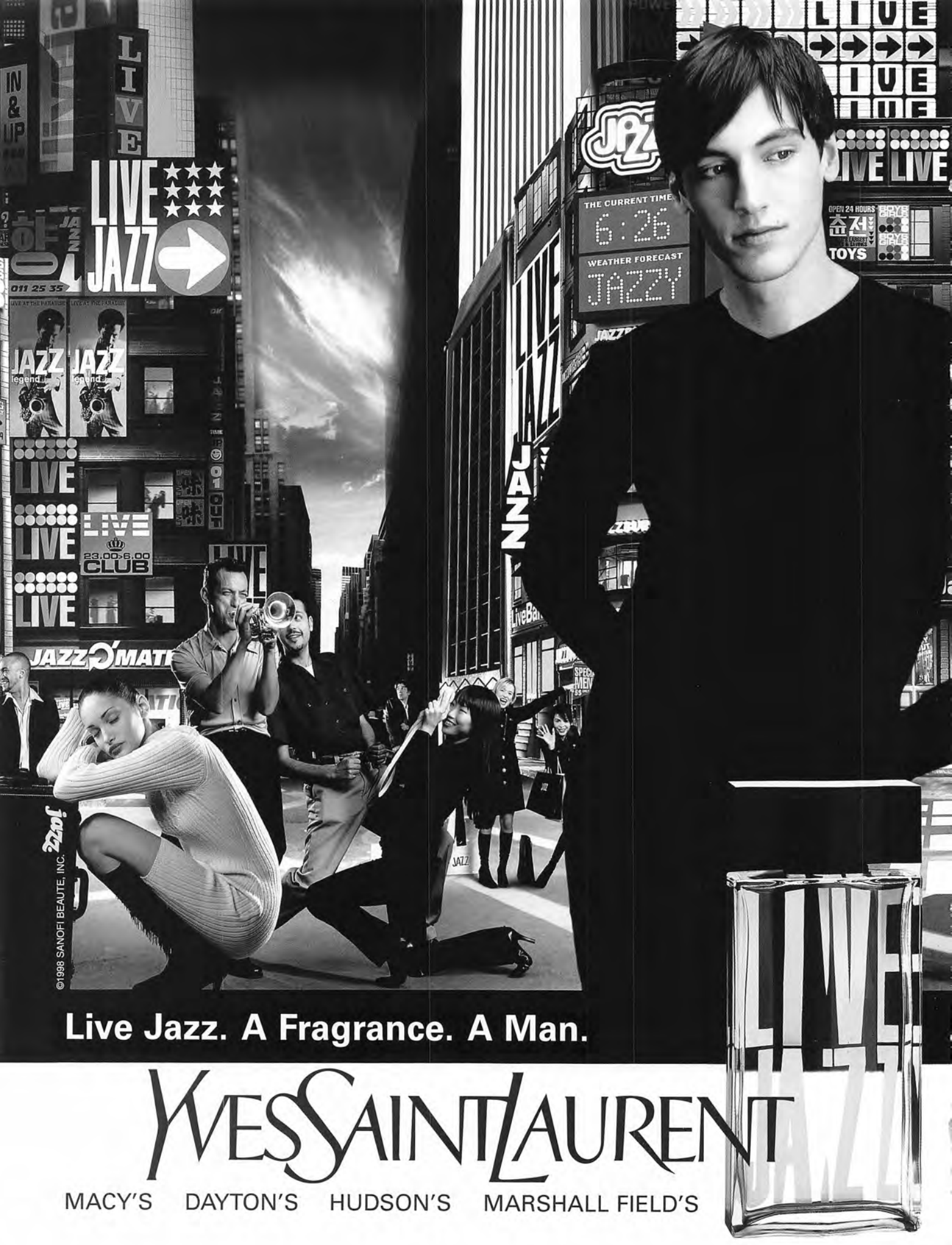
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IN & UP
THE CURRENT TIME
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p. 90

SEPTEMBER 1998

MAXIM

Features

LET GOD SORT 'EM OUT

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You thought your last ice-climbing vacation was on the edge? This guy takes rich businessmen to international war zones to get the ultimate souvenir: a confirmed kill.

CAREER

DO YOU HATE YOUR #$*! BOSS? 86

The results of our reader survey not only answer the question with a resounding "Yes!" but fill in the weird, perverted, and absolutely unbelievable details.

SEX

STROKES OF GENIUS 90

A woman's body is mined with secret sexual hot spots that most guys miss. Here's the road map you need to drive her completely over the edge.

SPORTS

THE 30-SECOND PIGSKIN SCAN 94

Why waste time reading when you could be watching? Our guide gives you the lowdown on every team in less time than it takes to open a bag of chips.

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Drugs can't solve all your problems...just most of them.

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CHRISTINA APPLEGATE 108

Our favorite Bundy returns to the tube with a sitcom about...who cares, as long as she's back.

FALL TV PREVIEW

NOCTURNAL TRANSMISSIONS 114

We sort through the new season's lineup to find the good, the bad, and the supremely dorky. **Plus:** the hottest shows among the prison population, the world's most powerful remote control, and *Maxim*'s patented Do-It-Yourself Sitcom Machine

HEAVEN

THE FALL GIRLS 120

Their new shows may not be your cup of tea, but these four women will make your inner critic shut up and wag its tail.

HORSEPOWER

BLOOD, SWEAT, AND GEARS 124

NASCAR's 50th anniversary finds the sweet science of speed in top form and in no danger of forgetting its down-home (yet ever so kick-ass) charm.

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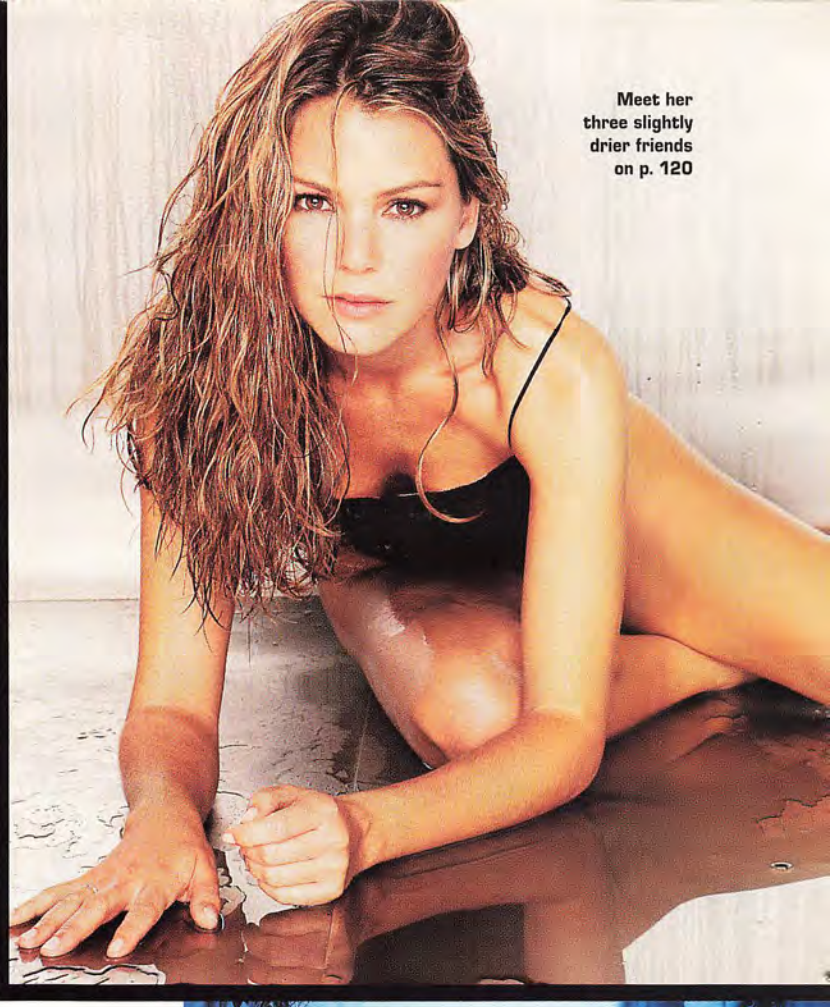
7 DEADLY SUITS 130

These suits *look* like a thousand bucks, but with the money you'll save, you can sin in real style.



Meet her three slightly drier friends on p. 120

On the Cover:

Christina Applegate Photographed by Andrew Eccles

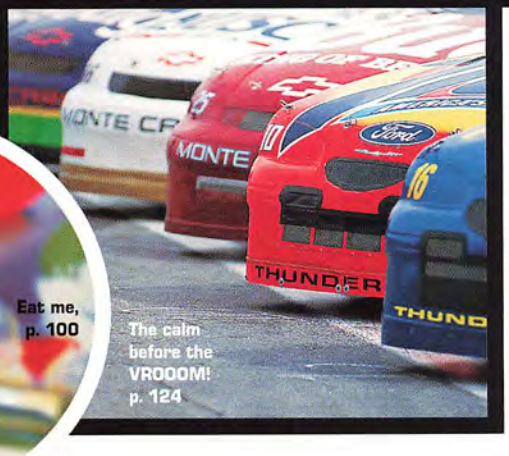
Styled by Karen Shapiro

Hair & makeup by Eric Barnard for Cloutier

Manicure by Deborah Espisito for Cloutier

What to watch when you can't see straight, p. 114

Eat me, p. 100



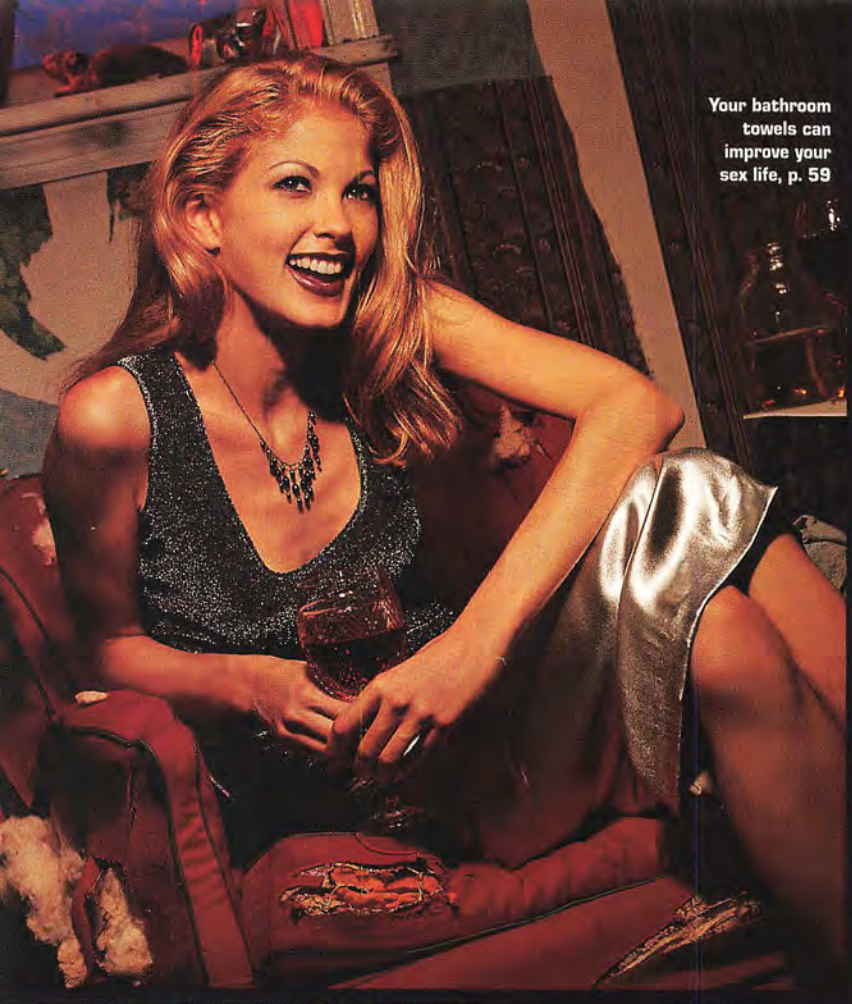
The calm before the VROOOM! p. 124

On the cover: red camisole, Katayone Adeli; jeans, D&G Dolce&Gabbana; Fashion editor, Karen Shapiro; photographs (clockwise from top left), Gary Gross; Michael Mazzeo; Andrew Eccles; Kwaku Alston; Greg Crisp; Satoshi; NFL Properties (for additional credits, please see corresponding feature)

The low-to-the-ground, ankle-embracing Air Assailant shoe helps Andre react

with lightning speed and dexterity. (What are you getting ready for?)

nike



Your bathroom towels can improve your sex life, p. 59

Shots to the liver, p. 140

This man is cheating. Find out how p. 45

"Hey, who pushed me?!" p. 72

Photographs, (clockwise from top left) Satoshi; Thomas Card; Davies & Starr/Tony Stone; Jeffrey Krein; Satoshi

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Columns

SAYS HER

59 THE 9 THINGS A SINGLE MAN NEEDS IN HIS APARTMENT TO GET THE GIRL

You may have bucketloads of charm...but do you have clean towels hanging in your john or just a petrified, snot-colored washcloth? Women register this stuff big time.

SPORTS

67 FISTS OF FURY

Extreme Fighter Ralph Gracie has choked dogs and, just like his father and his father's father, beaten the crap out of everyone who's been stupid enough to get into the ring with him.

DONE THAT

72 I FELL INTO A GORGE

Every October, Terrence Houlahan gets an overwhelming urge to jump off a bridge.

GRIND

76 QUIT YOUR JOB—RIGHT NOW!

If you've been working for the same company for years, chances are there's another company that will pay you far more. Loyalty, schmoyalty.

WINE & DINE

140 SHOT TO HELL

These alcoholic hand grenades come in handy when you want to punish yourself...or others.

142 JUMBO-LAYA!

When you can't decide what to eat, this one-pot wonder gives you a little (make that a lot) of everything.

GET DRESSED

144 THE $100 TIE

You may not be able to afford a closetful of these big-ticket beauties...but you damn well should have at least *one* knockout tie for clutch situations.

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148 AGE OF AQUARIUM

Create an underwater world that you can rule with an iron fist. **Plus:** our guide to which fish will go belly up the fastest

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30 CIRCUS MAXIMUS

How to spot marked cards, measure your penis, and become a genius by chewing some gum

54 TOY CHEST

Gadgets no grown-up kid should be without

152 HANG TIME

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A *Maxim* contest for the sick and twisted

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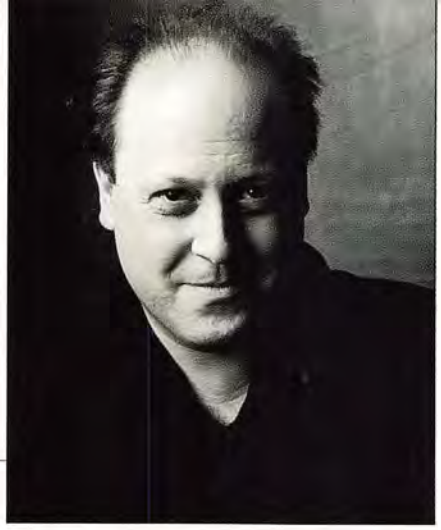
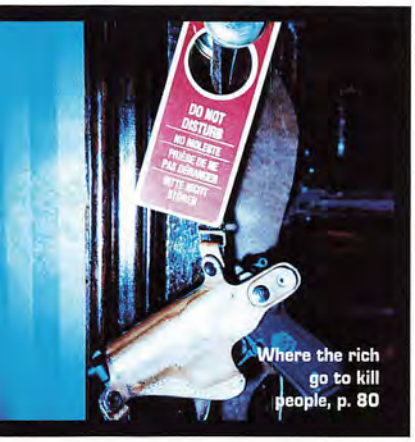
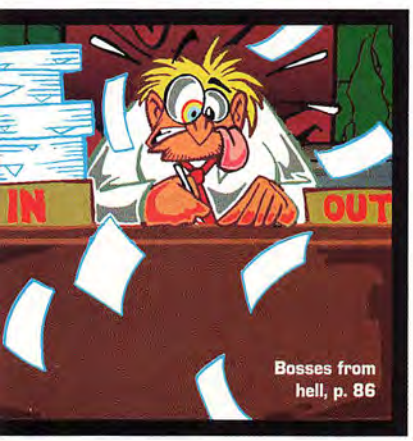






All Hail the One-Eyed God

Some wry wit once commented that television is called a medium because nothing on it is ever rare or well-done. All I can say in response is that I hate wry wits. We may love to call television the boob tube, the idiot box, or simply a huge waste of time…but very recently I was stripped of all intellectual posturing concerning this mass medium and forced to face the hard truth.

In other words…my cable went out.

The first 60 seconds of cold turkey went fairly well. I went to the bathroom, figuring that everything would be fine when I came back (this is how I approach most problems). No luck. Then, relying on my vast technical expertise, I whacked the box a few times, like a Neanderthal who'd gotten up on the wrong side of the cave. Still nothing.

Then I panicked.

To occupy myself over the next four hours, I scraped all the dust out from under my bed to see how big a ball I could make out of it, started every word I spoke to myself with the letter *l* just to hear what it would sound like, and eventually drew a face on a sock, slipped it over my hand, and had a debate with it…which I lost.

When the cable finally came back on, I almost kissed the screen (but Clint Eastwood was on…and that would have been just plain weird).

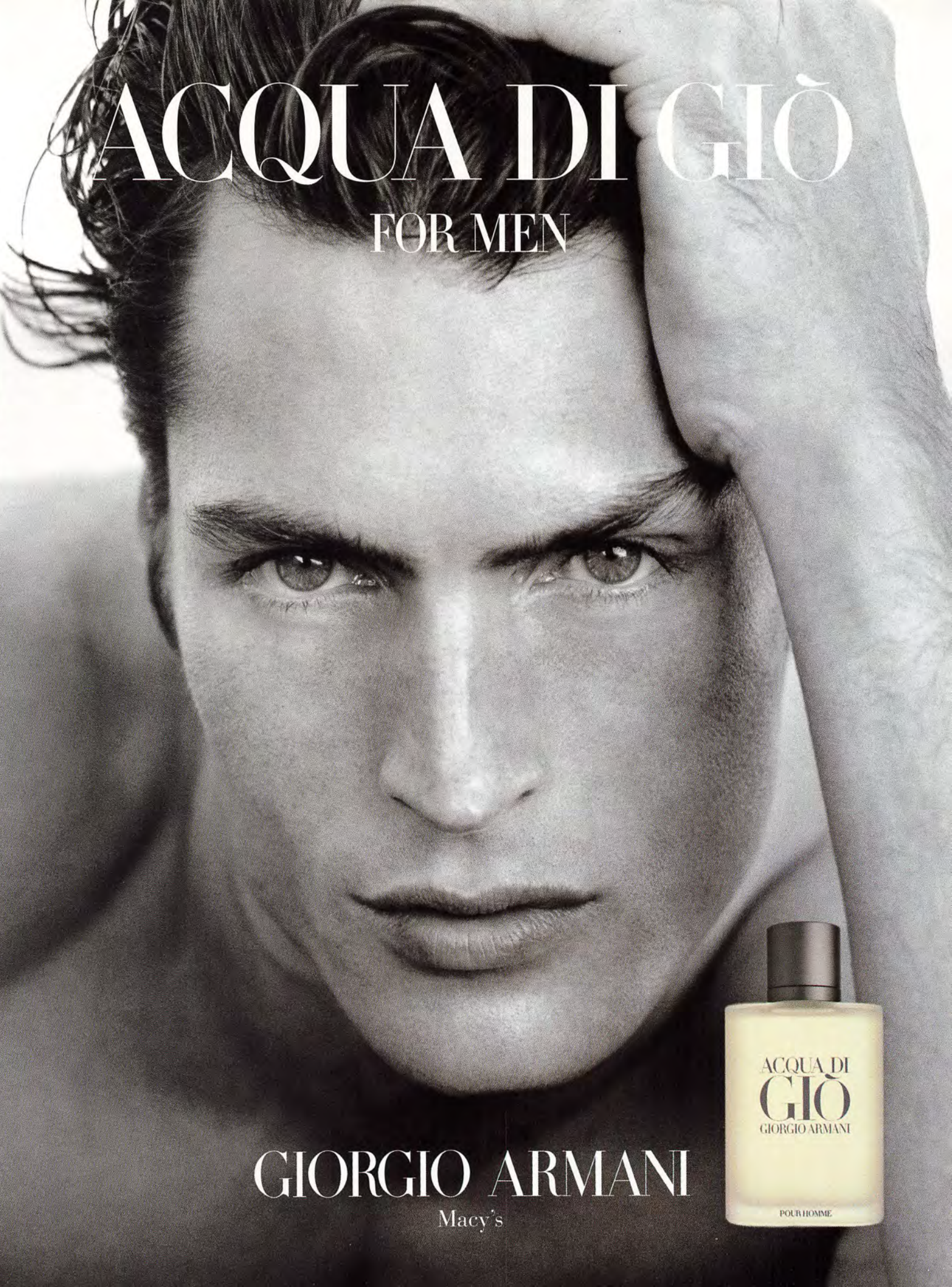
To sum things up: Me like TV. Me like our fall television preview (p. 114). Me very happy that Christina Applegate is returning to TV (p. 108).

Me gotta go now…bass fishing show on.

Mark Golin

MARK GOLIN
Editor-in-Chief

Photograph of M. Golin, Andrew Eccles; grooming, Nancy Sprague/Mark Edwards. All other photographs, see story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Does riding in heavy rain count as bathing?

Motorcycles

Catch us if you can.

March 15, ABC 1:30 p.m. EST
Marlboro Grand Prix of Miami
Presented by Toyota

March 28, ABC 2:00 p.m. EST
Budweiser 500 - Motegi, Japan

April 5, ESPN 4:00 p.m. EDT
Toyota Grand Prix of Long Beach

April 26, ESPN 12:30 p.m. EDT
Bosch Spark Plug Grand Prix Presented by
Toyota - Nazareth, PA

May 10, ABC 3:30 p.m. EDT
Rio 400 - Rio De Janeiro, Brazil

May 23, ABC 1:00 p.m. EDT
Motorola 300 - Madison, IL

May 31, ESPN 1:30 p.m. EDT
Miller Lite 200 - West Allis, WI

June 7, ABC 2:30 p.m. EDT
ITT Automotive Detroit Grand Prix

June 21, ESPN 5:00 p.m. EDT
Budweiser/G.I. Joe's 200 Presented by
Texaco/Havoline - Portland, OR

July 12, ABC 12:30 p.m. EDT
Medic Drug Grand Prix of Cleveland

July 19, ABC 3:00 p.m. EDT
Molson Indy Toronto

July 26, ABC 1:00 p.m. EDT
U.S. 500 Presented by Toyota
Brooklyn, MI

August 9, ABC 4:00 p.m. EDT
Miller Lite 200 - Lexington, OH

August 16, ESPN 3:30 p.m. EDT
Texaco/Havoline 200 - Elkhart Lake, WI

September 6, ESPN 5:00 p.m. EDT
Molson Indy Vancouver

September 13, ESPN 3:00 p.m. EDT
Grand Prix of Monterey Featuring
the Texaco/Havoline 300

October 4, ABC 4:00 p.m. EDT
Texaco Grand Prix of Houston

October 18, ESPN 8:00 p.m. EDT
IndyCarnival - Gold Coast,
Queensland, Australia

November 1, ESPN 8:00 p.m. EST
Marlboro 500 Presented by Toyota
Fontana, CA

(Broadcasts subject to change)

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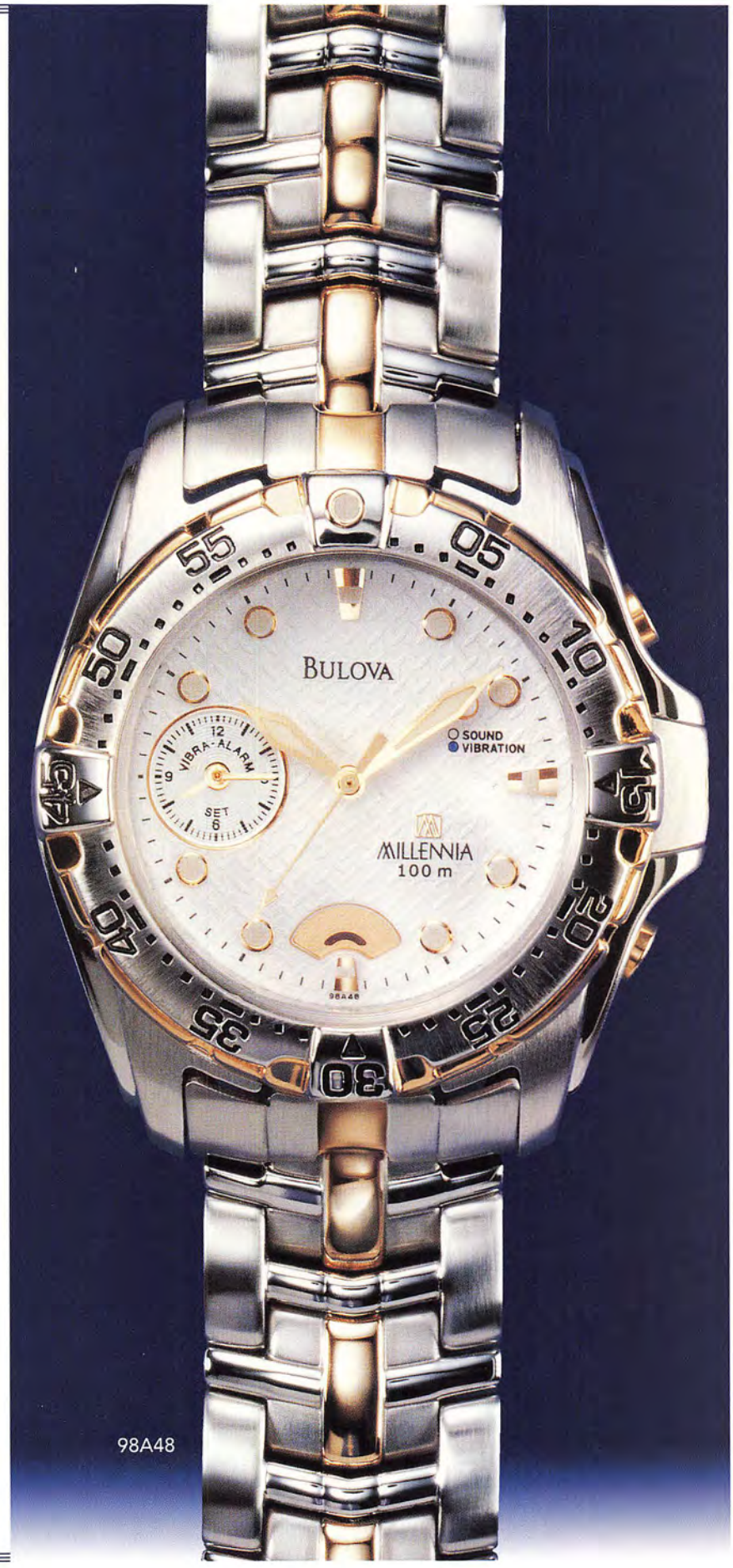

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Rants and Ravers

Shafted

IN THE JUNE ISSUE, the revenge story titled "Losing His Grip" is all fiction and no fact. According to the story, the guy "removed all of his friend's golf-club grips and coated the insides with Vaseline." As a person who replaces golf grips, I know that there are only two ways to remove golf grips. The first way is by using a utility knife to cut the grips off (that means you need new grips). The other way is to use a grip remover. This looks like an old oilcan with a hypodermic needle on the end. You insert the needle under the grip and pump solvent under it until it breaks loose. This is a very messy job, as the solvent goes all over the place. Then you need to stabilize the club and use both hands to replace the grip over the end of the shaft. And your guy claims to have done all this in the trunk of a car? Get real.

Ernest W. Hobbs
Columbus, OH

You're a professional golf-grip replacer? Hahahahahahaha. Wait a second. Whew! We had to catch our breath. OK, that's better. Hahahahahahaha...

Giving Thanks

I'M SO HAPPY, I'm so very deliciously, deliriously happy. One of my all-time favorite models, the very beautiful and sexy Rebecca Romijn, is now a *Maxim* cover girl! I love all your cover girls because they're beautiful, interesting, and, of course, sexy. And on top of that, your magazine is great to read from cover to cover. I love *Maxim*!

Dennis D. Comstock
North Muskegon, MI

What kind of man gets "deliciously" happy? Watch it, buddy, or you'll be using words like zesty soon. But...here's another shot of Rebecca anyway.

Rebecca Romijn: The driving force behind cloning

Genius

THE WORST TIME of the month is the 30 days that I go to the mailbox and don't find your magazine. There is no feeling like getting a fresh *Maxim* in the mail. So I tried sleeping all of the other days of the month and waking up on that one day it will arrive. Sorry to say, that was not one of my brightest ideas, and it didn't work. So I then thought that maybe you could send me an article and some pictures every day of the year. Again, not a bright idea, eh? Finally I thought of the perfect solution: Every night, I put the mag back in the mailbox so the next morning I can go to pick up my mail and say, "Wow, a new *Maxim*!"

Christian Lee
Fort Collins, CO

Anyone who would like a free copy of Maxim *can stop by Christian's place after he goes to bed (around 6:30 P.M.) and just reach into his mailbox.*

Letter of the Month

HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING on how to decode *his* personal ad [re: "How to Decode Her Personal Ad," May].

Seeking:
"discreet" = "I am already married"
"petite"/"young" = "Remind me of my daughter"
"modern" = "You pay, you drive"
"old-fashioned" = "I pay, you strip"
"open-minded" = "You are willing to do it with me and a good friend of mine"
"experimental" = "You are willing to do it with me and a female friend of mine"
I am:
"husky" = "400 lbs. plus"
"family man" = "six kids, four mothers"
"new to area" = "parolee"
"tired of games" = "I think I'm tired of games"

Jennifer Adams
Spokane, WA

Writes letter to men's magazine = wants editor-in-chief big time.

Heavens to Betsy

I AM WRITING IN RESPONSE to the article "The Wizard of Odds" by Adam J. Slutsky [May]. I must say right off the bat that the article was well written and very funny to read. However, I do have many complaints about the nature of the article as a whole. For starters, you refer to the subject of the article, "Jake," as a professional gambler. We all ▷

Photograph: Lance Staedler; hair, Robert Steinken for Celestine; make-up, Ulli for Celestine; styling, Karen Shapiro; black bikini, Versace; censor sandals, Todd Oldham.

VINCE VAUGHN

JOAQUIN PHOENIX

JANEANE GAROFALO

LESTER LONG NEVER FORGETS A FRIEND.

CLAY PIGEONS

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SCOTT FREE Intermedia

know that gambling on sporting events is illegal, so wouldn't he better deserve the title of professional criminal? Next, he gives tips for people who want to gamble. To top that off, you print a complete page of rules to follow when placing sports bets. Why would you want your readers to take up a habit that can only get them in trouble? Although the article's entertainment value is high, you seem to be trying to convince others to try the illegal and risky business of sports gambling, where people could be hurt, or worse, killed.

Brad Cirino
(no address given)

Or worse, be stuck on a three-hour flight to Las Vegas (where sports gambling is legal) sitting next to you.

It's A-Comin'!

HOW THE HELL does a huge fan like me go about getting a T-shirt, coffee mug, hat, anything to advertise the greatest men's magazine being published? I encourage so many people to read your magazine every month that I feel like an ad agent. Please send me an address, give me contact numbers, anything to get some kick-ass *Maxim* wear.

Shawn MacPhee
Lower Sacville, Nova Scotia

Thanks for your support. Unfortunately, we don't have Maxim *gear yet, but it's something we're really trying to make happen.*

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Contest Winners

And the Wiener Is...

Maxim finally announces the results of contests it held back in 1897.

Reach back through the alcohol-clouded haze some of us call memory and you may remember that back in our January/February issue, we took a vote to determine the greatest Bond Girls of all time. Well, 23,454 of you wrote in, and here's how it turned out.

The *Maxim* Magazine Award for Greatest Bond Girl of All Time goes to (drumroll, please)...Ursula Andress as *Dr. No's* Honey Ryder, who received 19% of the vote. *Tomorrow Never Dies'* Michelle Yeoh was second (16%), third place went to *GoldenEye's* Famke Janssen (9%), and Honor Blackman (*Goldfinger*) and Maud Adams (*Octopussy*) battled to a tie for fourth place (8%).

As for the cool prizes, Michael Chan of New York City took home the Omega Seamaster diver watch, which Bond wore in *Tomorrow Never Dies.* James Manning of San Jose, California, scored an Alpine CD audio system for his car. A complete Bond video library went to Greg Rivera of Miami; Norene Titus of Albuquerque; Bevin McCaine of Mount Vernon, New York; and Robert Wheeling of Toronto.

In our May issue, we gave away a trip to New York City. Two lucky readers got to attend our ultimate *Seinfeld* party to hobnob and get hammered with celebs. They also received a pair of Ray•Ban HighStreet sunglasses to help disguise their hangovers. Congrats to Craig Bergstrom, from Boston, and his friend Chris Ehrlich, from Chicago.

Till the Break of Dawn

I HAD TO WRITE IN and give you guys a huge thanks. I'm in a long-distance relationship with a guy, let's call him Larry, who's always been satisfying in bed but occasionally will not last as long as I would like. Both of us being *Maxim* subscribers, I suggested he read your May article "Last Five Minutes Longer." Well, after spending Memorial Day weekend with him, let me just say, "Oh my God!" I'm still smiling. The stop-start method, the circular motions, and the shallow movements...only five minutes longer? Wrong; he buried that time and then some. *Maxim,* I'm forever grateful! And Larry, if you're reading this, don't break your arm patting yourself on the back; start thinking about how you're going to top yourself!

All Smiles
Cedar Rapids, IA

Next month: how to last 5,000 years.

Parental Advisory

I CAN'T BELIEVE you promised Larry Isenberg ("Rants and Ravers") that you would never use the four-letter word *lamp* again. Because you not only use it but also show a photograph of a man receiving oral lamp ["Big Picture"]. I have a good mind to cancel my subscription. Please be more considerate of whiny-ass letter writers in the future.

Jack Meaphe
Fayetteville, AR

Sorry. In factt, we wwon't use any *ffour-letter words in the mag fromm now on.*

Didn't Bite

DID YOU REALLY need to waste time on the story of a man being swallowed by a gator and living to tell about it [June]? I'm sorry if it is a proven fact, but it sounds more like tabloid journalism. My wife laughed her head off at me when I told her I believed it. The more I think about it, the more I think she's probably correct. In the future, please give us more realistic articles and not something that's probably an urban legend. The story is just too hard to believe.

Rusty
(via E-mail)

Have you heard the urban legend about the guy who was constantly humiliated by his wife?

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www.microsoft.com/windows98/internet/

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98

All these partners' products and Windows 98 let you do more on the Internet. Check them out.

Works better. Plays better.

The Internet. A good idea but it should be easier. It should be faster. It should let you do more of the stuff you wanted the Internet for in the first place. In other words, THIS WH

M

Kodak

Take your best shot and share it with the world using *Kodak PhotoNet Online* and the *DVC323 Digital Video Camera*. Check out our Kodak Picture Spot on the Web. Fun and Prizes. Take Pictures. Further.™

Logitech

The Logitech *.cam*™ Internet Video Camera: Snap stills. Shoot video. E-mail them anywhere. Or make live video calls. It's so simple even the microphone is built in!

3Com U.S. Robotics

Experience the Internet like never before with our 56K* Faxmodem! Compatible with V.90 standard and x2™ technology. World's #1 selling modem.

*Capable of receiving at up to 56 Kbps and sending at up to 31.2 Kbps. Actual speeds may vary.

WaveTop

WaveTop—it's fast, *free* and easy. Just add a TV card to your PC. Get the best of the Net. No phone line, no ISP, no waiting.

APC
AMERICAN POWER CONVERSION

An APC uninterruptible power supply means uninterruptible fun. Buy APC Back-UPS Pro® for *legendary reliability* and complete peace of mind. Never Stop.™

Connectix

QuickCam® VC is the most popular, easy-to-use PC camera for videoconferencing with family and friends over the Internet.

DIAMOND
MULTIMEDIA

The SupraExpress™ and the SupraSonic™ II modems now support the 56K standard. They also include *Shotgun™ technology* for modem speeds to 112K!

iomega

The Zip® drive and genuine 100 MB Zip® disks let you download and save all kinds of stuff from the Internet.

OLE WEB THING SHOULD JUST BE ORE FUN.

And, with Microsoft® Windows® 98 and these great partners, you're well on the way. Hmm, suddenly the Internet is looking like a pretty good time.

www.microsoft.com/windows98/*internet*/

Die Laughing

Baby Steps

Birthing coach: "All you mommies-to-be should know that walking while you're pregnant is very beneficial. And you husbands, it wouldn't hurt you to take the time to go walking with your partners."

One husband: "Is it OK if she carries a golf bag?"

Bottle Bond

An old guy's car collides with a young guy's car and both are demolished. The two crawl out of the wreckage, amazed that neither of them was hurt in the accident. The old guy says, "Look at this miracle! This must surely be a sign from God that we should meet and be friends and live our lives in peace for the rest of our days."

"Sure," says the young guy, convinced the old man's crazy.

"And look at this!" says the old guy, reaching back into his car. "A miracle! My car is demolished, but this bottle of 12-year-old Scotch didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink and celebrate our good fortune."

Again the young guy agrees, so the old guy opens the bottle and passes it to him. The young guy smiles and takes several huge swigs, then tries to hand it to the old guy, who, to his surprise, refuses. "Aren't you having any?" asks the young guy.

"No, thanks," replies the old guy. "I'll wait for the police."

Hire Education

At the end of a job interview, the head of human resources asks the young engineer fresh out of MIT, "What starting salary were you looking for?"

The engineer decides to shoot for the moon. "I'm thinking in the range of $125,000 a year or so, depending on the benefits package."

"Hmm," says the interviewer. "Well, what would you say to five weeks' vacation, 14 paid holidays, full medical and dental, a retirement fund with company matching to 50 percent of salary, and a company car leased every two years—say, a Porsche?"

The engineer gapes and says, "Wow! Are you kidding?"

"Yeah," replies the interviewer, "but you started it."

"Little Help?"

Jerry's at the urinal in an airport rest room when a guy with no arms sidles up next to him and pleads, "Hey, buddy—can you help me out here?"

Though he feels uneasy, Jerry bravely unzips the man, takes a deep breath, and reaches in to pull out the guy's penis. Much to his horror, it's hideous. It's moldy and bluish green, covered with pus-filled scabs, and it reeks something awful.

Imagining the kudos he'll get on Judgment Day, Jerry holds the man's unit while he finishes urinating, shakes it, then puts it back in the man's pants and zips him up.

The guy tells Jerry, "Thanks, man, I *really* appreciate it."

"No problem," says Jerry. "But I gotta ask: What the hell's wrong with your johnson?"

The guy pokes his arms back out of his sleeves and says, "I don't know, but *I* sure as hell ain't touching it."

Cork of Fate

One day in the locker room, Bob sees a fat man with a cork in his ass. Curious, he asks the man how it got there.

"Well," says the man, "I was walking along the beach when I tripped over a lamp. There was a puff of smoke and this great big guy in a turban came oozing out, saying, 'I am a genie. I can grant you one wish.'

And I said, 'No shit!'" M

We'll send $150 to the reader who sends us the next joke of the month. Write us at *Maxim* Jokes, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail your joke to us at jokes@maximmag.com.

Joke of the Month

Country Style

A city slicker shoots a duck out in the country. As he's retrieving it, a farmer walks up and stops him, claiming that since the duck is on his farm, it technically belongs to *him*. After minutes of arguing, the farmer proposes they settle the matter "country style."

"What's country style?" asks the city boy.

"Out here in the country," the farmer says, "when two fellers have a dispute, one feller kicks the other one in the balls as hard as he can. Then *that* feller, why, he kicks the first one as hard as *he* can. And so forth. Last man standin' wins the dispute."

Warily the city boy agrees and prepares himself. The farmer hauls off and kicks him in the groin with all his might. The city boy falls to the ground in the most intense pain he's ever felt, crying like a baby and coughing up blood. Finally he staggers to his feet and says, "All right, n-now it's—it's m-my turn."

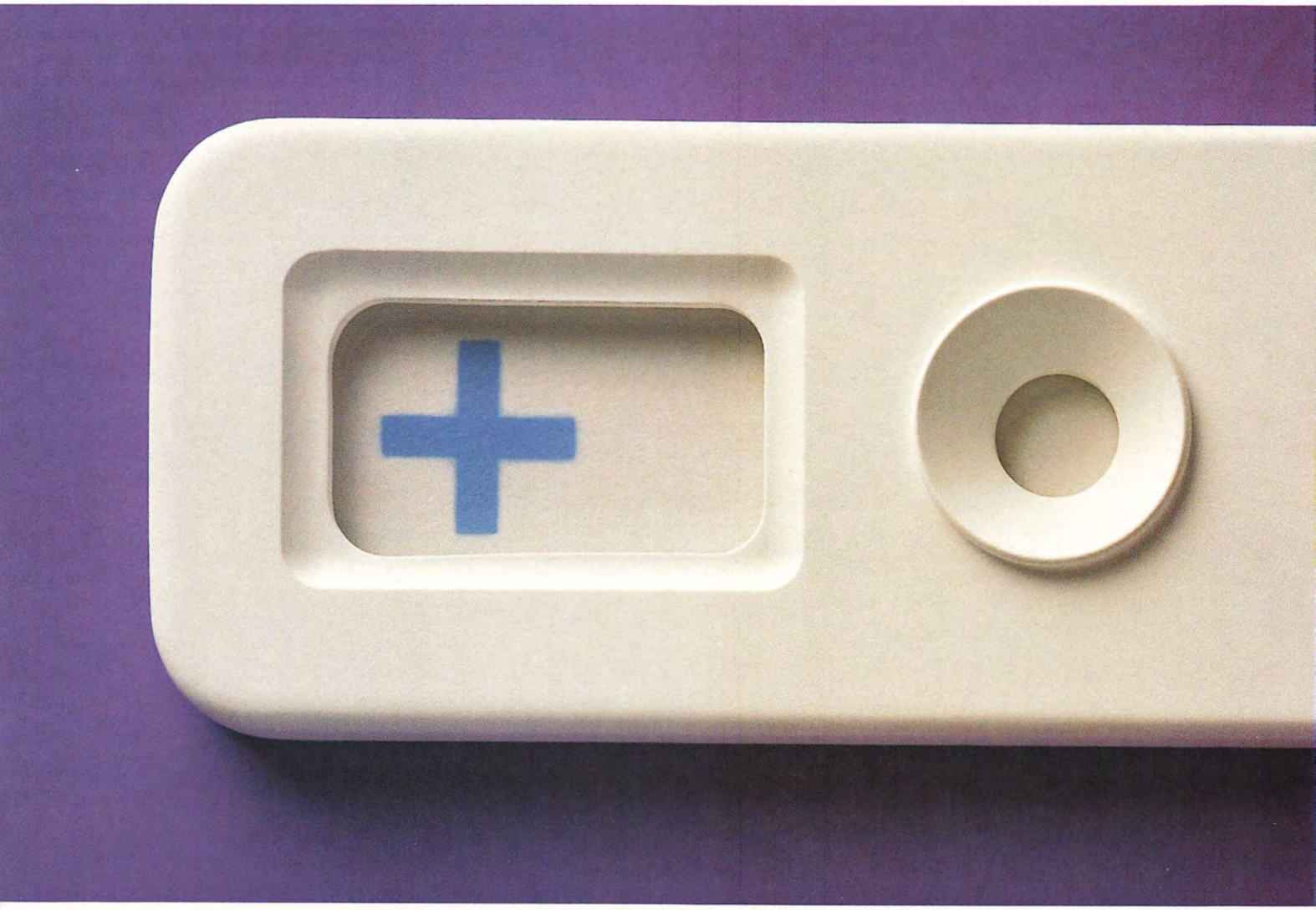
The farmer grins. "Aw, hell, you win. Keep the duck."

$150 goes to Frank Whalen of Grand Rapids, MI

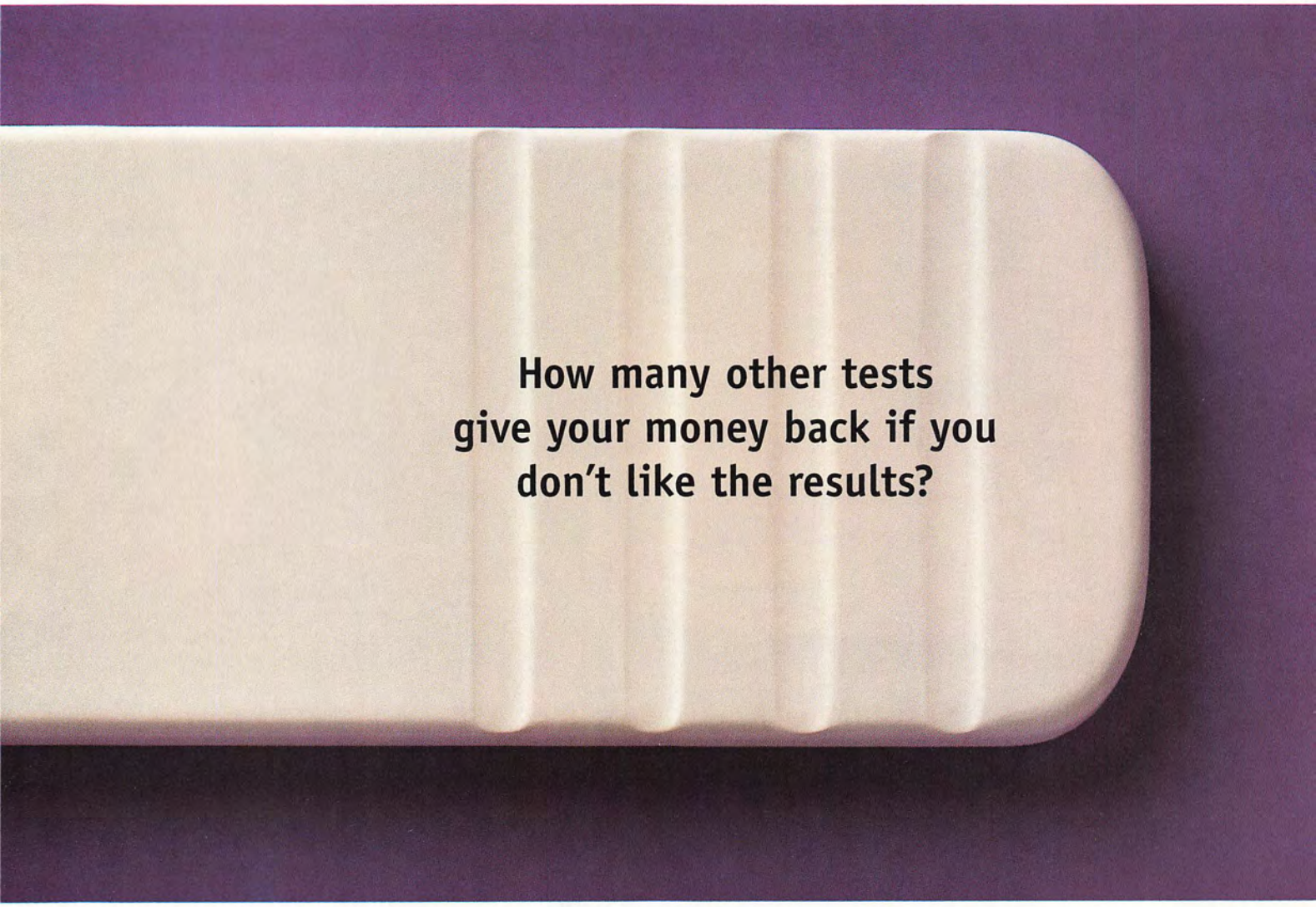
The farmer gave him a couple of achers

Illustrations, top: Rian Hughes; below: James Silvani

©1998 Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI www.millerlite.com
THINK WHEN YOU DRINK



Test the New Norelco Advantage Razor for 21 days. We think you'll like how it releases a special shaving lotion which sets up your beard for an unexpectedly close, wet shave



without the nicks and cuts of a blade. But hey, if you're still unconvinced we'll give your money back, guaranteed. For more information, call toll-free **1.877.NORELCO**
1.877.667.3526

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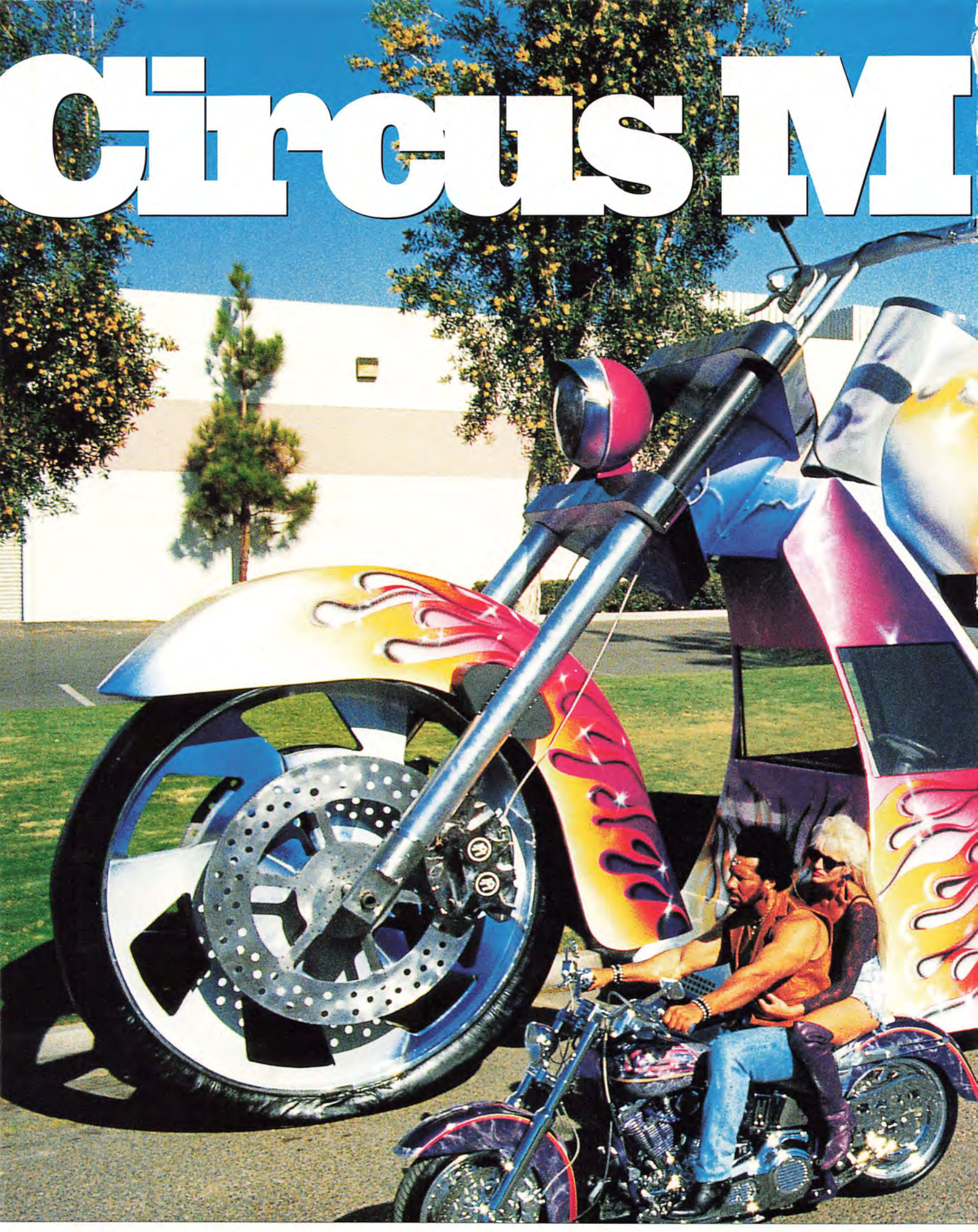
Circus M



axiMus

MOTOR MADNESS

The Big Pig

Meet the baddest road hog ever.

It's called the Monster Cycle, and it's 42' long, 8' wide, and almost 16' high. Kraig Kavanaugh and Vini Bergeman built this lane-clearing beast—seven times the size of run-of-the-mill bikes—by ladling generous helpings of steel tubing and sheet metal onto a Cadillac limousine chassis. And its add-ons are sweeter than a supermodel in your sidecar: a hot tub, a living room, and storage space for not one but two human-size bikes. Built more as a monument to motorcycles than as a working chopper, it's still a slice of hog heaven.

Photographs, Franklin Berger

GLOBAL-VILLAGE IDIOTS

Brand-Name Bloopers

Why were sales of GM's Nova so abysmal in Latin America? Because *no va* is Spanish for "doesn't go." Other funny-to-noninvestors product gaffes:

■ **Car Crashes!** Ford was forced to refrain from marketing its popular Pinto in Brazil in the late '70s when it learned that *pinto* is Portuguese slang for "tiny penis." It sold the Corcel instead—the Portuguese word for "horse."

■ **Soda Fizzles, Part 1** In China, Coca-Cola was initially rendered as *Ke-kou-ke-la.* Unfortunately, in different dialects the phrase translated as "female horse stuffed with wax" or "bite the wax tadpole." Coke replaced it with the much better *Ko-kou-ko-le* ("happiness in the mouth").

■ **Soda Fizzles, Part 2** Pepsi's late '60s slogan, COME ALIVE WITH THE PEPSI GENERATION, was mangled in a Mandarin translation as PEPSI WILL BRING YOUR ANCESTORS BACK FROM THE DEAD.

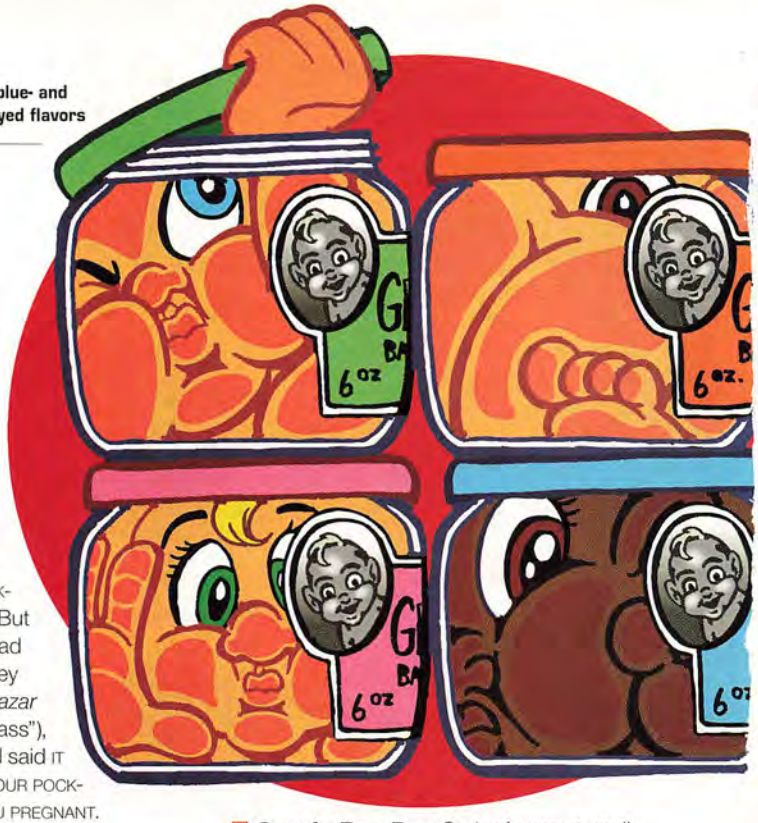
■ **Ink Control** Parker marketed a ballpoint pen in Mexico with ads that were supposed to say IT WON'T LEAK IN YOUR POCKET AND EMBARRASS YOU. But because of a bad verb choice (they thought *embarazar* meant "embarrass"), the ads instead said IT WON'T LEAK IN YOUR POCKET AND MAKE YOU PREGNANT.

■ **Extra-Crispy Trouble, Part 1** Frank Perdue's slogan IT TAKES A TOUGH MAN TO MAKE A TENDER CHICKEN showed up in a Spanish translation as IT TAKES A VIRILE MAN TO MAKE A CHICKEN AROUSED.

■ **Extra-Crispy Trouble, Part 2** In China, KFC's slogan IT'S FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD somehow got mistranslated as EAT YOUR FINGERS OFF.

■ **Beer Campaign Goes Flat** Coors' TURN IT LOOSE slogan ran aground in Spain, where local idiom caused the phrase to be translated into the significantly less appetizing SUFFER FROM DIARRHEA.

Now in blue- and brown-eyed flavors



■ **Oopsie Boo-Boo** Gerber's sweet, smiling baby-food-jar baby backfired horribly in Africa: Because of high illiteracy, Africa's consumers are used to seeing a product's contents pictured on the packaging.

Refreshing, but can it raise the dead?

HOW TO

De-Bug Your Digs

Detect listening devices with a common Walkman.

Electronic listening devices, a.k.a. bugs, can be thought of as tiny radio stations that transmit feeble signals, not just to the suspicious-looking step-van out front but in all directions. And while bugs rely on frequencies just off the high and low ends of the standard FM dial (88 MHz, 108 MHz), there's enough signal bleed into adjacent frequencies to let you detect the li'l suckers with an FM radio.

Here's how to do it. Have a friend enter a room that's under suspicion and start talking into the flowerpots, the paintings that weren't there yesterday, etc. Outside the room, pop on your headphones, turn up your radio, and tune the dial down to 88, then up to 108, and back. If you pick up the sound—not through the door, doofus—of your idiot pal going, "Uhhh...I don't know what I should say," voilà!

"Damn! He's listening to me listening to him!"

"Go away, kid. No ice cream."

COMPU-SERVICE

$10,000 Sex Freaks!

Want to make sure your office E-mails get read? Stop using ho-hum, ignorable subject lines. Instead, use the space to concoct a phrase too intriguing to ignore (see right). Your mail will never be shelved in cyberspace again.

Guess Who Dropped Dead?

Hot Intern Alert!

Christmas Bonus Information

The Dow Is Crashing!

Cindy Crawford Is Right By The...

Are You The Father?

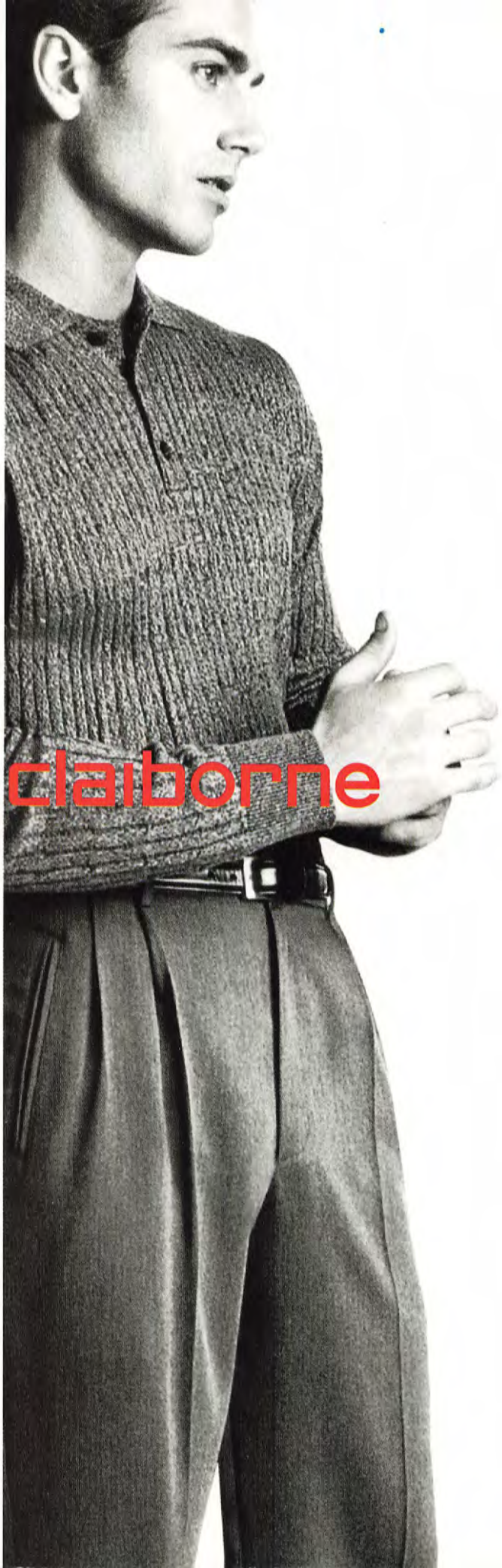
The Dirtiest Joke I've Ever Heard

Systemwide Virus!

Read Now! Read Now! Your Sex Life Depends on It!

Photographs, (clockwise from top): Robert Reiff/FPG; Eric Axene; Baldev/Sygma; FPG; Eric Axene; Hugh Sitton/Tony Stone Images. Illustrations, James Silvani (top), Rian Hughes (bottom)

Macy's
Lord&Taylor
Dayton's



Casual at work is optional. Looking good is not. claiborne

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Sportswear Furnishings Suits Sunglasses Optics

MTV's The Real World? Choose your weapon

Photographs, (clockwise from the top); Robert Glasgow; Steven Needham/Envision; Eric Axene; Illustration by Rian Hughes.

TV OR NOT TV?

Control Freaks

Assert your den dominance with these cool TV remotes.

The thought of another season of *Ally McBeal* making you trigger-happy? Don't just click—blow that spunky, irrepressible gal away with your new TV Terminator, the pistol-shaped remote control that emits the sound of a gunshot when you point and fire. The TV Terminator ($19.95, Interactive Processing) is just one example of a new breed of remotes that control your TV without sacrificing the all-important adolescent-cool factor. Master the Masters with the Golf Universal Remote ($39.95, Kash 'N Gold), go big-game hunting with a football remote that roars like a crowd ($29.95, Interactive Processing), or cut *Nash Bridges*' Don Johnson in half with the Star Wars Light Saber ($44.95, Kash 'N Gold). To order: Interactive Processing, (800) 522-6888; Kash 'N Gold, (800) 354-8785.

MODERN IMMATURITY

It Came from the Third Grade

Pranks so juvenile they're funny all over again!

THIS MONTH: THE HERTZ DONUT

You will need: One (1) empty donut box; one (1) target who won't cry when punched really, really hard.

Setup: You carefully lift box lid, shielding its emptiness from target, and ask if target would like a Hertz Donut.

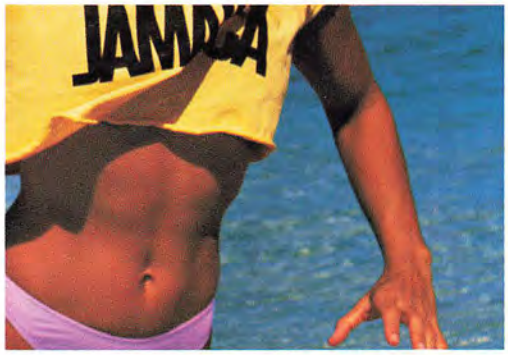
Execution: When hungry/curious target says yes, you quickly drape empty box over the closed fist of your dominant hand and belt him in the arm with it. (If target is uncooperative or suspicious and declares he doesn't want a Hertz Donut, sock him anyway and declare that it's Opposites Day, i.e., no means yes, etc.)

Punch line: "Hurts, don' it?"

Why it works: Setting up your roundhouse with such verbal dexterity sets a high bar for your target; he can't just hit you back without losing face. Ergo, you get off scot-free.

Next Month: The Chinese Finger Trap

Playtime



Even if you don't do it all, it's nice to know it's all here.

JAMAICA

Come to Jamaica and feel all right. *Call your Travel Agent or 1-800-JAMAICA* *www.jamaicatravel.com*

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**THE SPORTSCENTER SET,
11:27 P.M.,
APRIL 8, 1998**

"Iron Dan." "Der Spieler." "The Velvet Anchor." SportsCenter fans witnessed a milestone last spring when Dan Patrick took his seat behind the anchor desk for his 2000th consecutive broadcast. Day in and day out this bulwark of sports journalism has consistently raised the bar at SportsCenter, and redefined the way a generation thinks about sports. Co-anchor Kenny Mayne sums it up best: "He's that big industrial scale in the locker room upon which all others must be weighed." And amidst the hullabaloo of the evening's celebrations, what did the Man-of-the-Half-Hour have to say? "I'm honored, but it's all just a lot of fuss. I'm just out there doing what they pay me to do." Sure Dan, sure. Lights. Camera. History.

THIS IS SPORTSCENTER.
Mornings, primetime,
late night.

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Beware of minor gluteal abrasions...

BAD SPORTS

Play Hard...Cry Like a Girl

The wild-and-woolly world of wussy sports maladies.

In the old days, athletes played through the pain. U. of Illinois great Red Grange once had his head kicked clean off his body in a tackle and charged for the touchdown anyway, blood spurting from his mighty neck as he ran, his severed head shouting encouragement from behind the line. But today's pampered stars suffer from turf toe, tennis elbow, and jogger's nipple (a potentially career-ending abrasion of the areola). And it gets worse...

SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMER'S EAR

Is synchronized swimming, as some suggest, nothing more than a cowardly alternative to the rigors of traditional pool competition? Maybe, but these guys 'n' gals suffer for their art: namely, SSE, a condition in which a few small droplets of water actually enter the cavity of the ear, from which they must be laboriously shaken with an awkward hopping maneuver.

BREAKER'S BURN

The web of skin between the thumb and index finger of a pool player's aiming hand can make all the difference in his game. When he forgets to chalk up the cue stick, friction can cause a slight heat burn. The condition forces sufferers to choose between equally unpalatable alternatives: undergo radical reconstructive surgery or blow cool air over the affected spot.

PING STING

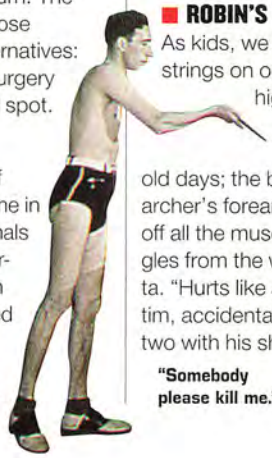
Because of the extreme nature of competitive table tennis, nearly one in four lifelong Ping-Pong professionals develops a dangerously high tolerance for monotony. Rehabilitation can mean months of concentrated full-sensory fun, including mind-altering substances, roller coasters without safety bars, and bed-busting sex. It's reported to be an extremely gratifying and pleasurable experience. There are support groups available on the World Wide Web.

SWIVELHIP

The cutthroat sport of race walking places unreasonable physical demands on its athletes—this much we know. Yet walkers only recently became aware of swivelhip, a condition that leaves affected race walkers with a goofy, stick-up-the-butt gait that makes passersby want to punch them out. What's the remedy? In most cases, catching a glimpse of themselves in a video is enough to make race walkers quit on the spot.

ROBIN'S REVENGE

As kids, we all snapped archery bowstrings on our forearms. But with today's high-powered compound bows, the force of this snap can be 30 times greater than in the old days; the bowstring typically strips the archer's forearm right to the bone, ripping off all the muscle and flesh, which then dangles from the wrist like a horrible meat piñata. "Hurts like a mother," confirms one victim, accidentally pinching his cigarette in two with his shiny new hook. "Uh...could one o' you guys please help me wipe my ass?"



GET SMART

IQ Chew

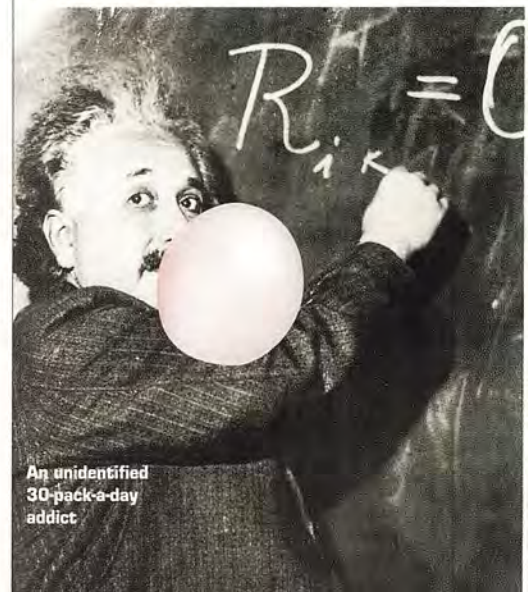
Chewing gum that makes you smarter. No, really.

Everyone wants more brainpower. But gaining wisdom requires a herculean effort. (That means it's really, really hard.) Isn't it time our lazy scientists came up with an easy way to double our IQs? According to the creators of Brain Gum, the day is here. Brain Gum's active ingredient is phosphatidylserine, a brain chemical that facilitates the transmission of nerve impulses; the gum's makers swear that chewing two pieces of Brain Gum three times a day for three weeks should improve your memory and speed up thought processes. And it's only $59.95 for 144 pieces, compared with nearly $100,000 for a Harvard education. But consider the following:

- Repeated efforts to contact a rep at this company came up short, leaving the bad taste of scam in our mouths.
- As a nutritional supplement, phosphatidylserine isn't FDA approved.
- They extracted phospha-whatcha-macallit from the brains of cows (geniuses of the animal kingdom) until mad cow disease. Now they claim to extract it from soybeans. *But do beans really have brains?* We can't remember.
- The manufacturers misspelled *phosphatidylserine* on the packaging. Not an easy word, sure, but remember: *They've got all that gum.*

Is it smart to pay $59.95 for a gross of glorified Chiclets? You won't know for sure until you've tried 'em. Get a brainy friend to dial 888-47-BOOST.

Photographs, (clockwise from the top left): J.P. Laffont/Sygma; Archive Photos/Hirz; Eric Axene; Lester Glassner Neal Peters Collection; Eric Axene (bubble); Archive Photos; Grant Smith/Corbis Bettmann.



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"There's nothing I love more than going down..."

LIAR, LIAR #4

Dirty Diving

Nothing turns a woman on like a guy with a cool job. And when your *real* job doesn't qualify, it's time to lie. This month, you are: a Navy SEAL.*

"Sir, Jensen's splashing me again."

Your Job

As a member of the SEAL (SEa, Air, Land) team, you specialize in underwater warfare. One of the baddest muthafuckas in the military, you can do nearly anything. As a result, you're routinely saddled with our nation's most difficult and dangerous tasks: snatching prisoners, ambushing the enemy deep within their territory, counterattacking terrorists, and performing various highly classified acts of extremely violent heroism.

Your Training

You were an enlisted Navy man with an iron will and a voracious appetite for pain, qualities which got you through 26 weeks of grueling SEAL training designed to weed out the weak. Like going on 10-mile runs with a shovelful of sand in your drawers rubbing your scrotum raw. Like being dropped into 10 feet of water with your hands tied behind your back. And somewhere in between, you learned all there is to know about diving, demolition, killin' folks for lookin' at you funny, and the fine art of the intimidating lip curl.

Your Gear

Instead of standard scuba apparatus, you use the Draeger rebreathing system, which recirculates your breath without producing bubbles (which might be spotted by enemies on the surface). Your six-man sub, the Swimmer Delivery Vehicle Mk VIII, is windowless and powered by a quiet electric motor that can carry you from a nuclear sub stationed miles offshore right between the balls of an unsuspecting onshore enemy. Once behind Iraqi...er, enemy lines, you'll be glad you brought your K-Bar knife—seven inches of cold steel—to kill the bastards silently. If your cover's blown, may as well whip out your Heckler & Koch MP5 submachine gun: a weapon with a laser sight that's deadly accurate even after four hours underwater. Out of ammo? Send a parting volley with your CAR-15 assault rifle, which was specially designed for the SEAL team with a short barrel, retractable stock, and grenade launcher.

Your Lingo

Goatscrew: A mission gone wrong and getting worse.
Hack-it school: If you've seen combat or otherwise proven yourself as a SEAL, you've been to hack-it school.
Operator: A guy who gets down to business and does the job at hand.
Ring the bell: Give up or fail. (When sissy trainees can't take it anymore, they ring a brass bell and lay their helmets down.)
Room broom: Pet name for the bullet-spraying MP5.
Giving him the red ass: An experienced SEAL hazing a newer SEAL. (Go on, snicker—if you're keen to try life in an iron lung.)

Conversation in a Can

If she asks: "Have you ever been seriously injured?"
You answer: "I've got so much shrapnel in me that I set off airport metal detectors."
If she asks: "What's it like killing people?"
You answer: "Well, forget what you've seen in the movies—it's a messy business. Even a quick kill with a knife can be very noisy: There's usually plenty of gurgling to wake up a sleeper or warn a sentry. Oh, I'm sorry—you probably don't want to hear that."
If she asks: "Do you ever get scared?"
You answer: "I only really get scared in the presence of incredible beauty...like yours. Care for another drink?"

*Special thanks to SEAL Captain Robert A. Gormly, USN (Ret.), a true operator. For more, check out his book, *Combat Swimmer: Memoirs of a Navy SEAL.*

ALL-PURPOSE ANECDOTE

"My boys and I were in Kuwait, pushing along the shore when suddenly the bunkers opened fire. The Iraqis were going at us with machine guns, rifle-fired grenades, you name it. Sand was filling our eyes from the rounds landing all around us—couldn't see a damned thing. But I managed to call in a strike from a ship waiting offshore, and on the first hit our boys blew their whole line of bunkers to bits. There were body parts flying 100 feet in the air. Man, if that hadn't been a perfect hit, we would have been goners." [Put face in hands; wait to be comforted.]

"I've got a lock on the mime, sir..."

Illustration, Rian Hughes. Photographs, (clockwise from the top) Vollenweider/Sipa-Press, Rick Rickman/Matrix, Hans Halberstadt/Stockmarket.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

KAMEL Cigarettes

©1998 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

RED KAMEL ORIGINALS: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
RED KAMEL LIGHTS: 11mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"Hung like a horse, of course, of course!"

ANATOMY 101

Hung Like a What?

How man's little buddy stands up to the rest of the animal kingdom.

There's no debate as to who's the World's Smartest Animal, if we do say so ourselves. But as we learned in high school, a big IQ doesn't always land women. With information from Jim Knowlton, whose Penises of the Animal Kingdom poster you remember from Sunday school (Scientific Novelty, 888-98-POSTER), *Maxim* checks out the equipment of our critter pals.

Dirk Diggler, a.k.a. "Tripod"

HUMANS: Be proud—we're the biggest of the primates, with 90 percent of our species measuring between 5" and 7".

GORILLAS: For all their chest thumping, the big apes reach a pathetic 1½" when erect.

CHIMPS: A chimp's banana is about 4" long, but narrow, like a pencil. Not bad for a little guy.

"Wanna ride my banana seat?"

HORSES: A galloping 2½'. Catherine the Great died happy.

PIGS: Porky packs a 20" to 30" sausage, only half of which is exposed (and shaped like a *corkscrew,* just like his tail).

DOGS: Big fellas, like Great Danes, can have 7" to 9" dog paddles, while shrimpy little chihuahuas can be all but microscopic. Fun fact: Dog boners have actual bones in them.

ELEPHANTS: Pachyderm puds are the largest of any land creature's, reaching a whopping 4½' and tipping the scale at 65 lbs. (Can a porn movie titled *Cumbo* be far behind?)

BLUE WHWALES: Their 10' underwater drilling equipment is by far the largest in the animal kingdom, no matter what Bruce Willis says.

FLEAS: He ain't big, but when a flea's ready to dog, his seventh leg reaches a third of the length of his body.

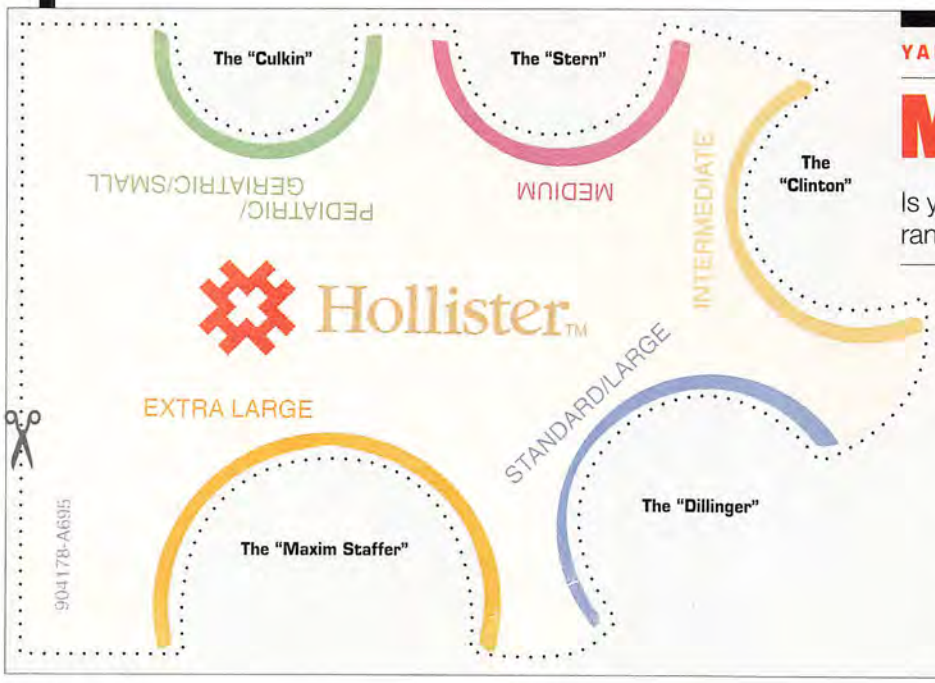
BARNACLES: These seafaring suckers have the largest mast relative to body size—a barnacle's boner is several times longer than its body. Not that size matters.

"It was big enough for Fay Wray..."

YARDSTICK

Meat Puppet

Is yours a Big Unit—or just a randy johnson?



Tired of wondering? Here's the authoritative, medically researched guide to girth: the Hollister Male Urinary External-Catheter Measuring Guide. Nurses use it to size up your member for a condomlike contraption called a catheter cover, but you can use it to answer that age-old question. Just cut along the dotted lines, take a long, hard look at your softie, and try to ignore the clinically cruel language. Sorry, *P.O.V.* readers—this baby's printed actual size.

Photographs, (clockwise from the top left): UPI/Corbis-Bettmann; Manoj Shah/Tony Stone Images; Fran Coleman/Animals Animals; Davies & Starr Inc./Tony Stone Images; Clayton Fogle/Tony Stone Images; Steven Needham/Envision; O.S.F./Animals Animals; Eric Axene; G. Lefkowitz/MPTV.

MATT DAMON
EDWARD NORTON
Trust everyone...
But always cut the cards.
JOHN TURTURRO
FAMKE JANSSEN
GRETCHEN MOL
WITH JOHN MALKOVICH
AND MARTIN LANDAU
ROUNDERS
MIRAMAX FILMS PRESENTS A SPANKY PICTURES PRODUCTION A FILM BY JOHN DAHL MATT DAMON EDWARD NORTON "ROUNDERS" JOHN TURTURRO FAMKE JANSSEN GRETCHEN MOL WITH JOHN MALKOVICH AND MARTIN LANDAU
CASTING BY AVY KAUFMAN MUSIC SUPERVISORS RANDALL POSTER AMANDA SCHEER-DEMME MUSIC BY CHRISTOPHER YOUNG COSTUMES DESIGNED BY TERRY DRESBACH EDITED BY SCOTT CHESTNUT PRODUCTION DESIGNER ROB PEARSON DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JEAN YVES ESCOFFIER
ASSOCIATE PRODUCERS CHRISTOPHER GOODE AND TRACY FALCO EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BOB WEINSTEIN HARVEY WEINSTEIN BOBBY COHEN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER KERRY ORENT PRODUCED BY TED DEMME & JOEL STILLERMAN WRITTEN BY DAVID LEVIEN & BRIAN KOPPELMAN DIRECTED BY JOHN DAHL
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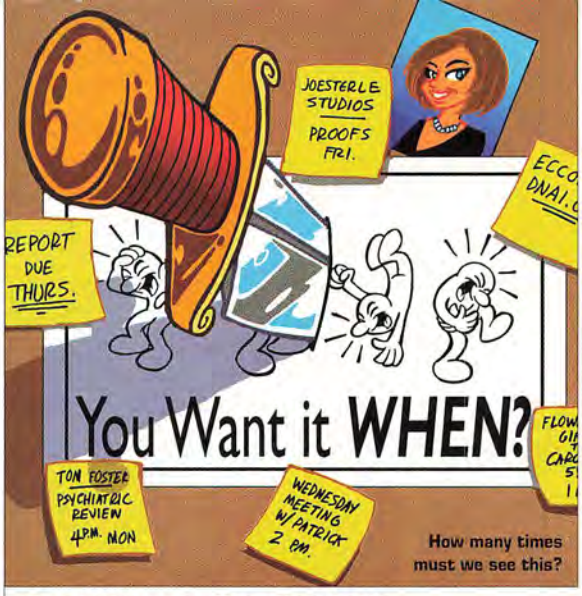

JOESTERLE STUDIOS
PROOFS FRI.
REPORT DUE THURS.
You Want it WHEN?
TOM FOSTER PSYCHIATRIC REVIEW 4P.M. MON
WEDNESDAY MEETING W/ PATRICK 2 PM.
How many times must we see this?

WORKIN' FOR THE WEEKEND

Annoying Office Signs

From a scientific poll conducted in our executive bathroom, here are the top 10 lame, unfunny office signs.

10. THERE ARE TWO GOOD THINGS ABOUT WORKING HERE: SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
9. HOW CAN I SOAR WITH THE EAGLES WHEN I'M SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS?
8. TO ERR IS HUMAN. TO REALLY FOUL THINGS UP REQUIRES A COMPUTER
7. PLEASE DON'T RUSH ME. I'M MAKING MISTAKES AS FAST AS I CAN
6. ANSWERS: 50¢. CORRECT ANSWERS: $1. DUMB LOOKS: FREE
5. TELL ME AGAIN HOW MUCH I LOVE WORKING HERE. I KEEP FORGETTING
4. YOU WANT IT WHEN?
3. FAILURE TO PLAN ON YOUR PART DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN EMERGENCY ON MY PART
2. A BAD DAY OF GOLF IS BETTER THAN A GOOD DAY OF WORK
1. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO WORK HERE, BUT IT HELPS

SITE FOR SORE EYES

The Anonymizer

Tired of prying cyber-eyes watching you surf? Here's help.

We know you're a good person. When you're noodling around on the Web, you're just getting used car info, looking for sports statistics, and tracking your Internet portfolio. You would never go to sites that specialize in busty lesbians, or amateur farm-sex videos, or gruesome galleries of circus freaks and Kurt Cobain slab shots. But thanks to www. anonymizer.com, you can roam the Web at will and nobody'll know where you've been. Just sign on to the privacy patriots' site, click the Surf for Free button, and catch that wave: Anonymizer "hides" your IP address, so nobody can track you. Cost to you: zilch.

WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your nagging, petty, eternal questions.

Kamikaze helmets to die for?

Q. WHO WAS CHINESE TAKEOUT HERO GENERAL TSO?

A. Did the good general invent the famous spicy chicken recipe himself, or was it devised and named in his honor by Taiwanese immigrants to the U.S. and Europe? Nobody's sure. But Tso was a real Chinese general who served during the Manchu (or Qing) dynasty. Known more musically as General Zoo Zong-tang, General Tso was certainly not chicken; he suppressed Christian uprisings in northwestern China between 1863 and 1875. Born in Hunan province in 1812, this eventual governor of two provinces, blah, blah, blah, accomplished a whole bunch of tedious historical crap.

Q. HOW DO THEY GET TEFLON TO STICK TO THE PAN?

A. The world's most slippery substance (after Ginger Lynn's belly, of course) actually doesn't stick to the pan. The best DuPont can do is make the Teflon temporarily adhere with the following procedure: They sandblast the surface of the pan, creating tiny ridges for the Teflon primer to stick to. This surface is then baked at high heat, primed again, and rebaked. Eventually, however, the Teflon wears off, and DuPont's working on new techniques it hopes will, uh, pan out.

Q. WHY DID KAMIKAZE PILOTS WEAR HELMETS?

A. The leather helmets kamikaze pilots wore "merely helped them to complete the trip, not survive it," according to trivia whiz Cecil Adams in his book *The Straight Dope*, a veritable bible when it comes to answering Earth-altering questions such as these. Mainly, they held communication gear and provided protection against the cold. And think about it: How much would a helmet help in a crash anyway, except as a convenient receptacle for body retrieval crews to put your brains in?

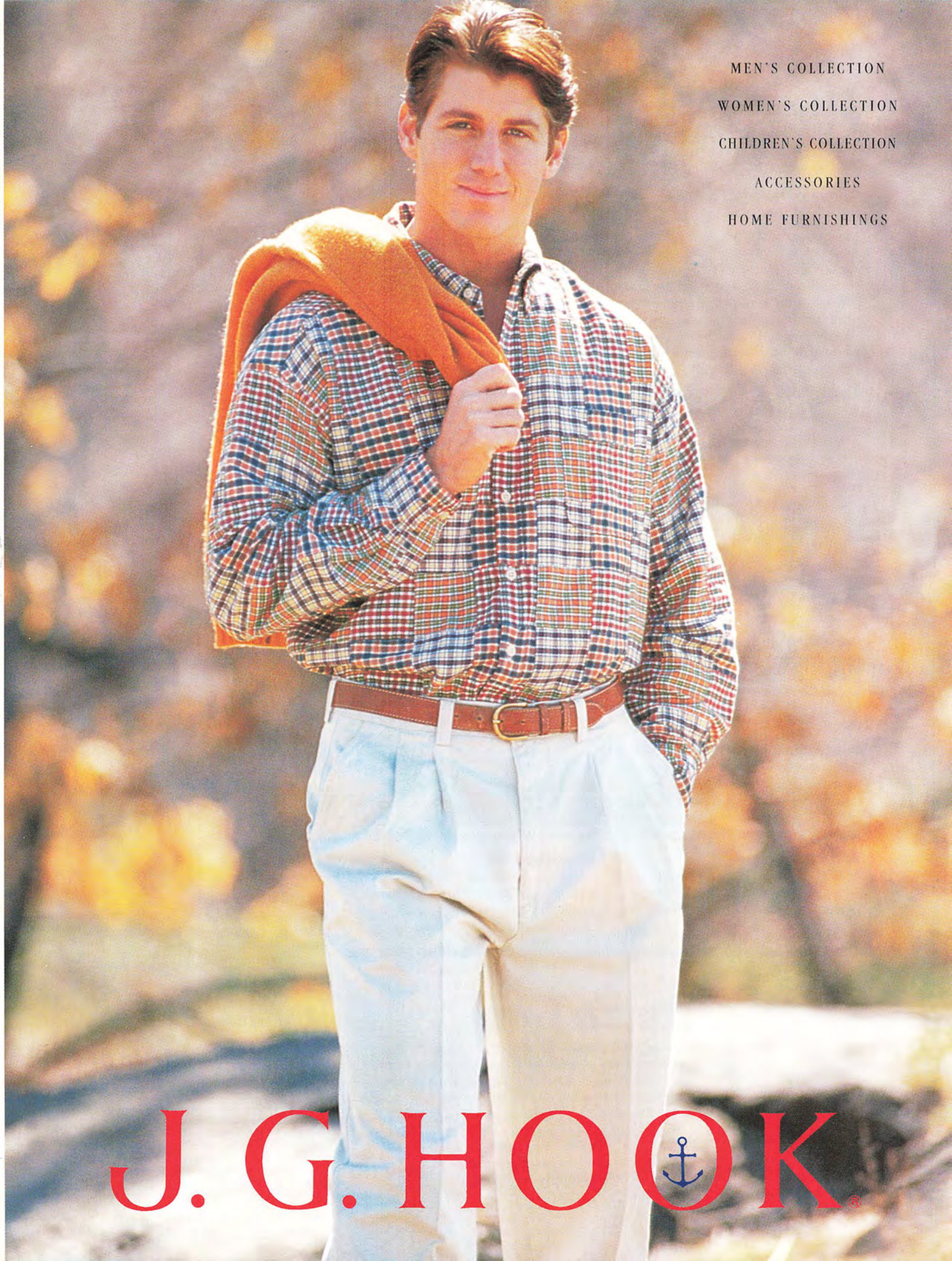
Q. HOW LAME CAN I BE ABOUT PAYING DEBTS BEFORE IT DAMAGES MY CREDIT?

A. Bad news, slacker: Any bill left unpaid for more than 90 days—phone bill, college loan, car payment, even an unreturned video rental—shows up on your credit report and typically gets turned over to a collection agency within six to nine months. Worse, any potential lender can check your credit report—even would-be employers can view a modified version, though they need your written authorization. It takes seven years for the "black spot" to be sponged off your record, and up to 10 for bankruptcy. Now for the good news: Credit goons can't legally bind you to a tree stump and chop off your nuts. Except in Alabama.

Q. WHAT HAPPENED TO *Q* AND *Z* ON PHONE KEYPADS?

A. Prior to today's area-code-plus-number system, Ma Bell tried to make memorizing phone numbers easier by using exchange names based on towns, streets, etc. (e.g., "PEnnsylvania 6-5000"). 1 and 0 were reserved for phone-company functions, so assigning three letters each to the remaining eight digits required only 24 letters; *Q* and *Z* got the ax because they were the least used in American place names.

Photographs, (clockwise from top right): Archive Photos; Steven Needham/Envision; The Stock Market; Tony Stone Images; Illustration, James Sivani; Rian Hughes(x2).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FOLLYWOOD

Film Flubs

Making movies is hard...making mistakes is easy. Here are some cinematic errors that slipped through the cracks.

In last year's otherwise unremarkable *Anaconda,* filmmakers reversed some footage of a boat approaching a waterfall to show the same boat leaving. The problem: The water can be seen in the background—running uphill. Here are other fun movie mistakes, with special thanks to various Web sites and Bill Givens' classic guide *Roman Soldiers Don't Wear Watches* (Citadel Press).

Titanic, 1998

A rescue worker from a ship approaching the site of the wreck shouts, "Can anybody hear me?" across a conspicuously empty sea and gets an eerie echo...off what, we can't imagine.

North by Northwest, 1959

Moments *before* Eva Marie Saint fires a pistol at Cary Grant in a restaurant, a boy in the back covers his ears—obviously remembering the bang from rehearsals.

Romancing the Stone, 1984

Michael Douglas takes a beautiful, elaborate necklace out of his pocket and offers it to Kathleen Turner. But when she holds the necklace, it somehow morphs into a simple charm on a thin chain.

Terminator 2: Judgment Day, 1991

Though Linda Hamilton is obviously barefoot as she pads down the corridor of a mental hospital, her feet clip-clop against the tile floor as if she were wearing shoes, thanks to an overzealous sound-effects technician.

Camelot, 1967

As Richard Harris, playing medieval King Arthur, sings about life at Camelot, alert viewers will spot a rather modern Band-Aid on his neck.

Commandment #11: Thou shalt not covet thy wabbit's phone

Double Indemnity, 1944

Fred MacMurray plays a die-hard bachelor who puts the moves on another man's wife. But the boneheaded actor wears his own wedding ring throughout the entire movie.

Spartacus, 1960

Ancient Roman soldiers subdue a slave insurrection while sporting tennis shoes and wristwatches. A watch-wearing blind man shows up in the biblical epic *The Ten Commandments* (1956), too, and Marlon Brando, playing Jor-El in *Superman* (1978), sports a Rolex...on the planet Krypton.

The Color Purple, 1985

Oprah Winfrey is pistol-whipped and knocked out. As she lies in the dirt, a gust of wind blows her skirt up; the supposedly unconscious Winfrey pushes it back down.

Jagged Edge, 1985

Lawyer Glenn Close enters a courtroom wearing a gray suit. When she makes her opening statement later in the scene, the suit has magically turned dark blue. When she questions a witness, the suit has changed color again...this time to brown.

The Maltese Falcon, 1941

When Humphrey Bogart slaps Peter Lorre's face to the left, Lorre is wearing a polka-dot bow tie. As Lorre's head recoils to the right, the tie is striped. (Now, that's a solid hit.)

MADE TO MAIL-ORDER

Lunch Time

Fans of the oh-so-delicious, gelatinous meat cube made famous by harried '70s moms and repetitive Monty Python ditties, be warned: The makers of Spam are changing that classic label. Which means these Tasty, Inc. clocks, made from actual Spam cans, are about to become serious collector's items. The price is an un-Spam-like $24.95, but maybe they'll take a few bucks off if you agree to help them empty a few cans. To order, call (718) 599-0911.

Spam, Spam, Spam, kitschy clocks and Spam

Circus Maximus contributors:
Paul Bibeau, Joe Conrad, Charles Coxe, Josh Dean, Freddie Douglass, Nancy Miller, James Heidenry, Jim Joyce, Jason Kersten, Deirdre O'Scannlain, Jeff Ousborne, Ed Poe, Amy Spencer, Linda Tagliaferro, John Tessitore, Bryant Urstadt, John White

Photographs, (clockwise from the top left): Ewing Galloway; Neal Peters Collection; Everett Collection; Eric Axene.

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Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

Marci
"Ow, She's A" Brick
(dant-daa-da) house

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Marci Brickhouse

Better known as: The gorgeous linebacker in the ad for Brut cologne

Her story: In that ad, Marci did something the entire New Orleans Saints defense has proved unable to do: she tackled Troy Aikman. "We had to do multiple takes," she says, "so I had to tackle him again and again." Hmm...after a good look at his costar, you can't tell us Troy didn't intentionally flub his lines a few times. ("It's pronounced 'brute,' Mr. Aikman. Rhymes with *toot*.") Marci is currently blitzing Hollywood, with guest spots on *Veronica's Closet* and *Suddenly Susan* and a recurring role on *Baywatch*, but she's still a small-town, sports-loving Virginia gal at heart. Bonus: She can put on a more convincing British accent than a Spice Girl, but without all those rotten teeth. And you *gotta* love that name.

EUREKA!

Lucky Strikes

Like Viagra, many of the last two centuries' greatest inventions were accidental. Some examples:

THE MICROWAVE OVEN

In the 1940s, two English researchers invented a radar device called the magnetron, which used microwave energy. In 1946, a British engineer tinkering with a magnetron tube reached into his pants pocket to grab a chocolate bar and found a brown, gooey mess in his trousers. (Happily, it was the chocolate bar.) By 1952, the waves had been harnessed to become microwave ovens, with 7-Eleven microwave burritos just tantalizingly over the horizon.

Microwave ovens: Now we're cookin' with gas

THE THERMOS

British physicist Sir James Dewar invented the basic insulated bottle-within-a-bottle in 1892, but the container's stated purpose was to store gases at stable temperatures; it also had specialized uses, such as transporting rare fish. Eleven years later, Dewar's assistant Reinhold Burger came up with the brilliant idea of putting coffee in it, and a star was born.

Vulcanized rubber: No pointy ears, but logical

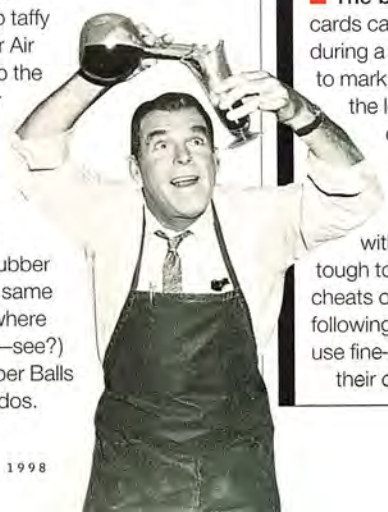
THE POTATO CHIP

In 1853, at a resort in Saratoga Springs, New York, an annoying guest complained that chef George Crum's fried potatoes were too thick. In retaliation, Crum fried a batch of taters sliced so thin he was sure they'd be inedible. Unexpectedly, the customer loved them; soon these "potato chips" were all the rage.

Potato chips: Let's get ready to crumble. . .

VULCANIZED RUBBER

Real rubber turns into taffy when it gets hot; your Air Jordans don't stick to the pavement in summer thanks to the miracle of vulcanized rubber, accidentally invented by Charles Goodyear when he dropped sulfur and rubber on a hot stove at the same time. Now it's everywhere from tires (Goodyear—see?) to high-bouncing Super Balls to double-headed dildos.



No peeking at the other side of the page. . .

HOW TO

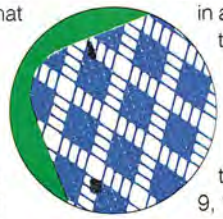
Spot Marked Cards

If the other guy is winnin', he must be cheatin', right? Here's how the dog's doin' it. (Tips from *Big Secrets,* by William Poundstone)

Marking playing cards for betting purposes is illegal, but that doesn't stop a certain breed of immoral bastard from doing it. It's cheap, easy, and practically undetectable except by a trained expert. You are about to receive that expert training, and someday you'll thank us for it, because nothing is cooler than dramatically kicking your chair over backward and exposing a dirty, filthy, sheep-humping card cheat. In most states it's still legal to disembowel him and nail his head to the door of your local saloon. Here's how it's done (the marked-card spotting, not the disemboweling and head nailing):

■ **The basic setup:** Because cards can be rotated 180 degrees during a shuffle, the bastard has to mark both the upper left and the lower right corners of each card (i.e., the corners that show from the back when a patsy fans out his cards). Cards with plain backs are tough to hide marks on, so cheats often employ one of the following complex designs and use fine-point, felt-tip pens to do their dirty work.

Bicycle deck: This is a 10 of clubs



Bee deck: This is a 9 of diamonds

■ **The Bicycle mark**

The suits are marked on a three-part leaf above the angel's arm in the corner. Clockwise from left, a marked leaf signifies a heart, club, or diamond; a spade gets no mark. The card's number is marked on the flower design inside the angel's circular vine. Clockwise from the top petal, a narrowed petal signifies an ace, king, queen, jack, 10, 9, 8, or 7. For numbers 6, 5, 4, and 3, the inner tips of the petals are marked at 12:00, 3:00, 6:00, and 9:00. No mark means the card's a 2.

■ **The Bee mark**

The suits are marked on one of the four sides of the large diamond in the corner. Clockwise from lower left, the marks signify hearts, clubs, and diamonds; no mark means the card's a spade. The numbered cards are marked in a similar fashion on one of the top three diamonds running down the left edge. Clockwise from lower left, a mark on the top diamond signifies a queen, king, ace, or jack; a mark on the middle diamond marks an 8, 9, 10, or 7; a mark on the bottom diamond is a 4, 5, 6, or 3. No mark? The card's a deuce, Ace.

Photograph, (previous page): Dorothy Low; Hair and makeup, Ulli for Celestine; Styling, Cindy Lopez; clothes, Robin Piccone; sneakers, Reebok; (This page, clockwise from the top left): UPI/Corbis-Bettmann; Jeffrey Krein (x3); Everett Collection, Inc.; Cann Krasher/Tony Stone Images; Mark Adams/FPG; Shaun Egan/Tony Stone Images.

Cramming for Pompom Appreciation

SCHOOL DAZE

The Rocks for Jocks Catalog

September's here, kids: Time to raid those course catalogs for classes about nothing.

Any dipstick can pack a senior schedule with transcript-bulking courses like Molecular Biology and N-Dimensional Hypercalculus Problems in Meta-Chess. It takes a special breed to ferret out the true cakewalks, those laid-back noon-to-one courses so simple a learning-disabled doorknob could ace them. A good start, as the following examples show, is making sure you attend a college in California.

History of American Television

School: University of Southern California, Los Angeles
Prerequisite: Must be able to sing the theme to *Gilligan's Island* in a grueling karaoke oral
Potential term paper: "Leggy Blondes in Sitcoms: Not Enough, or Just Right?"

Surfing

School: San Diego State University
Prerequisite: Must be able to find the Pacific Ocean in two tries
Potential term paper: "One Time I Squirted Out of This Gnarly Tube and Some Freestylin' Barney, Right, Way Out of His League, You Know, Flailed into Me and Splintered My Ride..."

Women in Action Films

School: University of California at Berkeley
Prerequisite: Must know rewind from fast-forward, girls from guys
Potential term paper: "Could Any Woman Kick Steven Seagal's Ass? No Way!"

Madonna: Truth or Dare

School: University of California at Berkeley
Prerequisite: Must be able to show up for class with a different look each week for the entire semester
Potential term paper: "Boning Dennis Rodman: A Cry for Help?"

Leisure Wellness

School: San Jose State University
Prerequisites: Remote Control Mastery 301, Snacks 'n' Naps 101
Potential term paper: "Early Victorian Easy-Chair Injuries"

Practical Malting and Brewing

School: University of California at Davis
Prerequisite: Turning 21 (or having a believable fake ID)
Potential term paper: "Overconsumption and the Law: Testing the Theory"

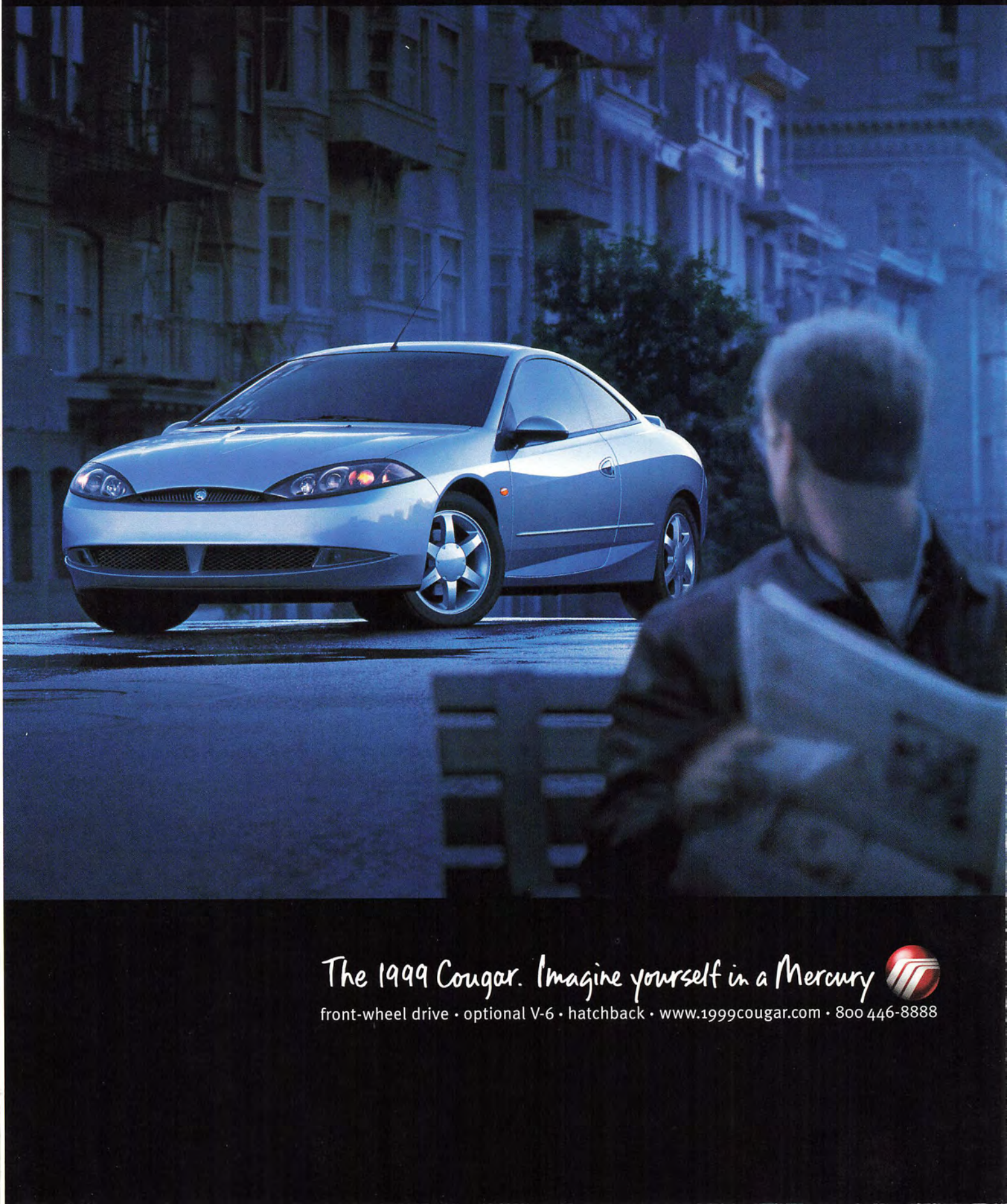
HEAD-TO-HEAD

JACKIE CHAN VS. JACKIE O

One disables bad guys; one wore a pillbox on her head. But who's the badassedest?

	Jackie Chan	Jackie O
ORIGINAL NAME	Chan Kwong-Sang Edge: Chan	Jacqueline Lee Bouvier
BEST STUNT	Jumping off 10-story building onto ladder of helicopter (*Supercop*) Edge: Chan	Crawling around on back of moving limo (Dealey Plaza)
SOURCE OF POWER	Four lethal limbs and high tolerance for agony Edge: Chan	Two wealthy dead husbands
EARLY FINANCIAL LESSON	When he was a little boy, his poor parents tried to sell him for $26	When she was a little girl, her rich parents bought her a Scottish terrier named "Scotty" (approximate value: five poor Chinese kids). Edge: O
LANGUAGE PROFICIENCY	3½ (Chinese, Japanese, Korean, broken English)	4½ (English, Spanish, French, Italian, Ivy League lockjaw) Edge: O
SKELETON IN CLOSET	Successfully hid wife, Lin Fung-chiao, from three billion adoring fans until 1996	Successfully hid alcoholic father, "Black Jack," from Kennedy family until wedding day Draw
THE ACTION FIGURE	$12.95 from Palisades Toys; complete with fingerless gloves and signature ass-kicking pose. Edge: Chan	$90 from the Franklin Mint; complete with white gown and signature fake pearls
AND THE WINNER IS	As you'd expect when a world-class martial artist takes on a girl (and a dead one at that), this was a one-sided butt-whomping. Jackie Chan 4, Jackie O 2.	

Photographs, (clockwise from the top left): Foto Fantasies; Thomas Lau/Outline; Sygma; Mike Powell/Allsport (boxing ring); Foto Fantasies; Ilkka Uimonen/Sygma; Everett Collection; Ewing Galloway.



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"This is my egg. Any questions?"

TERRIFYING STATS

Sex Alert

This just in from the *Family Planning Perspectives* journal: Roughly half of all women who take birth control pills miss at least one pill per cycle, and one out of four skips at least two pills a month. Who cares, right? You do, pal: The *FPP* folks found that women who miss pills are over **30 times** more likely to get pregnant than women who don't. So remember: Before you have sex, make sure she swallows.

GOING POSTAL

Letter Bombs

Wasn't that *so funny* when your office mate revealed to everyone that you struck out with Willing Wanda, the office temp, at the Christmas party? Well, if they laughed their heads off by the water cooler at that, they'll *really* yuk it up when the catalog below shows up in the office mailroom (source of all good rumors) with the backstabber's name on it.

Catalog: "Apres Noir"

■ **What it is:** A catalog of "fine lingerie designed just for men." Although it looks like a scrapbook of frat guys in drag on Halloween, it's actually a serious nightie source for fancy boys of all sizes.

■ **Bonus:** The "French latex" Paris Dress comes with matching rubber stockings and opera gloves!

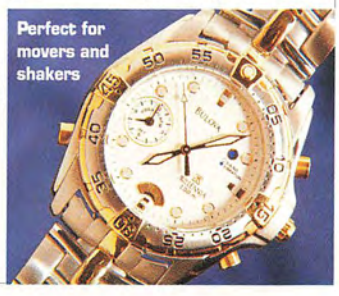
■ **To order:** Sign your hated rival up for a free catalog by calling (800) 203-2181, or visit the Web site at www.bodyaware.com.

■ **Possible danger to you:** He orders some garters and tries them on, and you realize that you have to leave your wife.

TIMING IS EVERYTHING

No More Geek Beep

What's more annoying than all those beeping watch alarms? Together we can eliminate this urban plague, but only if we all buy Bulova's new Millennia Vibra-Alarm, the watch that—you guessed it—vibrates instead of beeps. The 20-second vibrating feature is easy to program, blissfully soundless, and guaranteed to get your wrist giddy with a mini-massage anytime you like. (Or, if you're feeling lonely, just drop it in your pants pocket!) $299–$375; call 800-A-BULOVA for retailers.



Photographs, (clockwise from the top) Andrew Eccles, Eric Axene (x2); Styled by Karen Shapiro; white dress by Dolce&Gabbana.

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE OF HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

INTRODUCING D-VHS FROM JVC.
THE WORLD'S FIRST DIGITAL RECORDING VCR WITH SATELLITE RECEIVER.

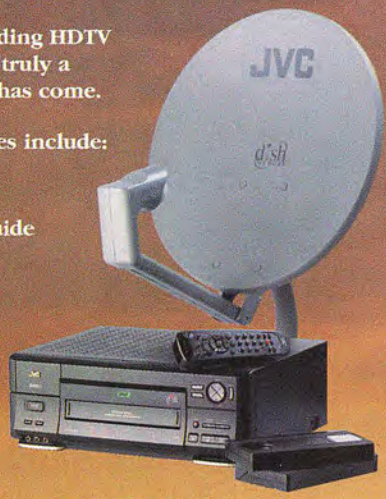
Only D-VHS can record an image that is identical in quality to the original digital satellite broadcast, assuring the best possible picture reproduction available anywhere.

TECHNOLOGY THAT DELIVERS. A single unit which incorporates both recorder and tuner, the DSR100 is the only D-VHS VCR that utilizes the digital standard called MPEG2. When the tuner receives DISH™ Network satellite programming,* MPEG2 enables digital bit stream recording in its pristine state, preserving the pure digital quality of the original transmission. Completing the ultimate home theater experience is the DSR100's digital stereo audio with Dolby Digital™ (AC-3) output,** which delivers incredibly rich and powerful sound. And, with the unique D-VHS tape's high storage capacity, it's possible to record three full length movies, with room to spare, on just one cassette (identical in size to a standard VHS tape).

A PRACTICAL INVESTMENT. Designed for the future, D-VHS also fully supports present technology. The DSR100 can playback and record standard VHS tapes, which means your current video library won't become extinct. Plus, in the near future, the D-VHS format will also be capable of recording HDTV transmissions. D-VHS is truly a technology whose time has come.

Additional D-VHS features include:

- 18" satellite dish
- On-screen program guide
- UHF/IR universal remote control
- High speed I/O terminal for future expansion possibilities (multimedia, FireWire, etc.)
- V-chip parental control



D-VHS digital satellite recording system.

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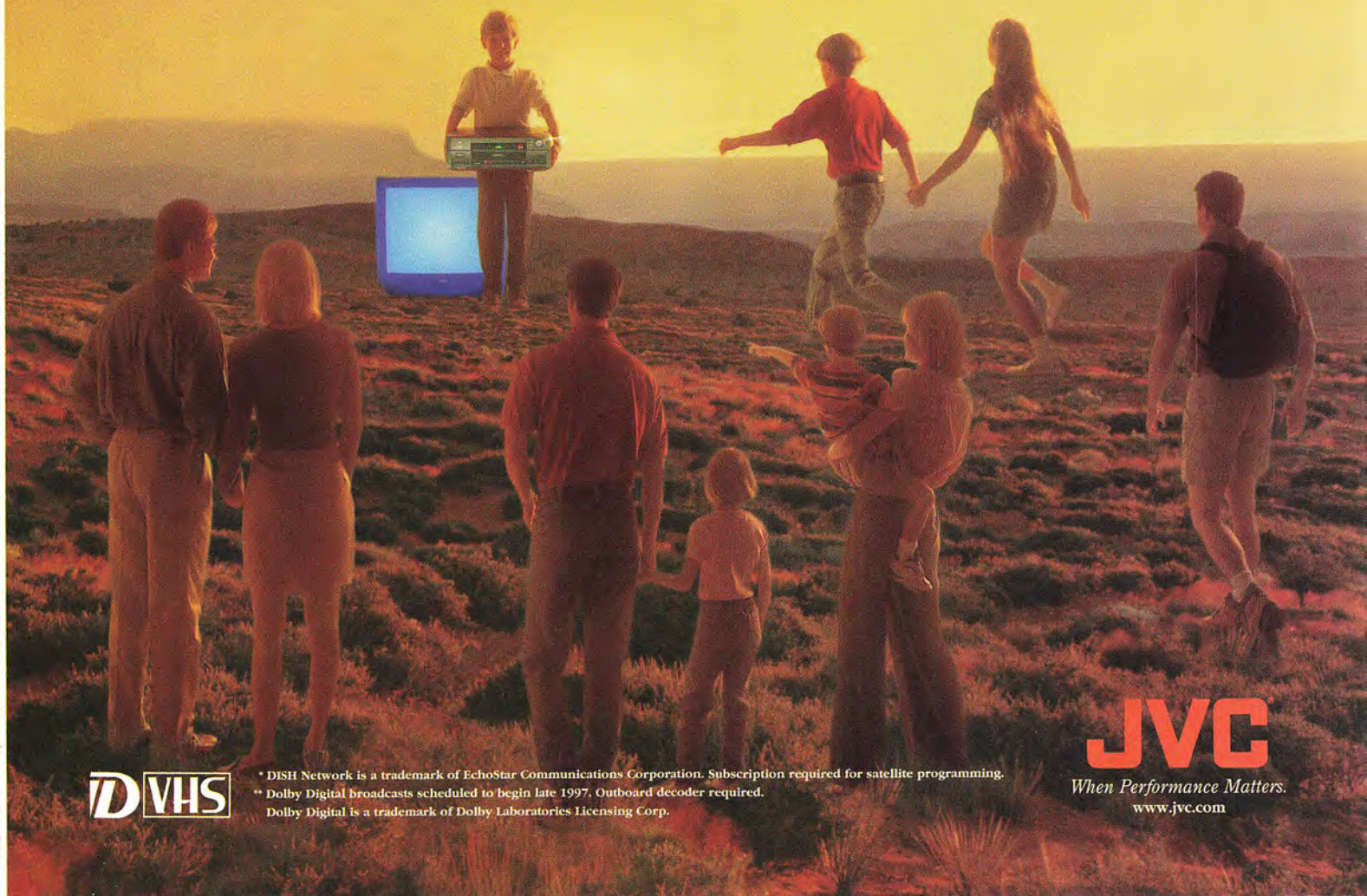

D-VHS

* DISH Network is a trademark of EchoStar Communications Corporation. Subscription required for satellite programming.
** Dolby Digital broadcasts scheduled to begin late 1997. Outboard decoder required.
Dolby Digital is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corp.

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GIGA-BRIGHT $1,300

Yeah, yeah, the new iMac computer will increase work productivity, thanks to its speedy 233 MHz chip, 32 MB of RAM, and 4 GB hard drive. More important, the translucent casing makes it easy to see the boss coming in enough time to wipe that "watersports" Web site off your screen. **(Apple, 800-538-9696)**

BUGGIN' OUT $5

There is, of course, not a chance in hell you'd ever have scented seashell soaps in your bathroom. But since cleanliness *is* next to godliness, try Soapsters' 2.7-ounce glycerin bars, which encase hideous plastic insects including 24 different spiders and beetles. **(Vibes, Inc; 800-997-3330)**

CALL OF THE WILD $20

Show her your new Color Brights phone, which you can set to light up rather than ring. Tell her it looks really cool with the bedroom lights off. Explain that you've got a great game to play while you wait for someone to call. Promise her it'll be more fun with her eyes closed. Then kick the phone off the hook. **(Conair, 800-366-0937)**

Photography, Jeffrey Krein

In a perfect world, everything would be see-through. In the meantime, you'll have to make do with these.

TOY CHEST

DISC-O-TECH $4,000

She'll forget all about the Guggenheim Museum once she sees this masterpiece hanging above your headboard. The glass cover on Bang & Olufsen's BeoSound 9000 six-CD player was created to showcase the stylin' silkscreen art gracing today's CDs. Cue up some slow songs, then give her a pass to your special exhibits. **(Bang & Olufsen, 800-284-2264)**

TOOTH RUSH $130

Is your dentist giving you lip about not flossing? Shut the good doctor up once and for all with Sonicare's rechargeable brush. It delivers 31,000 high-frequency brush strokes a minute, producing intense sound waves that travel between the gum line and tooth to remove plaque. Thanks to Sonicare, four out of five dentists will be out of a job. **(Optiva, 800-766-4227)**

WRIST MANAGEMENT $105

Attention, Wall Street traders and televangelists: Swatch's Body and Soul Irony Automatic watch needs no batteries—it runs on the juice generated by your moving wrist. The hardware's stainless steel, the band's mock croc, and a day of arm flailing keeps it ticking for up to 45 hours. **(Swatch, 800-937-9282)**

STRINGS ATTACHED $20

Pose in a bar with an expensive cigar and women will hardly notice you. It's a different story when you whip out Spintastics' Torch Lighted Yo-Yo. Its high-tech ball-bearing system—which allows it to "sleep" four times longer than your basic yo'—is a certified chick magnet. To seal the deal, break out your Parcheesi board. **(Dave and Mark's Yo-Yo Store, 505-260-1181)**

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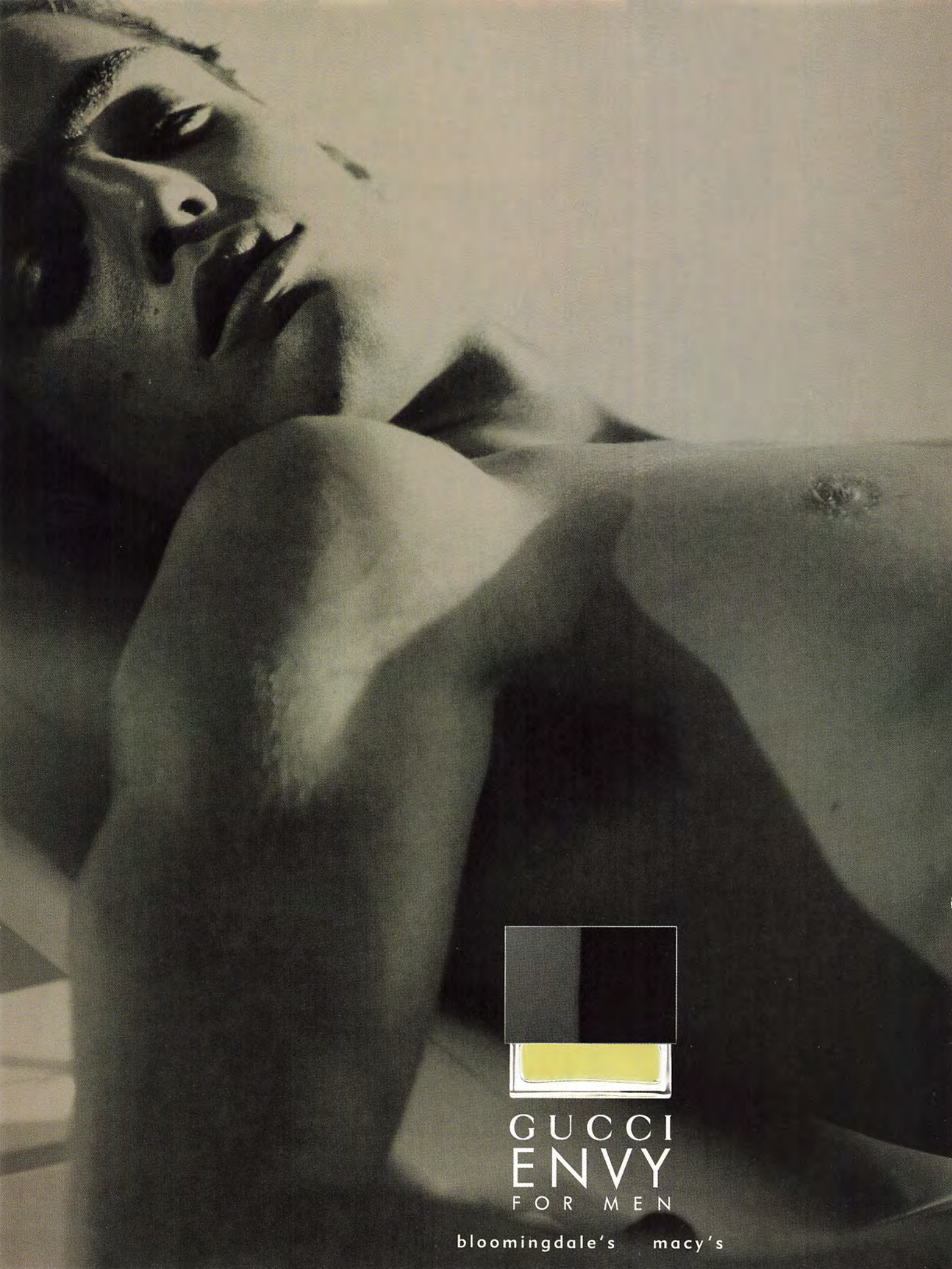
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9 Things a Single Man Needs in His Apartment to Get the Girl

Buy, borrow, or steal these magical items that can turn your shanty into a love shack. **By Nancy Miller**

When a woman comes to your place, you've got one thing on your mind... and so does she. Unfortunately, they're not the same thing. While you're calculating exactly how many pounds of pressure per square inch your mattress springs can take (is that circus cannon made of *solid* cast iron? What about the midgets?), she's sherlocking your pad for clues as to just who the hell you are.

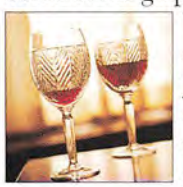
Do you have taste? A sense of humor? Are you educated? Stable? Are you making enough money not to go wild when there's a supermarket sale on cat food? She'll discover the answers to these questions in less time than it takes you to find a matching pair of socks in the morning.

Now, no one may ever mistake your place for the Presidential Suite at the Four Seasons Hotel, but that doesn't matter. You just need a few of the right things lying around in the right places... namely, the places she's going to look. And each of these things is going to say one thing to her: that you are cooler than a cooler. Think of it as strategic instead of carpet bombing (especially since you don't want her paying too much attention to the bizarre stains on your orange shag). Gentlemen...commence bombing run.

"I'm not sure, but I think I'm stuck to this couch."

1 Two Kick-Ass Wineglasses

What's a romantic evening without a little vino? But even a $50 bottle of the grape tastes like



Welch's when served in Mason jars. She'll assume college was so good to you that you never want to give up the student life-style. Solution? Crystal wineglasses. They may run you $60 apiece, but you don't need a set of eight (if you've got eight people over, you're not getting laid anyway...use plastic). Two will do the trick. Hand-wash them for serious sparkle and watch her melt the first time she *pings* the glass and it practically plays a Bach cantata. Tip: Drink out of hubcaps the rest of the time so one of your pals doesn't turn your investment into puzzle pieces.

Watch her melt the first time she *pings* your fine crystal.

Impressive brands: Waterford, Tiffany & Co., Baccarat

2 Two Big Fluffy Towels

Sooner or later she's going to wash her hands. And if after she turns off the faucet, her wet ▷

hands meet two white, baby-soft cotton towels that smell like a spring breeze, instead of a crispy little washcloth of indeterminate color, she's going to receive several important messages. Number one, you're clean. Number two, your place is clean. And number three, if your towels are this nice, your sheets must be awesome. Nice train of thought.

One thing: Never actually *use* these towels when alone. Keep them hermetically sealed until she comes over. Then hang them, folded, over the towel rack. When she leaves, you can go back to employing six old tube socks knotted together.

Names she'll know: Tommy Hilfiger Home, Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Banana Republic Home

3 One Bottle of Champagne

Maybe your boss gave it to you instead of a Christmas bonus two years ago—but she doesn't have to know that. Basically, women think any guy who keeps a chilled bottle of bubbly handy is not only spontaneous but also full of *joie de vivre*, *savoir-faire*, and other French words that mean "good in bed." A fine bottle of champagne also draws attention away from the fact that there's nothing else in your refrigerator but defrosted Tater Tots.

***Très* impressive:** Veuve Clicquot, Perrier-Jouët, Moët & Chandon

4 One Vintage Poster

You want to appear artsy but not fartsy, and one of these numbers will do the trick. Why do women love to see a 1930s ad for a French cruise line or a 1950s Communist-propaganda poster on a guy's wall? It bespeaks metropolitan cool in a way no run-of-the-mill Van Gogh or Picasso poster from a geeky museum gift shop does. Seek out vintage-poster shops and look for something that predates the '60s (saving you an embarrassing black-light-and-black-velvet acquisition). And professional framing boosts the effect a notch. A poster looks so much better when matted behind glass. It also says you're probably not one paycheck away from eviction: always an attractive characteristic.

Buy photo frames and leave in the fake family.

5 Five Great Books

Let's face facts. A copy of *The Big Book of Naked Women and Dessert Toppings* on your coffee table isn't going to score points. She wants to know you're smart and cultured, so show her you are by going to the bookstore, selecting the following titles, tearing out the pages, and wrapping the covers around old home videos. If she asks about one of the books (it doesn't matter which), answer with a pithy "Well, the character development was definitely right-on, but the author let the plot run away from him in the last four chapters." She won't ask you anything else. But just in case she gets brainy on you, try these Really E-Z *Maxim* Synopses:

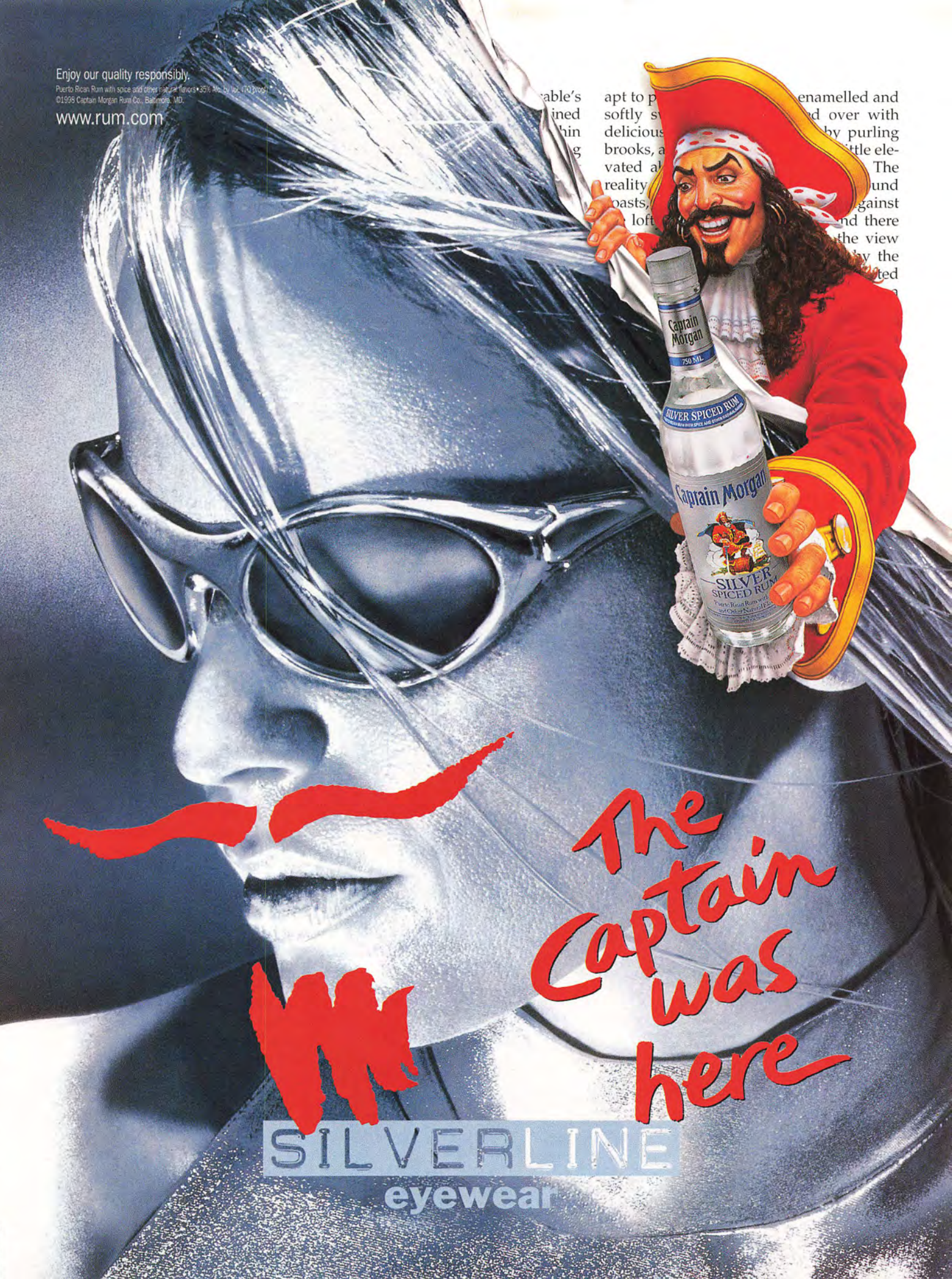
1) *The Catcher in the Rye* by J.D. Salinger (an ex–baseball player opens a deli)

2) *The Brothers Karamazov* by Fyodor Dostoevsky (five siblings amaze the world with their mysterious spelling ability)

3) *On the Road* by Jack Ker- ▷

"I love a man with a little bonsai"

Photographs, Satoshi; hair and make-up, Siegfried/Punch N.Y.; table, rug and throw courtesy of Pier 1 imports; bonsai, Chelsea Garden Center, New York; still life, Eric Axene (x9); glasses and sheets courtesy of Ralph Lauren; towels courtesy of Guess Home; lava lamp courtesy of Urban Outfitters; silver skirt, Dolce&Gabbana; glitter tank top, Future Ozbek; shoes, Emporio Armani; necklace and handbag, Yvette Fry; (last page); Archive Photos/Lambert.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ouac (stream of consciousness from the perspective of a deer)
4) *Primary Colors* by Anonymous (a psychotic preschooler leaves a trail of dead bodies…and finger paintings)
5) *The Stranger* by Albert Camus (a literary tribute to the finest works of Billy Joel)

6 Something That Lives

Dog, cat, plant, sea monkey—women don't care what it is, as long as it proves you can commit to keeping something alive for longer than four days. Mold doesn't count.

7 Framed Pictures of Family and Friends

Photos of your mom and dad at your college graduation or you and your six best friends on a rafting trip are solid evidence that there are others in your very same phylum and species who consider you tolerable. Displaying them means you feel the same way about those knuckleheads. In other words, congratulations! You are a warm and caring human being who may actually see some action tonight. Can't scrape up anything but a photo of Uranus

downloaded from the NASA Web site? Don't fret. Buy photo frames and just leave in the fake family and friends. Best bet? Get one with a freckle-faced kid. Even better: Scrawl "Thanks for the kidney" on the photo.

8 One Piece of Wacky, Tacky Kitsch

You're not *all* good looks and success. You've got a quirky, funny, rumple-headed side too, as anyone can see from the chrome bust of Elvis in the hallway, your swizzle-stick collection, or the three-pound lighter in the shape of a pineapple. Put out something

she can't help but notice and that will compel her to ask, "Wow, where did you get *that*?" Segue into a clever anecdote about how you procured such a unique object. If you don't have one, go to a junk shop or antique store, close your eyes, and pick up something. On the drive home, make up a funny story about it. Keep it brief and don't let it revolve around prison time or a hooker in Thailand.

At some point she is bound to check out your bedroom.

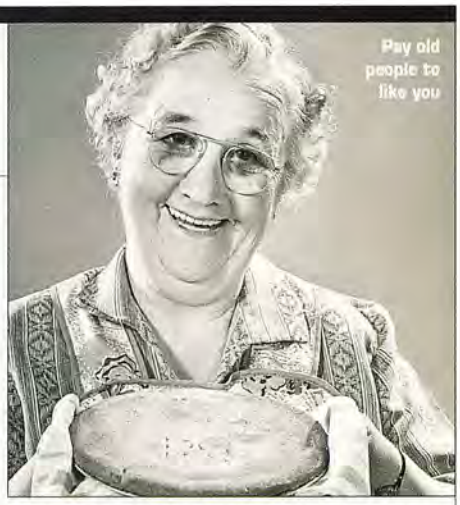
9 Bodacious Bedding

At some point she is bound to check out your bed. Easy there, hot stuff: Your one true shot at happiness could slip through your ready hands because your rack looks about as appealing as a flock of pigeons' favorite park bench. Women want assurance that if whatever might happen actually happens, they will sleep on sheets that don't stick like flypaper and that they'll rest in comfort and style, not lie there shivering under one third of your postage-stamp polyester blanket. When women look at your bed, you want them to imagine lazy Sunday mornings reading the newspaper, drinking coffee, and kissing breakfast crumbs off your lips. Know what a sheet thread count is? Women do. Sheets with a 250-plus thread count are silky slices of heaven. Less than 150 is infernal, skin-chafing hell. Spring for a bottom and a top sheet, with two or four pillows and a down comforter the two of you can hide under. Now, that's a bed she'll want to roll around in.

Impressive brands: Tommy Hilfiger Home, Calvin Klein Home, Pratesi Linens M

Shameless Scams

Lie, cheat, bribe children—anything to prove what a sweet guy you are.



In case the subtle touches aren't enough, load the big guns to convince her, once and for all, that you are The Man: an effort that will undoubtedly require a supporting cast and more staging than professional wrestling.

■ **Hire the neighborhood kids** to ring your doorbell and ask you if you're coming out to play the usual Thursday-night pickup game.

■ **Have a buddy call your house** while she's there. You say, "Oh, hey, Mom. I would love to talk, but my friend [insert correct name] just got here." Well, what do you know, she's now a friend of the family.

■ **Live next to an old lady.** Arrange with her that as you open the door to greet your date, she opens her door and gushes, "Hel-lo, Jimmy! I can't thank you enough for picking up my heart pills." And you say, "Oh, it's never any trouble at all, Mrs. Kozlowski." Warning: Old ladies are harder to pay off than kids and may forget their lines.

■ **Let the machine pick up a phone call from Harvard.** This time you don't answer when your buddy calls again and leaves this message on your machine: "Hello, this is Teddy Stickbottom from the Harvard Alumni Association calling to express my *eternal* gratitude for yet another generous donation."

■ **Steal a team achievement award from work.** When she sees it perched modestly on the mantel, blush and admit that everyone at the office insisted *you* take it home.

■ **Casually offer her Girl Scout cookies** from one of your 10 boxes. You just can't resist helping out the little squirts.

■ **Leave out an old lacrosse team photograph** signed (try to disguise your writing): TO OUR BEST PLAYER, JIMMY "HUNG LIKE A HORSE" LEVANTHAL. (Use your own name, of course.)

HOW MUCH

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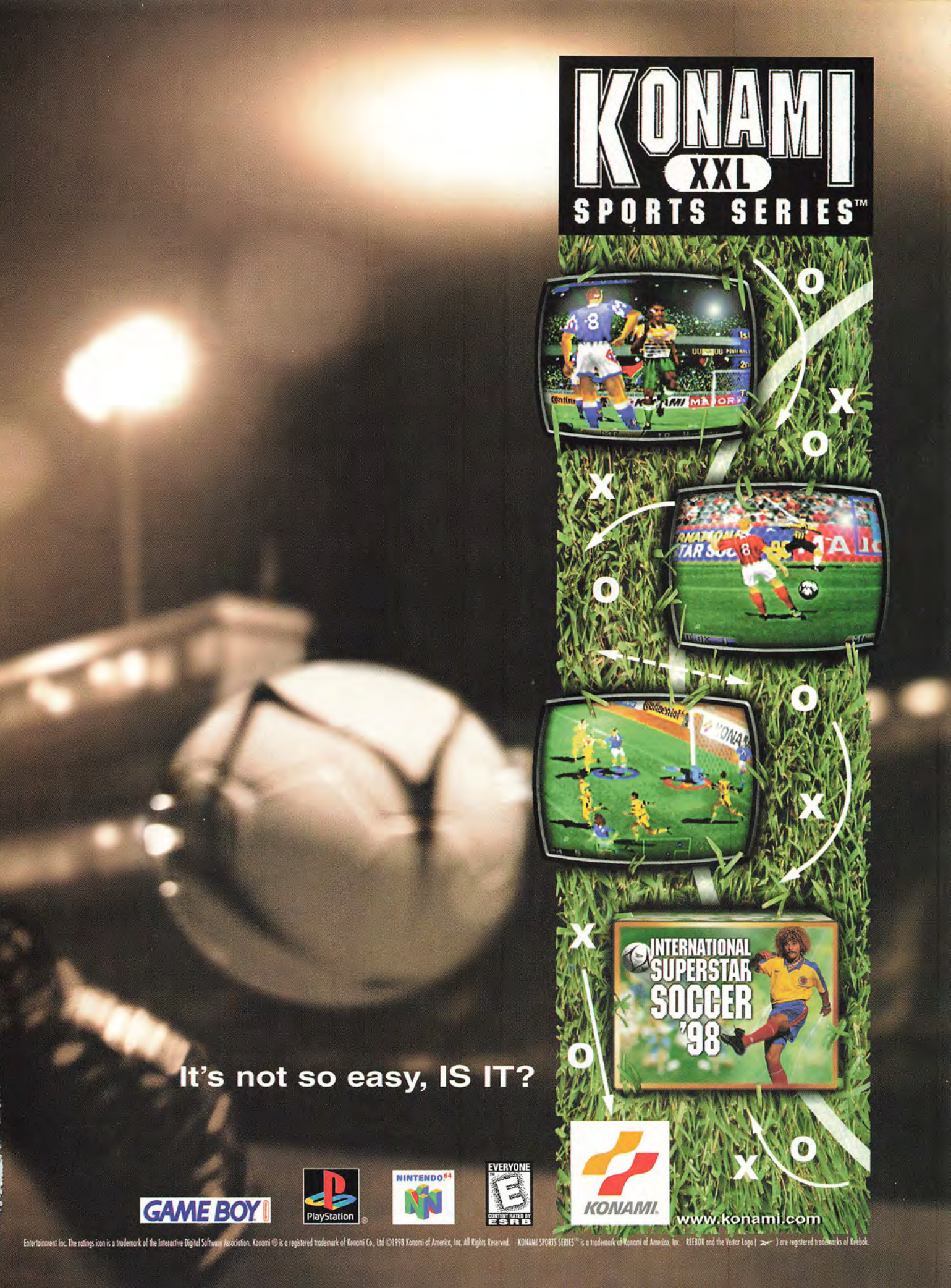

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Fists of Fury

Ralph Gracie is not just the best Ultimate Fighter you'll ever see. He's the most dangerous man in the world. By Adisa Banjoko

Gracie: your pain, his gain

They don't call Ralph Gracie The Pitbull because his grip is unbreakable (although it is) or because he trains ferocious dogs in his spare time (he doesn't). They call him The Pitbull for one reason and one reason only: Ralph Gracie once choked a pit bull with his bare hands.

A blistering day in Rio de Janeiro, 1990. As 19-year-old Gracie walks down a crowded street, he notices a sleek, jet-black pit matching him stride for stride. When he stops at a street-side juice stand for a glass of mango nectar, the dog stops, too. Gracie slides his money onto the counter and then reaches for his juice—suddenly the dog springs forward, catching Gracie's arm in its teeth. Somehow Gracie frees his arm from the sharp incisors, but the skin has been broken, and Gracie, well, he just snaps.

Lost in blind fury, Gracie starts swinging at the pit, at which point a crowd begins to gather in the street. The dog's muscles tighten, and it bares its bloody teeth. Gracie lands a few savage punches, then sneaks a hand around its collar. He slams the pit into the sidewalk and then charges it head-on. As they tumble along the street, Gracie winds up behind the dog. Instinctively he applies a choke hold. The pit whines and squirms under Gracie's weight, and a few seconds later its eyes begin to glaze over. Then they close completely. Releasing the limp pit to the pavement, Gracie slaps it back to consciousness. He locks eyes with the startled dog for a few seconds, then commands it to sit. Humbled, the pit bull does as it's told. Gracie orders another mango juice.

"Dogs are like people," he says today. "They respect power."

First we bang your head...

King of the Ring

In the ego-filled, testosterone-powered field of Ultimate Fighting, the outlaw sport where anything goes except nut kicking and eye gouging, Brazil's Ralph (pronounced Halph) Gracie gets more respect than anyone. He's respected because he taught Navy SEALs how to choke the enemy to a silent death. He's respected because he crushed his opponents in Extreme Fighting Championships I, II, and III. He's respected because every one of those championship matches was over in about 90 seconds.

In fact, Ralph Gracie is so respected—and so feared—that now he can't find anyone who will step into the ring with him. Two years ago, Extreme Fighting promoters even offered Super Middleweight boxing champion Roy Jones, Jr., a shot at The Pitbull. Gracie's manager plopped a cool million on the table, with an additional million for every minute Jones could stay in the ring with Gracie after the first bell. The champ, however, politely declined.

"I do my thing. I box. Anybody who cares to strap on a pair of boxing gloves and challenge me is welcome to do that," Jones said in response to the proposal. "I don't care to go out and waste my body trying to prove a point to somebody else."

But perhaps the real reason Ralph Gracie gets more respect than any fighter today is his size. The most dangerous man on the planet stands only 5'9" and weighs in at a mere 170 pounds. And that may be the most dangerous thing about him: There's nothing about Ralph Gracie that hints at how lethal he is.

A Century of Butt Kicking

How can a man so physically unimpressive open up a can of whup-ass on bigger, stronger men trained as boxers, wrestlers, and martial artists? And how can he do it with such consistency? The secret, Gracie says, is his ▷

Photographs, Michael Sexton (x5).

technique, a brand of street-smart fighting his family has been fine-tuning for most of the century.

In 1914, a Japanese judo master named Mitsuyo Maeda moved to Brazil and met Ralph's great-grandfather, Gastaõ Gracie. Gastaõ helped the immigrant establish himself in Rio de Janeiro, and in return, Maeda taught Gastaõ's oldest son, Carlos, judo. Carlos in turn trained his four brothers. The youngest brother, Helio, was one of those sickly, skinny, ridiculously weak kids, and he quickly realized that he wouldn't be able to pull off the moves against his stronger brothers. So he began to modify the technique. He found he could compensate for his lack of strength simply by focusing on leverage. After all, any 75-pound runt can move a 400-pound boulder—all he needs is the right tool and the perfect angle.

Gracie wins in 3.2 nanoseconds

Helio's innovations proved so potent that the brothers advanced the leverage theory and created their own style of fighting, where position and leverage were emphasized over sheer strength. Their system, they discovered, was particularly well suited to street-fighting, where virtually all tussles end up on the ground. Knock even the best boxer to the carpet and his effectiveness is severely limited: He can't punch because he can't pull his arm back or extend it forward. On the ground, he's stripped of his strength.

Because the ground is such a powerful equalizer, Ralph Gracie tries to get an opponent off his feet as fast as possible—he lunges, tackles, and tips him onto the floor. After that he's halfway home: There's a barrage of moves based on the intersection of leverage and physiology that bend arms and legs into positions that break bones, tear muscles, and rip tendons. A series of quick arm and leg locks cause hot pain. Vicious choke holds leave opponents unconscious. These are not the sweeping, poetic moves of Bruce Lee but rather a frenetic scurrying, the furious angling for position that's seen in college wrestling. Of course, in college wrestling you don't get the green light to punch someone's grille in.

Ever since Helio's discovery, the Gracies have been a fighting family; today more than 20 members of the extended Gracie clan compete regularly in tournaments around the world and teach the Gracie system. No one in Brazil disputes its effectiveness. In the superpopular Vale Tudo events (literally translated, "anything goes"), where lightning-fast kick boxers, 350-pound wrestlers, and high-flying kung fu masters from all over the world go head to head, the Gracie family is undefeated in 75 years.

...then we twist your head...

The Animal Within

But even with his test-driven, clinically proven method of butt stomping, Ralph Gracie has something else going for him: the ability to tap the part of the brain that is all savage. In fight after ▷

(Top photograph): AP Photo/Wilmington Star News, Ken Belvins; James Porto/FPG (pit bull); Photofest (boy).

"I've got it! I'll call myself 'Buckwheat'!"

Name That Bully

Don't even think of becoming an Ultimate Fighter until you get yourself a very, very intimidating name. Three helpful hints:

Deconstruct your name: Summon forth your minimal knowledge of poetics (or ask a gay cousin for help) and break your birth name into its component parts. Then search out witty rhymes. It worked for Ken "The Rock" Shamrock: His Ultimate Fighting record is a respectable 6–2–2. Better yet, focus on alliteration. If UF rookie Tra "Trauma" Telligman can fight like he can alliterate, he's bound to go far.

Go animal: Give yourself the once-over in the mirror and embrace that inner beast. This may take some creativity, because the obvious names have long since been snagged. An ace fighter like Ralph Gracie, for instance, is forced to share his Pitbull moniker with the less than noteworthy Scott "The Pitbull" Ferrozzo (3–2). Paul "The Polar Bear" Varelans, 6'8" and 300 pounds, employs an animal *and* alliteration—perhaps to make up for his dubious 4–4 record.

The fightin' man's muse

Turn to tools: Nothing says violence quite like a sharp, blunt, or motorized object. Just ask Mark Coleman. Sure, he's a traditional takedown Olympic wrestler, but his name sounds like that of a refrigerator repairman. When he calls himself The Hammer, however, you know what to expect from a fighting style he refers to as "ground and pound." Stumped for inspiration? Don't fret: The kitchen cabinet or basement toolbox offers a world of linguistic ferocity. —*Josh Dean*

fight, he's demonstrated that he will hold nothing back, that he's happy to pummel an opponent until his face is a bowl of bloody spaghetti.

"Every single one of us has a devil inside. I have to reach back into that darkness to find my primal core," Gracie says. He speaks in tones that are just above a whisper—not a Zen-master David Carradine "ah-so" whisper, more like Clint Eastwood two seconds before he puts your lights out. "When I step in the ring, it's like there's an intense energy coming out of me. It's like my body is on fire."

...then we sniff your undies

During Gracie's last televised Extreme Fighting Championship, in 1996, Ali Mihoubi, a well-known French karate champion, felt the heat. Even before the opening bell stopped ringing, Gracie crashed into Mihoubi. Mihoubi tried to get off a kick to Gracie's knee, but he was already falling to the canvas. As soon as they hit the mat, Gracie effortlessly climbed on top of him and began raining blows on Mihoubi's face. There was no hesitation, no mercy. And no sign of letting up. Trapped below Gracie, Mihoubi made futile attempts to cover up, to protect himself. After delivering 47 blows to Mihoubi's face, Gracie snatched one of the Frenchman's arms and bent the elbow sharply backward. Mihoubi quickly tapped the mat, signifying that the pain was unbearable. Uncle. Game over. Start to finish in 94 seconds.

The secret of Gracie's stunning efficiency is that fighting is his business. But the secret of his fire is that, for Gracie, every fight is personal. It's not about the purse, it's not even so much a question of his own pride. With every fight he is defending the Gracie family honor. He sees any challenge as a sign of disrespect for Carlos, Helio, and the rest of his fighting ancestors. He sees it as a referendum on the technique his family created. And that pisses him off.

For the past 75 years, the Gracie family has issued a challenge to every fighter in the world: anytime, anyplace, anywhere. And if the call comes, Ralph Gracie will quietly cancel class at his Mountain View, California, martial arts studio. He'll phone his wife and two daughters and tell them he'll be home late. Then he'll find the devil inside him and do whatever he needs to do to bring his opponent to submission, to make him understand that the Gracie way is the only way. M

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THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO MEN SINCE WOMEN

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Straight up. Winston

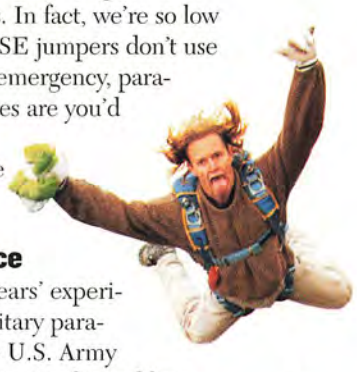
Lesser lemmings would be satisfied with a long walk off a short pier. **Terrence Houlahan**, though, will settle for nothing less than 876 feet of death-baiting free fall.

I Fell into a Gorge

It's that time of year. Days are getting shorter, there's a chill in the air, leaves explode in a symphony of colors…and I want to jump off a bridge.

Before I can talk myself out of it, I've left the safety of the investment bank where I work to join up with 319 other certifiable lunatics on top of the New River Gorge Bridge, just outside the sleepy town of Fayetteville, West Virginia. The Fayette County Chamber of Commerce has hosted Bridge Day on the third Saturday of every October since 1980. It is the one day out of the entire year when it's legal to jump off the second-highest bridge in the United States. On the other 364 days, no one finds much reason whatsoever to visit this tiny burg of 2,000; but on this day it's overrun by up to 250,000 curious spectators.

For those not in the know, parachuting from bridges falls under the category of BASE jumping (for "building, antenna, span, Earth," the objects from which we drop). It's pretty much illegal everywhere in the U.S., for good reason. A typical airplane sky dive is made from 12,500 feet, and after a leisurely 55-second free fall, the chute is deployed at 2,000 feet. By comparison, the distance from the rail of the bridge to impact in the New River Gorge is 876 feet. Yes, that's almost 90 stories, but the whole thing's over in eight seconds. In fact, we're so low that most BASE jumpers don't use a reserve, or emergency, parachute. Chances are you'd be making craters before it deployed.



Splat Chance

I have four years' experience as a military parachutist in the U.S. Army Special Forces, I've logged hundreds of sky dives, done three of these bridge jumps, and I skysurf. But I *still* find Bridge Day gut-wrenching, and it's not just because of the limited chute time: There's what lies in wait at the bottom of the gorge. The landing zone, along the side of the river, is only about 75 feet square. The river, though safe to land in, is 45 knock-the-breath-out-of-you degrees. On either side of that 150-foot-wide river are railroad tracks waiting to snag a foot and tear it off, high-tension wires itching to clothesline you, and slippery riverbank boulders dying to break your bones.

"I tore my rectum," said the poor bastard on the hospital gurney next to me.

If you overshoot the landing strip, you land in the trees. Sound cushy? I was once in the emergency room after a bridge jump, having a minor injury checked, when I noticed a jumper next to me, lying face-down on a gurney. When I asked him what happened, the poor bastard said, "I tore my rectum." Apparently he'd landed in the trees, and as he fell through the branches, one of them reamed him.

Accidents are the exception, however, because the event's organizer, Avery Badenhop, recommends that only highly experienced parachutists take the plunge. Since 1980, only two people have perished on Bridge Day. But there is always the chance that the bloodthirsty mob of onlookers will get what it came for…

OK, I'll Jump Already

It's Saturday, Bridge Day 1997. Our permit to jump runs from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M., and many terrified souls making their first BASE jump today have had a restless ▷

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TM

Deploying the giant brassiere

night. My exit pass is number 167, and I'm scheduled to jump between 10 and 11. At 9:45, I grab my rig from my friend's pickup truck, and damn it, my pilot-chute bridle snags on the seat belt and the pin is extracted. My parachute pops out onto the seat. *"Fuck me! Fuck meeee!!!!!!!"* So much for my painstaking packing to guarantee a crackerjack chute opening. I get the chute back into the container, and using my shoelace (I don't have the proper tool with me) to hold the container closed, reinsert the pin to seal the rig. I lace my shoe and I'm off to the exit point.

BASE entails an element of Zen preparation, but I won't even have a moment to get my head together. As I'm late, they've passed my number, and immediately I'm advanced to the front of the line. After being given a final gear check by the staff, I'm now standing on the middle exit ramp of the three that extend out over the edge of the bridge rail.

"Your exit, ramp number one!" yells the jumpmaster. A jumper dressed like a Green Bay Packers football player runs off the bridge and poof, he's gone. *Oh shit, I'm next; it won't be long,* I think. Fear quickly yields to a feeling of inevitability. The jumpmaster for my ramp shouts: "Clear below! Your ramp, number two! *Go!*" Four quick steps, I throw my chest out and arch hard to prevent an unstable exit, and I'm sailing into the ether. The noise of thousands of spectators melts away into a deafening silence, and time is momentarily suspended.

One, one thousand! I count in my head. At this point I always feel a bit like Wile E. Coyote hanging in midair after inadvertently running off a cliff. My first thought every year at this moment is still: *I can't fucking believe I left the bridge!*

Two, one thousand! Things are really starting to happen quickly. My speed begins to increase exponentially. The autumn colors of the gorge and the sunlight

BASIC BASE

Maybe you're too chicken to walk the walk (as are we), but at least with these terms you can talk the talk.

Throw 'n' go: A sin committed by some first-timers. Becoming rather unglued, they deploy their parachutes *before* leaving the bridge.

Hummit: The opposite of a throw 'n' go—you deploy low. Each additional second of free fall requires an exponential increase in courage.

Title 36, Section 2.17(a) or 36CFR 2.17(a) Code of Federal Regulations: What you will be charged under for jumping from cliffs and bridges in national parks without a permit, like the one issued for Bridge Day. Penalties range from gear confiscation to jail time, depending on how badly you piss off rangers.

Bandit jump: Jumpers pour into Fayetteville days before Bridge Day. Some just can't help themselves and start jumping off the bridge before the permit is valid on Saturday. They are made familiar with Title 36 by the park rangers.

Wrap: When two jumpers' canopies become entangled, or "wrap," their parachutes choke each other off and the jumpers plummet to the earth—of particular concern on Bridge Day, when you have a postage-stamp-size landing zone and 320 people jumping in six hours.

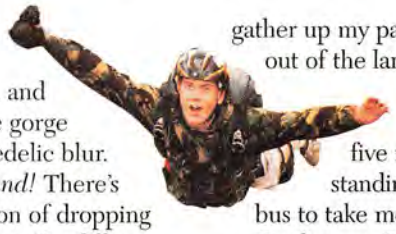
Object strike: Backslide into a cliff, building, or dam and you're going to be torn apart alive.

Extinction line: A parachute requires a certain amount of altitude to deploy. Once you've gone past this point in free fall, stick a fork in yourself because you're done.

Going in: What happens when you cross the extinction line. Also referred to as "bouncing."

Photographs, (first page) Bo Wriston; (this page) Bo Wriston; Neal Peters Collection(Road Runner); John Huffman/ATP (bunny); (next page, top) John Huffman/ATP; (bottom left) Bo Wriston; Robert Earnest/Tony Stone(tomato splat).

reflecting off the New River are pounding on my senses. The initial silence is pierced by the sound of rushing wind.



Three, one thousand! I continue to accelerate, and all the colors of the gorge blend into a psychedelic blur.

Four, one thousand! There's no longer a sensation of dropping through empty space. I'm falling about 70 mph now, and I can feel the firm resistance of the wind against my body. I'm nearly mesmerized by watching the earth spread out below me. I've heard it's possible to get hypnotized by this phenomenon. Today, however, I do not want a planet rammed up my wazoo.

I'm about four seconds off the deck now. The true art of BASE is deploying at the last possible moment, and maybe if I waited until six seconds, my chute would open in time. Or maybe my obituary would read, "The last thing that went through Terrence's mind were his feet." Screaming toward the river at 85 mph, I deploy my chute after a very respectable and butt-puckering five seconds.

The canopy cracks open and I go from 85 mph to 5 mph in half a heartbeat. The risers tug hard at my shoulders as the chute snaps me upright. I look up, check my canopy, and quickly grab the steering toggles. As I've opened so low, I'll have just enough time to fly over the river to reach the landing area. I face into the wind to offset the forward speed of my parachute for a soft landing. After running off the extra momentum, I gather up my parachute and hustle out of the landing zone, past the ambulance crews set up at the edge. Not five minutes later I'm standing in line, waiting for a bus to take me back up the gorge.

The canopy cracks open and I go from 85 mph to 5 mph in half a heartbeat.

By the way, I am completely and utterly jazzed. Take the best orgasm you have ever had in your life, multiply it by 1,000, and that *might* begin to describe the exhilaration and adrenaline rush of a good BASE jump. And that high lasts the better part of a week.

Cast (and Crutches) Party

We gather for the closing party that evening, only a few of us limping, sporting stitches, wearing slings and casts. In the main we're a pretty euphoric bunch. We drink beer and watch the videos that cameraman Will Forshay has taken of us. I admire the really skilled guys who pull off backflips and gainers. At the same time, I now have the luxury of getting some distance on what I've just done, and I experience a sort of delayed awe. Fear, even.

It's short-lived. A few brews later, I'm watching the videos and wondering, "Why *wouldn't* someone want to parachute off a bridge, damn it!" And I know I'll be back next year, much more sober than I am just now, respectful again of the danger of the jump but unable to resist the kick of leaping off a bridge, holding out as long as I dare before I pull my chute, then living for a couple of days off the adrenaline jolt of a flawless jump.

"I'm flying! No, wait, I'm falling!"

Bridge Day this year is October 17. For more info, call the Fayette County Chamber of Commerce at (800) 927-0263 or (304) 465-5617, or visit its Web site at www.fayettecounty.com. For specific Bridge Day info, visit www.newrivercvb.com. M

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Quit Your Job—Right Now!

Loyalty, shmoyalty. Every year that you spend with the same company translates into money you're not earning. To make bragging bucks, you've got to bail. Here's why.

By Russell Wild

You have a fine job: Your paycheck covers not only basic expenses like rent, utilities, and Cocoa Puffs, but also imported vodka, a 14-karat timepiece, and sporadic trips to Vail. Your work is not only lucrative but pleasant. And the boss treats you like a gem.

That's great. Tell him you quit.

There are more than 124 million jobs in America, and unless your name is Michael Eisner, a hell of a lot of them pay more than yours. With this year's national unemployment rate well under 5 percent (the lowest since 1973), the corporate economy humming, and skilled labor in short supply, this is very much an employees' market. That means talent such as yours commands a premium price. "If you're ever going to quit your job, now is a good time," says Eric Greenberg, director of management studies at the American Management Association, International (AMA) in New York City.

The average manager or executive in a large to mid-size company leaves his or her job every two years, eight months, according to an AMA survey. And the trend is clearly on the up. Why? Because job surfing makes so much damned sense, says Michael W. Mercer, Ph.D., an industrial psychologist and career consultant in Barrington, Illinois, and the author of *How Winners Do It* (Prentice Hall, 1994). "You'll likely progress much faster in your career today by jumping companies rather than hanging in there with one."

Mercer's observation is largely a matter of math. If you stay with one company, there is a finite number of slots to move up into. Unless the firm is experiencing steroidal growth, you may just have to wait until someone above you retires or croaks. By broadening your universe and looking at the entire marketplace as your potential squatting turf, you greatly multiply your opportunities. But the story goes well beyond math.

You, the Corporate Spy

In a new company, you'll often receive a degree of respect and compensation (that means cash, pal) that you don't get in your present one. That's the nature of people and organizations. The French sum it up with a proverb—*Nul n'est prophète en son pays*, No one is a prophet in his own country.

The newly acquired employee is assumed to bring fresh insight and a bank of knowledge, hopefully including some useful secrets from the competition. "Looting and plundering other companies' brainpower is commonplace in business these days," says Mercer. In short, a corporation will pay big bucks to people who can show it what makes the competition successful.

Consider Paul Jansen, 27, of Phoenix. He graduated from Iowa State University in 1992 and took a consultant and ▷

Illustrations, Zohar Lazar; photographs, (next page from the top); Foto Fantasies; The Kobal Collection.

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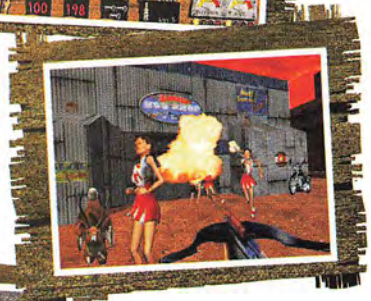

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Run over chickens & pigs on a motorcycle.	✓	nope	Nope	nope	Nope
Loud Farting & burping	✓	nope	Nope	Nope	nope
Big-breasted Cheerleaders	✓	nope	nope	✓	Nope
Get pissed on after u die	✓	Nope	nope	Nope	nope
Plenty of swearin' with optional cuss pack	✓	nope	nope	Nope	nope
Hit yer brother in the head with a crowbar	✓	Nope	nope	nope	nope
Nearly 3D or as close to 3D as U can get	✓	✓	✓	Nope	?

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trainer job with bigmouthed motivational experts Anthony Robbins & Associates. He then got an account executive job at a small medical supply company, and from there a sales position at a larger medical-device company. He's now at CardioDynamics of San Diego, where he is director of marketing, making a sweet six figures. And was his hopscotch resumé a liability? Hardly.

"A young person making six figures may simply be very good at what he or she does," says Rodney Lowman, Ph.D., head of the department of psychology and behavioral sciences at Louisiana Tech University in Ruston. "On the other hand, inside information on a couple of competitors could make a candidate considerably more attractive to an employer," admits Lowman, who is also the president of Ruston's Development Laboratories, a career consulting firm.

"My new boss had no idea he was giving me such a huge raise."

You've Got to Leap to Reap

Is it possible to see huge jumps in salary within the same outfit? Sure; it's also possible that Elvis will reappear and run for Congress. "Typically, a person promoted from within will get a 10 percent raise, or maybe $5,000," says Mercer. "But that same company pulling someone in from the outside for the same job might be willing to cough up an extra $10,000, or up to a 25 percent wage increase and maybe throw in a company car. After all, it needs to woo the person coming in. In contrast, does the inside person need to be wooed? Is he going to turn down a promotion if it doesn't pay enough?" Uh-uh.

Another factor to consider: Stay with the same company too long and you'll lose touch with what you're worth on the open market. "We always assume that the outside applicants for a position are more savvy, that they have a better assessment of the job marketplace," says the personnel director at a large New York public relations firm who steadfastly refuses to be identified. "By contrast, inside people, who presumably haven't been keeping up with the market, are usually in the dark."

And speaking of darkness, keeping a future boss in it, especially where salary history is concerned, is easier when you're coming from outside. While employers know their own people's salary histories intimately, they usually don't have a clue about outside applicants. After eight years with Long Island bicycle distributor Service Cycle, John Neugent felt he wasn't earning what he was worth. So when direct competitor Bike Rack approached the then 37-year-old product manager for the job of vice president of purchasing, he went for it. He got the job—with a 45 percent increase in salary and hefty stock options. "Typically you overstate your salary when applying for a job. At least I did back then, although not lately. Bike Rack had no idea they were giving me such a huge raise," he says. And what are the chances the guy who signed Neugent's paycheck back at his old company was suddenly going to fork over a 45 percent raise? Exactly.

Farewell to Weeniedom

It's more than salary history that makes some bosses hesitant to grant an insider a square deal. There is also the little matter of respect. If you've been at a firm for many years and you started in a troll position, it can be awfully difficult to be taken seriously.

Executives (much like parents who always see their sons as seven-year-olds) are inclined to remember you as, say, the kid ▷

Get Good Headhunter

A professional recruiter can get you far more than your sorry ass is worth.

When movers and shakers want to do just that, do you think they scour the want ads? Nah, these guys get agents—otherwise known as headhunters. You should too. Here's why.

■ **They're free.** A headhunter is paid by the prospective employer. "There are contingency recruiters and retained recruiters," says Arlene S. Hirsch, author of *Love Your Work and Success Will Follow* (John Wiley & Sons, 1996). "A retained recruiter receives a flat rate. A contingency recruiter receives a percentage based on your granted salary, so they have a vested interest in getting you as much money as possible." Guess which we advise.

■ **They're discreet.** You don't want to piss off a current employer by waving the white flag of resignation (i.e., getting caught photocopying your resumé) before you've got your new gig. "Headhunters can quietly do a lot of the legwork," says Doug Dittmer, president of JobJunction, Inc., Recruiting Consultants, in Ferndale, Michigan. "They make phone calls, help reformat and send out your resumé, negotiate your salary and benefits. Plus they're privy to info, such as bonuses, that no amount of outside research would uncover."

■ **They have dibs on the best jobs.** "At the corporate level, major companies use recruiting services for top-quality candidates," says Rhona Hamilton, corporate spokesperson for Apple Computer, Inc., in San Jose, Calif. Even if you aren't CEO material, companies often call headhunters to conduct quiet, more focused searches before placing jobs in the want ads; this to save their execs the drudgery of sifting through stacks of resumés.

■ **They can weigh your worth.** If you've been grossly underpaid, you'll find out. "A recruiter understands your true value and often knows how high a prospective employer will go," says Hirsch. For more information, check out Recruiters OnLine Network at www.ipa.com.

—Mary K. Moore

with the big ears who used to run for coffee, or the clerk who once screwed up a huge mailing by sealing 500,000 empty envelopes, or the junior rep who at the 1995 Christmas party spilled eggnog into the controller's wife's cleavage. A new company gives you a brand-new reputation to crap up.

In addition, if you haven't had a promotion about every two years, you may be viewed as deadwood. That, says veteran television writer and producer Tom Mulderick, 40, is very much the case in the boob-tube business. "People who stay at one station in one position too long are seen as suspect, because it appears they don't have the drive or the ability to move on." When Mulderick himself had been with a station in a small town in Pennsylvania for more than three years, he felt the specter of unpromotability breathing down his neck and jumped ship to join Philadelphia's NBC operation. "By the way, my salary just about tripled with the move," he says.

Return Victorious (and Gloating, if Possible)

But, but…what if you really, really like your job and your boss and your company?

Consider quitting anyway.

It's not unheard of for a young guy to leave Company A, join Company B, then return to Company A (suddenly a prophet come from afar) at a loftier level. However, look for precedent. If no one has done it before, proceed with caution, says Lowman. "In some corporate cultures, to leave is to automatically burn all bridges."

But at firms where bridges stay intact, quitting and boomeranging back can be a quick way to boost your career—and your ego. Remember John Neugent? After a mere 11 months at Bike Rack, he got an offer to rejoin former employer Service Cycle—as vice president of marketing, with a $10,000 pay hike over what he was making at Bike Rack. "All told, I got myself a 67 percent raise in less than a year," says Neugent.

Not too shabby. Who says quitters never win? M

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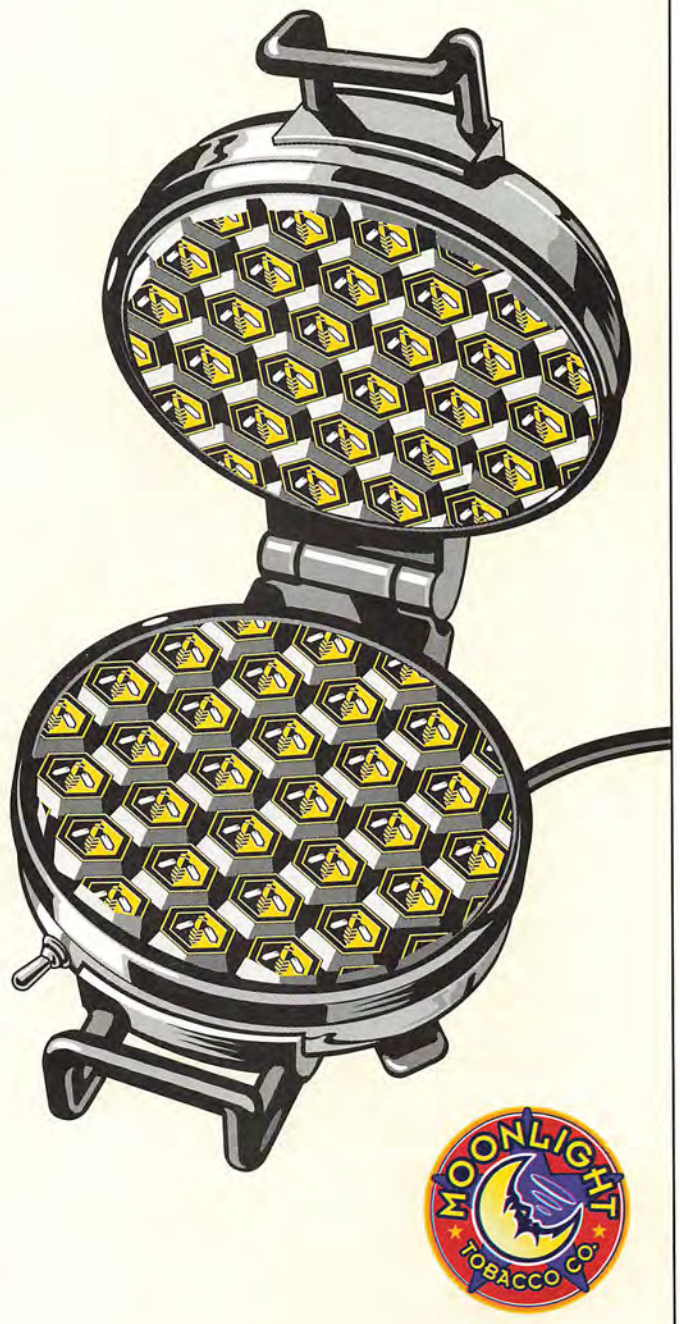

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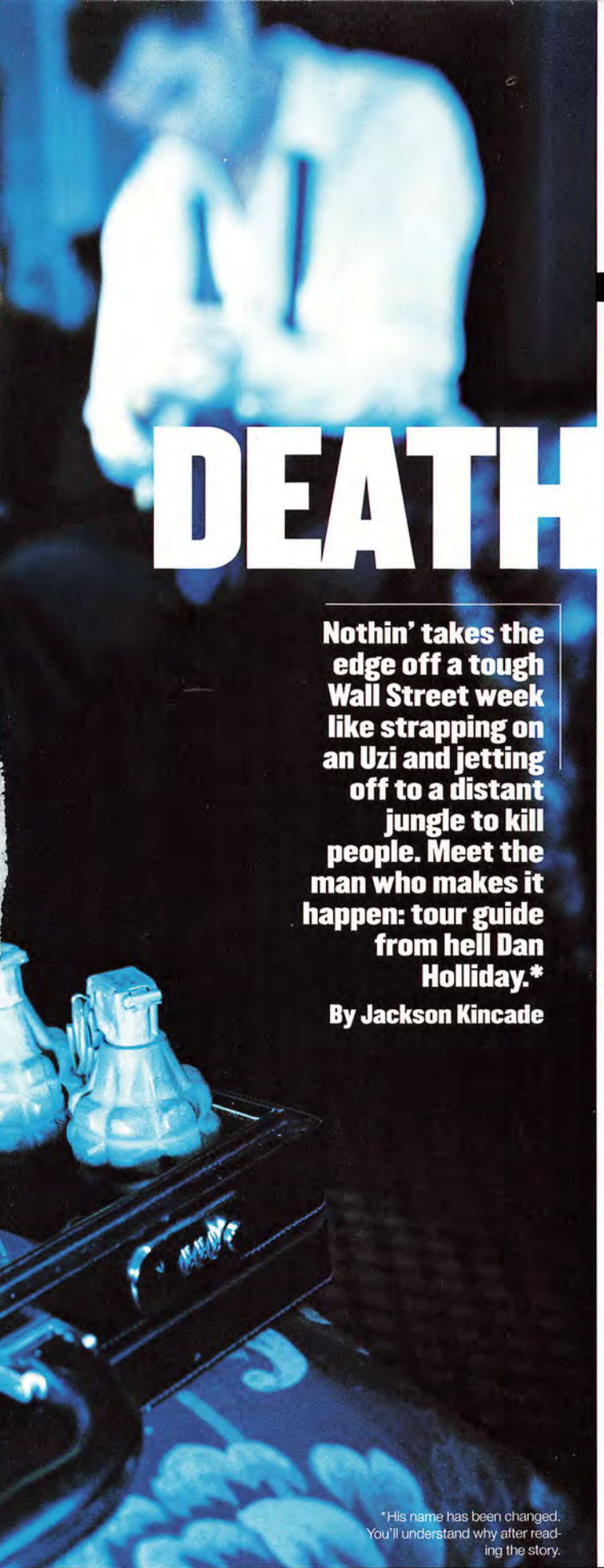


THE DEATH DEALER

Nothin' takes the edge off a tough Wall Street week like strapping on an Uzi and jetting off to a distant jungle to kill people. Meet the man who makes it happen: tour guide from hell Dan Holliday.*

By Jackson Kincade

*His name has been changed. You'll understand why after reading the story.

Dan and I hail from the same small Western town, and we originally bonded over our common interest in guns. Dan was a federally licensed Class III firearms dealer, which meant he could legally sell full-auto, select-fire, and silencer-equipped weapons, and he knew everything there is to know about things that go bang. I would bet big money he could build a working gun out of a drinking straw and a handful of peanut shells.

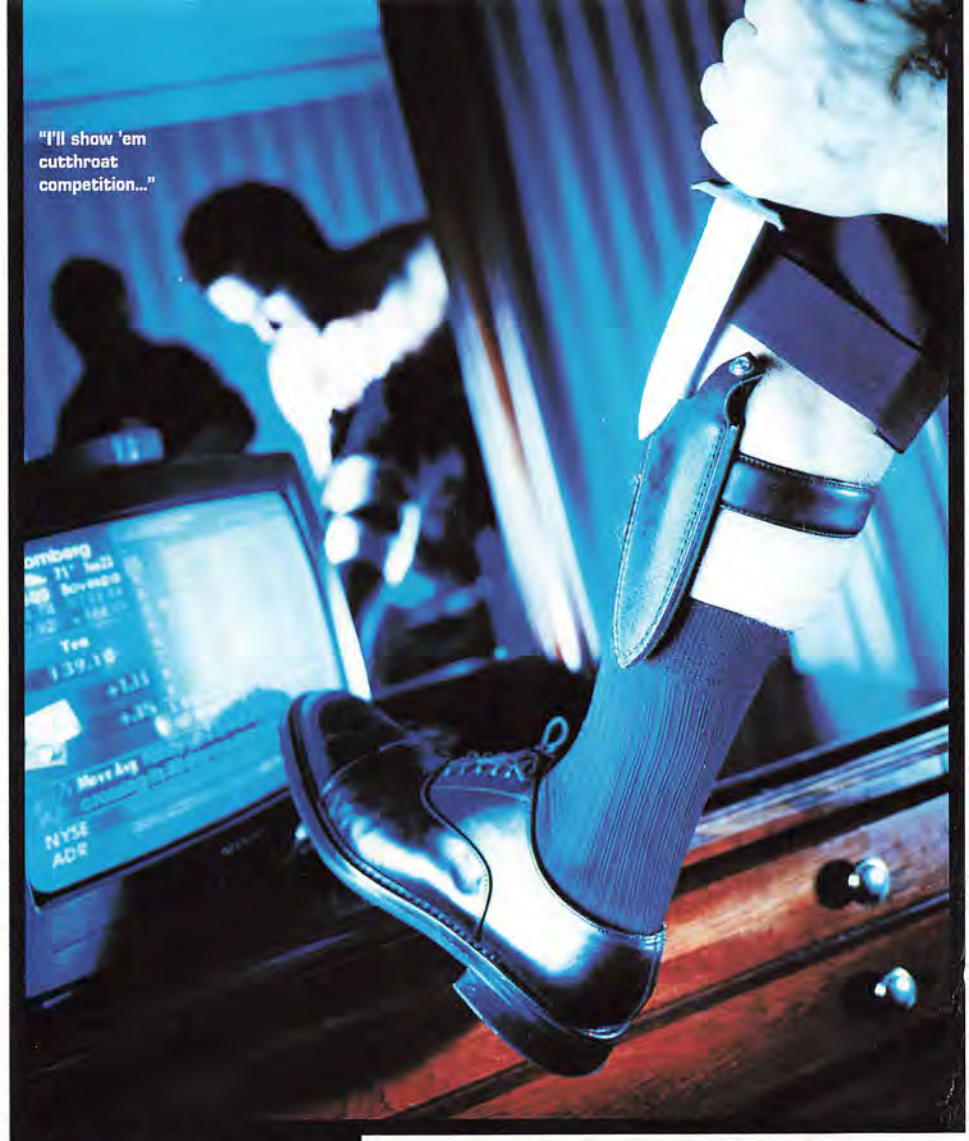
But Dan's about 10 years older than me, and by the time I graduated high school, he was already living in a different world...a murky world of mercenaries, overseas arms shipments, and CIA intrigue. I've only seen him three times now since my childhood, each time under bizarre circumstances.

The first time, I watched him pick a fight with an entire biker bar—10 or 12 guys—and singlehandedly beat the shit out of them. Dan's martial arts ability bordered on legendary; and I'm sure he performed this stunt partly to show off some new combat moves he'd picked up from God knows where. Or maybe he did it just for the fuck of it. Whatever; all I know is, he made Steven Seagal look like a Girl Scout.

The second time, I came back from college spring break to find him holed up in my dorm room, eyes bloodshot and puffy from lack of sleep, hiding behind a tipped-over couch to protect himself against "grenade attacks" from the doorway. I made myself scarce and returned two days later to find he'd restocked my fridge with beer and disappeared again.

The third time was the interview you're about to read. Rumors were floating about that Dan was taking rich guys out to hunt for humans, and I wanted to know if it was true. Old friends or not, Dan agreed to be interviewed only on his terms, which turned out to be straight out of a James Bond film. The night before our interview, I was telephoned by a stranger with instructions: I was to catch a particular bus to Philly, where "the rest would be taken care of." This turned out to be two thug types and a woman named Maggie who frisked me, found the Glock in my S.O.B. (small-of-back) holster rig but left it alone, blindfolded me, and drove me to the interview.

For the record, I updated my will prior to leaving. ▷



MAXIM: How old were you the first time you killed someone?

DAN: I was 18. He was a Conger. It was rainy as hell and the ground was like wet cement. I slid into this ditchlike bunker and landed right on top of him. Good thing I did, too, because it knocked the weapon out of his hands. I emptied the whole clip into him—30 rounds at point-blank range. He was pretty dead.

M: How many people have you killed?

D: More than I care to remember, though some I don't mind picturing. Put it this way: It's more than 20 and less than 1,000—somewhere in that neighborhood.

M: That's a hell of a neighborhood. What did you learn in Vietnam?

D: That I was good at killing people—really good. Somewhere deep down inside, I really enjoyed it. The rush you get when you take someone else's life is hard to describe. Maybe some of that person's power really does transfer into you; I don't know. But I liked to get up close and personal: to use a knife, or a pistol, or my hands. Though taking somebody out with a sniper rifle had its moments, too.

M: What was your farthest kill?

D: With one shot, it was about 1,150 yards, but I popped a guy at over 1,300 yards with three shots. The first one took him low: caught him in the ass and knocked him down. I missed with the second, but the third took his head clean off. A .50-caliber is a nasty weapon.

M: No shit. So how'd you get into the mercenary business?

D: Eventually they shipped me out of Nam, and I came home and set up shop as a gun dealer. I borrowed some money from my dad and converted my garage to a store. Sales were slow, but I made a decent buck on repairs. I was really good at making guns work better, but it was boring. I missed the rush.

M: So then what?

D: I drifted around for a while, just traveling here and there to see people I'd met overseas. Through some contacts I had made during my travels, I managed to put together a few really big deals. And in a short time, I was handling major weaponry—M-60s, grenades, RPGs [rocket-propelled grenades], etc.—for international clients. Naturally, the money was great.

M: There's a rumor that you double-crossed the U.S. government on an arms shipment to Nicaragua. Care to comment?

D: Most of it's true. Everybody knows the CIA was helping the contra rebels fight against the Ortega-led Sandinista government. I brokered one of the arms deals, but I decided, for a variety of reasons, to keep the money *and* the guns.

M: I'm guessing that this put you on less than ideal terms with the U.S. government?

D: I was on the FBI's Most Wanted list for a while—for all I know I'm still there—but since then I've done some work for Uncle Sam, so go figure.

M: So that was the start of your career. How do you get to where the fighting is? I can't imagine you flying on a commercial airliner.

D: Every now and then I do. I've got more passports and identities than I know what to do with; sometimes it really gets confusing. Most of the time I go on a special charter, though. I have associates with their own transport planes, big birds that have been around since WWII. They take me and my gear wherever I want to go.

M: How do people contact and hire you?

D: For a while I just went where the action was and helped out the underdogs—what civilians would call the good guys. I did weapon maintenance, modifications, training, and fighting. I enjoyed the fighting the most. When you're killing people on a daily basis, like in Nam, and then you quit cold turkey, it's pretty tough to handle—much worse than beating a drug addiction. Anyway, I was pretty effective, and there were quite a few times when the "other side" had people contact me, letting me know that they'd pay me handsomely to switch sides.

M: Did you ever take the money?

D: Yep. A number of times. But I never fought against people trying to win their freedom—wouldn't do it for all the money in the world. Mainly, though, I'm out for myself.

"WHEN YOU'RE KILLING PEOPLE AND YOU QUIT COLD TURKEY, IT CAN BE HARD TO HANDLE."

Photographs: Silvia Otte (x4); illustrations, Paul Wootton, Hotel 17, NYC 212.475.2845.fax 212.677.8178 www.citysearch.com/nyc/hotel17 Hotel 31 212.685.3060

M: So what you're saying is that you're selfish?
D: I watch my own ass. I've been in some really freaky situations where I probably could have saved the lives of some of the people around me, but I chose not to. But I've also pulled some people out of some nasty spots when I probably shouldn't have, so I guess it all evens out in the end.
M: Give me some examples.
D: Like, I've engaged 20 or 30 men solo in a firefight just so a few relatively untrained soldiers could get their asses out of Dodge. They would have been cut to pieces if I hadn't.
M: You purposely became a target to save the lives of others.
D: Basically.
M: That's real hero stuff.
D: I guess. But I've also engaged opponents when they seriously outnumbered the group I was with, just because I needed to fight at that exact moment. Not a smart thing to do, and I'm sure people died because of my actions.
M: How does that make you feel?
D: [shrugs] In war, people die. The way I look at it, if you willingly pick up a weapon in a conscious decision to take on another human being who is also carrying a weapon, you've just put your own life on the line. It's that simple.
M: So when did you start taking paying civilians into combat?
D: About four years ago, when some real rich fucker out of Texas let it be known that he'd pay a million dollars to anyone who would guide him on a hunting expedition for humans.
M: Sounds like he'd seen *Surviving the Game* too many times.
D: Actually, I didn't think it was unreasonable. The guy was a serious big-game hunter; he'd bagged every species, all over the world, and he wanted the ultimate challenge: hunting prey that could shoot back. I could understand that.
M: Where'd you take him?
D: He'd hunted Africa numerous times, so I took him there. I know some people who are always looking for help going after game poachers, and with a little bit of my client's cash, they were happy to give us the royal treatment.
M: So what happened?
D: After a day of rest to get acclimated, we went looking. Sure enough, we got into the shit before dawn broke. This guy turned out to be the biggest pussy I'd ever met. We jumped four poachers armed with old assault rifles—they only had one full-auto AK-47 among them—and pinned 'em down where they couldn't draw a bead on us. But the instant they started returning fire, about 50 feet over our heads, this guy dropped to the ground and started crying. What an asshole. I'm pretty sure he shit his pants right there. Later, when he saw what a dead body looked like up close, he puked. Needless to say, we left a day later.
M: Did he ask for a refund?
D: He might have been a pussy, but he wasn't a stupid pussy.
M: How many "clients" have you taken on these hunting trips, and where else do you take 'em?
D: I've taken 15 people on 13 trips. We go everywhere there's fighting: South America, Bosnia, places like that.
M: Have any of your clients actually killed people?
D: Oh, yeah. A few of them. But most of 'em quickly realize combat's not as glamorous as they thought it would be. They ▷

DISABLING DEFENSE MOVES

Holliday's fast techniques for turning your city-boy limbs into deadly weapons.

"When a situation has to be resolved via hand-to-hand combat, the last thing you want is a long-drawn-out fight. Forget all that TV martial arts mumbo jumbo: In the real world, you need to dispatch your attacker quickly, especially in the case of multiple bogeys.

"So here's what I recommend:

Make him sound like Bob Dylan...

...cry like Nancy Kerrigan...

...paint like Vinnie van Gogh...

...walk like Long John Silver...

...and look like Barbra Streisand

❶ The jab to the throat

"Curl your thumb into your palm and chop your opponent in the throat with a hard jab, your fingertips leading the way. Or open your hand up as if you're going to grab him, and strike hard with the web between your thumb and index finger. After that, be sure to step back—anything in his stomach might wind up all over you.

❷ The front kick to the knee

"The human kneecap is relatively fragile: It doesn't take much effort to break it. Wait for your opponent to put his weight on one leg—such as when he's trying to kick you or throw a hard punch—and then deliver a hard kick straight on with the ball of your foot and watch him collapse in agony.

❸ The facial-appendage tear

"The first chance you get, grab your opponent's ear or hook a finger inside his nostril, then start ripping. You can tear an ear clean off with only about 20 pounds of pressure, and this will seriously screw up his equilibrium besides causing an incredible amount of pain. The nose-hook technique is equally effective: You can put the largest of attackers on the ground with a simple hook and twist. It's not pretty, but a fight's a fight, and the only thing that matters is your survival.

❹ The toe-crunching stomp

"If you find yourself the victim of a bear hug from the front or from behind, a toe stomp is a great way to break the hold in addition to crippling your opponent. One or two solid stomps on his smaller toes with your heel should do the job—especially if you're wearing boots.

❺ The face-breaking head butt

"You'd be surprised how easy it is to break your fist on a guy's head. A good head butt, on the other hand, using your bony forehead against your opponent's nose and/or jaw can end any confrontation painlessly. (No pain for you, anyway.)

"And remember: If all else fails, just shoot him and be done with it."

"Memo to self: Bring back souvenir thumb for Tommy..."

wind up more concerned with getting home alive than getting a confirmed kill. But I coddle 'em—that is, I try not to expose them to too much danger, just enough to get their heartbeat in a zone it's never been before. But there was one guy, another real wealthy Wall Street type, who I thought was going to be a real problem. In fact, even after I agreed to take him, I was thinking about giving him back his money.

M: How come?

D: I don't know. I just had a really bad feeling about him—and I'm usually dead-on about reading people. Anyway, turned out this guy was the real deal. Nothing fazed him. I know he got scared in a few situations, but all in all, shit, he could hold his own. He definitely got his money's worth. He did one thing that really bothered me, but I just let it go.

M: What was that?

D: The two people he killed, he cut off their thumbs. Personally, I don't believe in making trophies of the dead—nasty stuff. But I didn't do anything. His money, his party.

M: Have any of your clients ever gotten shot or killed during your trips?

D: Killed, no. Shot, yes. On two occasions. But one of them doesn't really count.

M: Why not?

D: Because I shot him myself.

M: Why the hell would you do that?

D: Because if I hadn't, he'd be six feet under. We were under fire and moving pretty quick when I tripped and this guy got ahead of me. I saw this wire right across the trail. I knew I wouldn't be able to stop him in time, so I drew my pistol and hit him dead square in the hamstring. He went down in a heap about two feet away from the wire. It was connected to a fragger [fragmentation grenade], so it definitely would've killed him and probably me too.

"BACK HOME, HIS WIFE FILED FOR DIVORCE. SHOT AND SCREWED IN THE SAME WEEK!"

M: What'd you do next?

D: Threw him over my shoulder and humped his ass out of there.

M: Was this guy married?

D: Why?

M: Because I wonder what he told his wife when he got back home with a bullet wound.

D: I don't think it mattered—she apparently filed for divorce while he was away. And he'd never made her sign a prenup. Shot and fucked, all in the same week!

M: You said clients had been shot twice. What was the other time?

D: It was pretty funny, actually. We were in Vietnam, not too long ago I might add, seeing if we could dig up any missing persons, and—

M: Wait a minute. Are you talking about POW's?

D: You said that, not me. Anyway, we were in this sleazy bar, both pretty drunk, and this guy—who hadn't gotten an opportunity to shoot at anybody yet—drew his pistol and aimed it at a group of Vietnamese and started calling them Charlie. One of them calmly pulled a little .32 and shot my client in the shoulder. It was really a tiny wound, but I'm sure it hurt like hell. So my client starts screaming and yelling, telling me to "kill Charlie!" and all kinds of shit, really making a bad scene worse and calling all kinds of attention to us.

M: What did you do?

D: The only thing I could do. I punched him in the jaw, knocked him out, and took him to a doctor I knew to get the bullet removed. We left the next day. He actually got in touch with me a few months ago—wants to try again someplace new.

M: Are you going to take him?

D: Well, I'm considering it. Money's money.

M: So, other than those two instances, none of your clients have ever been hit in combat?

D: Nope. There've been some other injuries—twisted ankles, falls, cuts and bruises, VD, bumps on the head—but no bullet wounds. When the shit gets thick, I know what I'm doing.

M: And do you advertise these outings?

D: You're not that dumb.

M: Sorry. Any regrets about the life you've led?

D: I don't know what else I'd do. I've got plenty of cash put away to do whatever, but I like what I'm doing. I guess it's an addiction, like anything else. Yeah, I could quit at any time and go down to Mexico, live out the rest of my days fishing and fucking in a drunken stupor on the beach. But what fun would that be? M

(Previous page): thumbs, Eric Axene; (This page): photographs, guns, Michael Mazzeo (x6).

GUNS 'N' BLAMMO

We asked our mercenary friend which six weapons warm his little heart the most. Here are his faves.

The PSG1: an L.H. Oswald wet dream

The Super 90: Gets the lead out

The AUG: Workhorse of the Apocalypse

The Tanto: heap big knife, kemo sabe

BEST HANDGUN

The Glock

"Glocks are the best pistols in the world for combat, hands down. They have no external safeties to fool with, they're as accurate as any handgun you'll ever fire, and you can treat them like shit and they'll still work flawlessly. Which model I'll use depends: If I'm working 'locally,' where I can bring my own ammo, I prefer Model 27 or 23. Both are chambered in .40 Smith & Wesson, which, in my opinion, is ballistically superior to the 9 mm or the .45. But if I'm in a place where getting special ammo could be a problem, I'll take a Model 17, 19, or 26. All fire 9 mm ammo—which you can get anywhere."

BEST EDGED WEAPON

The Cold Steel Tanto

"In many situations, a good knife is a better choice than any other weapon. And while there are thousands, if not millions of varieties out there, including some interesting new designs which I happen to own a shitload of, I have an old Tanto—one of the originals, made by a U.S. company called Cold Steel—that has never let me down. I've done some serious damage with this puppy, all over the world."

BEST ASSAULT RIFLE

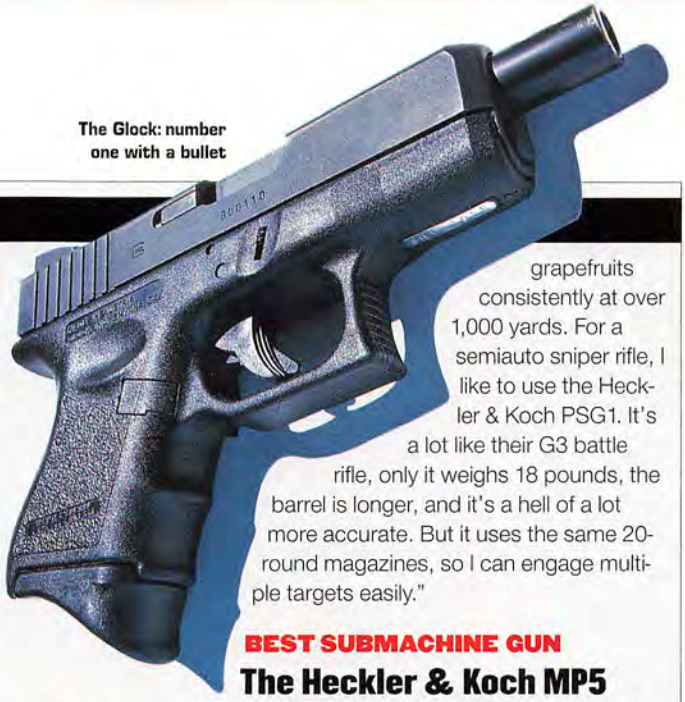
The Steyr AUG

"The Steyr AUG is amazing. With its interchangeable-barrel system, I find I can do a lot—from up-close to sniping applications—with just one weapon, which is pretty good considering my line of work. Plus the 5.56x45 mm cartridge is available anywhere, and this gun never jams, regardless of how crappy your ammo is."

BEST SNIPER RIFLE

The Heckler & Koch PSG1

"When it comes to sniper guns, you've really got two categories within a category. For bolt-action guns, I like to use a gun I built myself: a short-barreled .50-caliber with a 24x scope. I can hit grapefruits consistently at over 1,000 yards. For a semiauto sniper rifle, I like to use the Heckler & Koch PSG1. It's a lot like their G3 battle rifle, only it weighs 18 pounds, the barrel is longer, and it's a hell of a lot more accurate. But it uses the same 20-round magazines, so I can engage multiple targets easily."



The Glock: number one with a bullet

BEST SUBMACHINE GUN

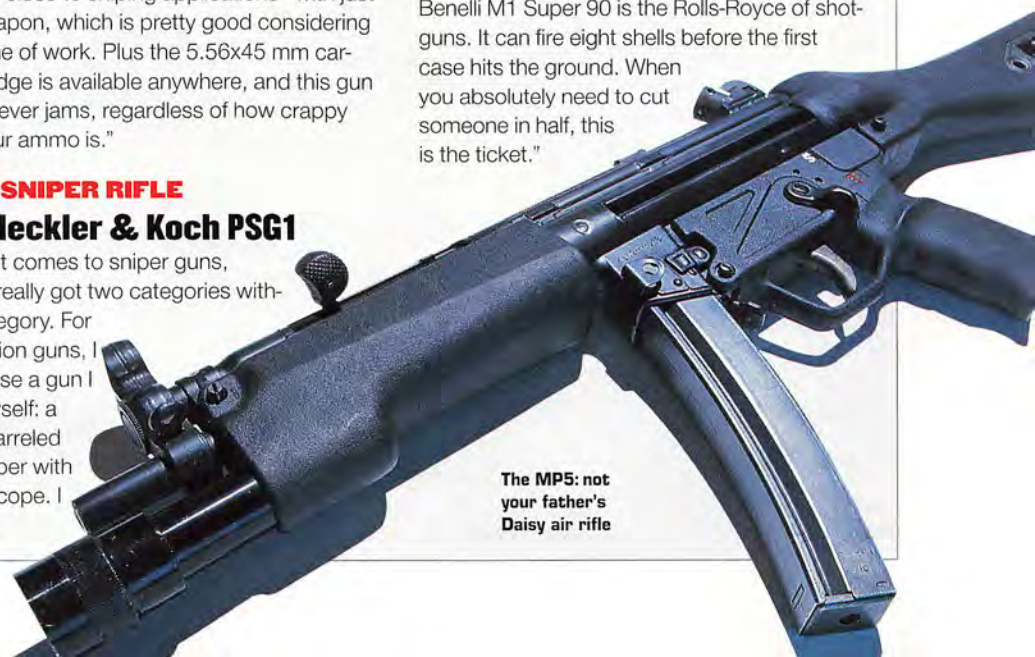
The Heckler & Koch MP5

"There are lots of good submachine guns out there, and all the top models seem to work relatively well; but for the money, the best sub gun you can get your hands on is the German-made MP5 by Heckler & Koch. Of the various MP5s available, I prefer the MP5K. It's smaller, has three-round burst capability in addition to full auto, can throw 900 rounds a minute. And when it's equipped with a silencer, it's quieter than farts in a snowstorm. Of course, I wouldn't throw an Uzi out, but given the choice, the MP5K is definitely the way to go."

BEST SHOTGUN

The Benelli M1 Super 90

"As with the sniper rifles, this is really two categories within a category. For pump guns, I like Remington's 870 magnum, preferably one that's been marine-coated [covered in a stainless steel–like finish] to guard against rust. I work in a lot of wet climates, where rust is a serious problem. Also, the 870 magnum can use either 2¾-inch or 3-inch shells, an important factor. When it comes to semiautomatics, the Benelli M1 Super 90 is the Rolls-Royce of shotguns. It can fire eight shells before the first case hits the ground. When you absolutely need to cut someone in half, this is the ticket."

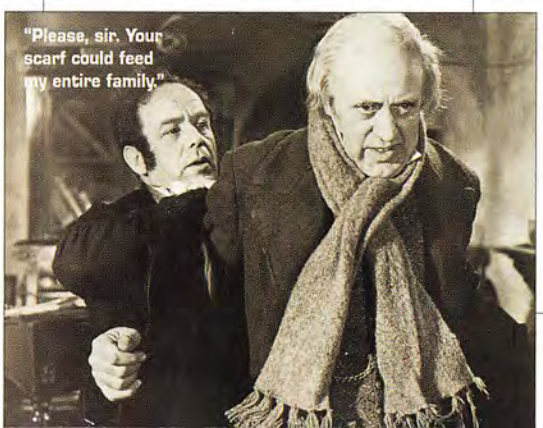


The MP5: not your father's Daisy air rifle

Do You Hate Your #$*! Boss?

Maxim's first-ever workplace survey uncovers the most outrageously annoying and stupid habits of corporate big cheeses...plus some satisfying ways our readers took revenge.

Back in June we asked readers to reveal the tender feelings they have toward the people they work for. In other words...what is it about your boss that drives you stark raving postal? Given the stack of mail we received (more than 2,000 replies), the question obviously struck a nerve. We sort of expected it. What we didn't expect was just how annoyingly weird some honchos can be. It's enough to make you hate the boss...even if you're self-employed.



MONEY

Q. How much more money than you do you think your boss makes?

a. 25% more...**11%**
b. 50% more...**22%**
c. 75% more...**10%**
d. 100% more...**20%**
e. 200% more...**13%**
f. 300% more...**24%**

One problem with boss-employee relationships is readily apparent: It's tough to love anyone (even if it's your sainted mother or a buddy who took a bullet for you in Nam) if you think the bastard makes more do-re-mi than you. And more than 50 percent of you believe that not only are your bosses making more, but they're making at least twice as much. Best response? One guy who works for The Walt Disney Company figures that his ultimate boss, chairman and CEO Michael Eisner, makes 237,500 times what he does...and probably gets to take home a Minnie Mouse costume to wear on the weekend. Ah, executive perks.

Q. Do you think he/she is overpaid?

a. Yes...**64%**
b. No...**36%**

Gosh! Who would have expected these results? The only surprising thing here is that one out of three people *doesn't* think his boss is making too much. Or it could just be that one out of three people who responded to our survey *is* the boss. The number one write-in response: "For my boss not to be overpaid, the company would not only have to withhold salary, but actually charge him rent for the amount of valuable office space his useless butt takes up."

PERFORMANCE

Q. How good a job do you think your boss is doing?

a. Fantastic...**2%**
b. Pretty damn good...**21%**
c. Average...**28%**
d. Drops the ball more often than a drunken outfielder...**27%**
e. Replace him/her with a cigar-smoking hamster and no one would notice...**22%**

Illustrations by James Silvani (x5). Photographs (clockwise from the top), TM&C/20th Century Fox /EC/Everett Collection, Louis Psihoyos/Matrix, Jean Miele/The Stock Market, Corbis-Bettmann, Leo Casali, Eric Axene, Ewing Galloway, Lucas Film Ltd./Foto Fantasies, The Walt Disney Co./Foto Fantasies, Everett Collection.

Nearly a 50-50 split on this one. Half think their bosses are doing at least an average job. The other half? Let's just say that if employees were allowed to hire their bosses, office supply companies would damn well have to start manufacturing hamster-size desks. One respondent pointed out the many financial advantages a company might enjoy by replacing its top executives with rodents: "For one thing, instead of flying them first-class, you could just FedEx them. Also you could save on costly exit-benefit packages by flushing them down the toilet instead of firing them."

Q. Do you think you could do your boss' job better than he/she can?

a. Yes...**66%**

b. No...**34%**

Napoleon, the patron saint of ambition, is believed to have said that within every soldier's knapsack there's a marshal's baton. Even though he's dead (and had a two-inch penis), two thirds of our readers prove him right. The question is, how soon will they get the chance to prove themselves right?

FRIENDSHIP

Q. Which of the following best describes your social relationship with him/her?

a. Best of friends...**6%**

b. Enjoy the occasional drink together after work...**12%**

c. Cordial around the office, no real socializing otherwise...**40%**

d. Don't hate each other, but don't like each other either...**20%**

e. It's a good thing firearms aren't allowed in the office...**22%**

A fairly civil showing here. Only one in five *Maxim* readers has actually walked into an army-navy store and asked what kind of shotgun shell is best for indoor use. ▷

"Why won't you look me in the eye, sir?"

#217: spits when he talks

WHAT'S YOUR BOSS' MOST ANNOYING HABIT?

Think the way your boss slurps coffee is bad? These upper-level idiosyncrasies make our readers homicidal.

Spend a minimum of 40 hours a week constantly rubbing up against another person and you're bound to find something about him or her that drives you crazy. But the word *annoying* doesn't begin to cover what some of our readers have to deal with.

- He farts in my car and then laughs like an idiot for 10 minutes.
- She makes me buy Amway stuff from her.
- Actually comes around to see how many push-ups we can do. It's a law office for chrissake!
- He scratches his rear end and then smells his fingers.
- Starts every loudspeaker announcement with an "Uhhhhhhhhhh" that lasts about 15 seconds.
- Body-checks people in the halls like the office is some kind of ice-hockey game.
- Borrows money and then pays it back with checks that bounce.
- Walks and kind of talks like a duck.
- Comes in and stares at you for five minutes or more without saying a word.
- Turns the heat up to 90 in the winter and then sits around in his boxer shorts and T-shirt watching *The Young and the Restless*.
- Is always talking about how much better it is to be bisexual.
- So fat he can't get out of his chair...so he scoots.

- Interrupts my meetings with an urgent order to come to his office. Then he'll ask me where I bought my shirt.
- Won't let anyone else ride the elevator with him.
- Interrupts a rush job he just gave me a few minutes ago with another rush job.
- Still mispronounces my name...after five years.
- He takes tap-dancing classes and practices at work. Even worse, he makes us watch.
- **No. 1 most annoying habit:** When my boss laughs, she squeezes her eyes shut, bends her knees, puts her hands two inches in front of her mouth...but no sound ever comes out.

WHAT'S THE ROTTENEST THING YOU'VE EVER SEEN YOUR BOSS DO?

The Marquis de Sade is a rank amateur next to these corner-office Inquisitors.

Maybe your boss is not the most thoughtful person. Perhaps he's in no danger of having the Vatican canonize him. But you may want to thank him anyway, for not pulling the kind of sadistic crap these readers witness daily:

Likes to call security and have employees' cars towed from the parking lot just for fun.

When he needs ideas he puts a fake job ad in the newspaper and then steals applicants' ideas during the interviews.

Fired a female employee so that he could then ask her out without it being considered sexual harassment.

Screams at the top of his lungs at his 80-year-old mother in front of the staff.

Told me five minutes before a meeting that he loved my idea. Then proceeded to rip it apart in front of four corporate vice presidents. Pretty much ruined my entire career at that company.

Took a report that a coworker of mine spent two weeks writing, tore it up into tiny little pieces, and threw it into his face.

Fired an employee the day he got back from his honeymoon.

Q. Has physical violence ever broken out between you and your boss?

a. Yes...7%
b. No...93%

Q. If yes, who won?

a. Me...63%
b. Her...37%

How about that? Sixty-three percent of our respondents lie like a carpet.

Q. At this exact moment, what would you most like to do to or for your boss?

a. Take him/her out for an expensive dinner...4%
b. Thank him/her for all the good career advice he's/she's given you...11%
c. Invite him/her to a party one of your friends is throwing...8%
d. Invite him/her to stick his/her head up his/her ass...57%
e. Strip him/her naked and put him/her on a bus to Canada's Northwest Territories...20%

Try to communicate your anger in constructive ways

Twenty-three percent of our participants wouldn't mind doing something nice for the boss. Nevertheless, if some employees had their way, managers would be five times more likely to find themselves holding Canadian road maps over their groins than French menus in front of their faces. But the overwhelming consensus is that we'd like to see just how well bosses can kiss their own asses instead of making us do it.

SEX

Q. Are you sexually attracted to your boss?

a. Yes...4%
b. No...96%

Q. Have you ever slept with your boss (current or past)?

a. Yes...8%
b. No...92%

Since most of our voters work for men, the rather low level of boom-boom-room behavior is easily explained. But you may have noticed that while

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO GET BACK AT YOUR BOSS?

If you happen to be a manager, we suggest you get your own food and lock up your wife. Trust us.

All aboard the Ex-Lax Express

While the good Lord may have some excellent reasons for making vengeance His prerogative...He also never had a jackass boss who thinks the workweek includes unpaid Saturdays. Luckily, our respondents are only human...very vindictive humans. A little payback, *Maxim*-reader style:

- Masturbated into a ham sandwich he made me get for him.
- Urinated in her coffeepot every single day for two weeks straight.
- Ex-Lax brownies and an Out of Order sign on the men's room door...an old trick, but it still works.
- Had sex with his wife. *(Editor's note: This was by far the most popular form of revenge)*
- Had sex with his wife...and his daughter. *(Editor's note: a very close second)*
- Changed all meeting times on his electronic scheduler for the coming month.

Warm up your coffee, ma'am?

- Called his spouse and pretended to be his angry gay lover.
- Got into his E-mail, found a letter he wrote to a friend about what a dork the prez of the company is...and I sent it to everyone in the office... including the prez.
- Shit in his ashtray.
- Had subscriptions to several fat-woman fetish magazines sent to the office in his name.
- Replaced his house, car, and office keys with lookalikes that didn't work. The shmuck thought he was losing his mind.

- While he was working out in the corporate gym, we stole his clothes out of his locker and replaced them with a negligee.
- Taped a phone call between him and his mistress. Played the tape over the office intercom system the next day when he wasn't at work.
- **Best revenge:** He's a major tightwad. So we mocked up a $500 gift certificate to the most expensive restaurant in town and sent it with a letter saying he was the winner of a promotional event. He invited friends to go with him, ran up a $600 bill, and then was told the restaurant would not accept the fake certificate.

Photographs, (clockwise from the top): Photofest; Nick Vedros /Tony Stone Images; Gail Shumway/FPG; Archive/Hirz; Walt Disney/Foto Fantasies; The Neal Peters Collection; UPI/Corbis-Bettmann; AP Wide World Photos; Eric Axene (x2); Henryk Kaiser/Envision; Steven Needham/Envision; Everett Collection; Hulton Getty.

PREMIUM LX LINE

***Styles LX302-LX317** *(below)* are very expensive, with suggested retail prices starting from $159 up to $229 each. An additional $10 manufacturer's fee is required per pair. (Limit: up to 4 pairs from this LX model line.) For all other sunglasses, customer pays shipping and handling only.

LX304 - *Metal frames, Soft-Grip™ ear/nose pads. For silver frames and blue lenses, order* **LX305**

LX312 - *Metal/UltraSport™ frames, optical hinges, Soft-Grip™ nose pads. For driving lenses, order* **LX313**

LX314 - *Metal frames, spring optical hinges, Soft-Grip™ nose pads. For gold frames, order* **LX315**

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Q. DO YOU THINK YOUR BOSS IS HOLDING YOU BACK, KEEPING YOU DOWN?

A. YES...57%
B. NO...43%

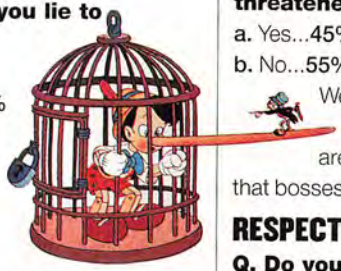
only 4 percent are attracted to their boss, 8 percent actually slept with her. Could it be that we are finally on the receiving end of some long-hoped-for sexual harassment? Just drop your drawers and say, "Thanks for the raise, ma'am."

HONESTY

Q. Do you trust your boss?

a. Completely...**7%**
b. Most of the time...**22%**
c. About half the time...**21%**
d. Almost never...**20%**
e. I'd be more likely to trust an eyepatch-wearing used-car salesman named John Doe....**30%**

Q. How often do you lie to your boss?



a. Never...**33%**
b. Once a year...**10%**
c. Once a month...**14%**
d. Once a week...**26%**
e. Every day...**17%**

Seventy-one percent of our write-ins feel that the boss lies at least half the time. Meanwhile, 57 percent were honest enough to admit that they lie to their bosses at least once a month. See the problem here? Employees need to lie more. Problem solved!

Q. Has your boss ever taken credit for one of your ideas?

a. Yes...**61%**
b. No...**39%**

Sad but true. But at least one of our readers managed to use this little landmine to his advantage: "I knew my boss couldn't tell a good idea from a bad one. So I let her steal several great ideas from me and then slipped in five completely bonehead ones that were so bad she got demoted."

Q. Have you ever had a nightmare involving your boss?

a. Yes...**32%**
b. No...**68%**

At first we were a little puzzled as to why 32 percent of our readers have boss-related nightmares when only 17 percent admit to being scared of them (see bottom of page). The mystery was cleared up when one respondent let us in on his dream world: "I was in a cave with my boss when we suddenly found a magic lamp: He rubbed it and a genie popped out and granted him three wishes. My boss says, 'Me and Dave (my name) make such a great team that I want us to work together forever.' That's when I woke up screaming." In other words, he's not afraid of his boss... just of having to continue working for him.

Q. Do you think your boss feels threatened by you?

a. Yes...**45%**
b. No...**55%**

We were very impressed with this one. Almost half our readers are such superstar performers that bosses fear for their jobs.

RESPECT

Q. Do you think your boss treats you with the respect you deserve?

a. Yes...**26%**
b. No...**74%**

Q. Has your boss ever publicly humiliated you?

a. Yes...**51%**
b. No...**49%**

Everyone starts his professional life in a shit job on the plankton end of the food chain. But according to our survey, three out of four people forget just what that's like the second they get promoted. Worst humiliation? One guy's boss demoted him in front of his kids, who happened to be visiting the office that day. M

Q. ARE YOU AFRAID OF YOUR BOSS?

A. YES...17%
B. NO...83%

WHAT'S THE STRANGEST REQUEST YOUR BOSS EVER MADE OF YOU?

Above-and-beyond-the-call-of-duty assignments too weird to be true. But they are.

Ordering an employee to collate 150 copies of a memo in a druid costume by the light of the full moon seems like a downright sensible request next to some of the demands our readers have had to fulfill at the hands of their loosely wrapped managers, who asked them to:

Go around and count the scuff marks on the walls.

Look after his wife while he was out of town for the week.

Stand out in front of the building wearing a Halloween costume...in June.

Store his arsenal of weapons while the FBI investigated him.

Make the fax machine work faster.

Let her pray for me evangelist-style right there in her office.

Reclassify a lousy 62¢ expense.

Have sex with her on the fire escape (I did).

Have sex with her in front of her husband.

Give him a back rub.

Let him massage my feet.

Call his girlfriend to patch things up between them.

Develop the company's entire strategic plan when I was just a summer intern.

Get our palms read by the fortune-teller he goes to.

Try on his clothes so he could see how they look.

Drive 20 miles to get him a particular kind of lemonade.

Strokes of Genius

Next time you get your hands on a woman, sneak in some of this ancient Oriental "body work" and become her personal sex-cult leader. By Gloria G. Brame

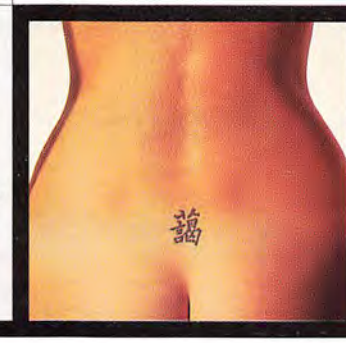
The lights are dimmed, the wine has delivered its will-weakening whammy, and you've both shucked down to your tan lines. Of course, you and your heat-seeking Stinger can't wait to zero in on the classic targets. But because *Maxim* has schooled you in the following ancient Eastern ways of awakening your woman's sexual energy, you will hang fire. Instead of heading for one of the obvious anatomical hot spots, you head straight for...her nose.

What? Waste precious real-sex time on some Tantric acupressure pseudospiritual yogurt sex mojo crap? Patience, Grasshopper. Anyone can make the mattress springs sing. But if you want your woman hitting high C, these millennia-old tricks will warm up her vocal cords...not to mention the rest of her body.

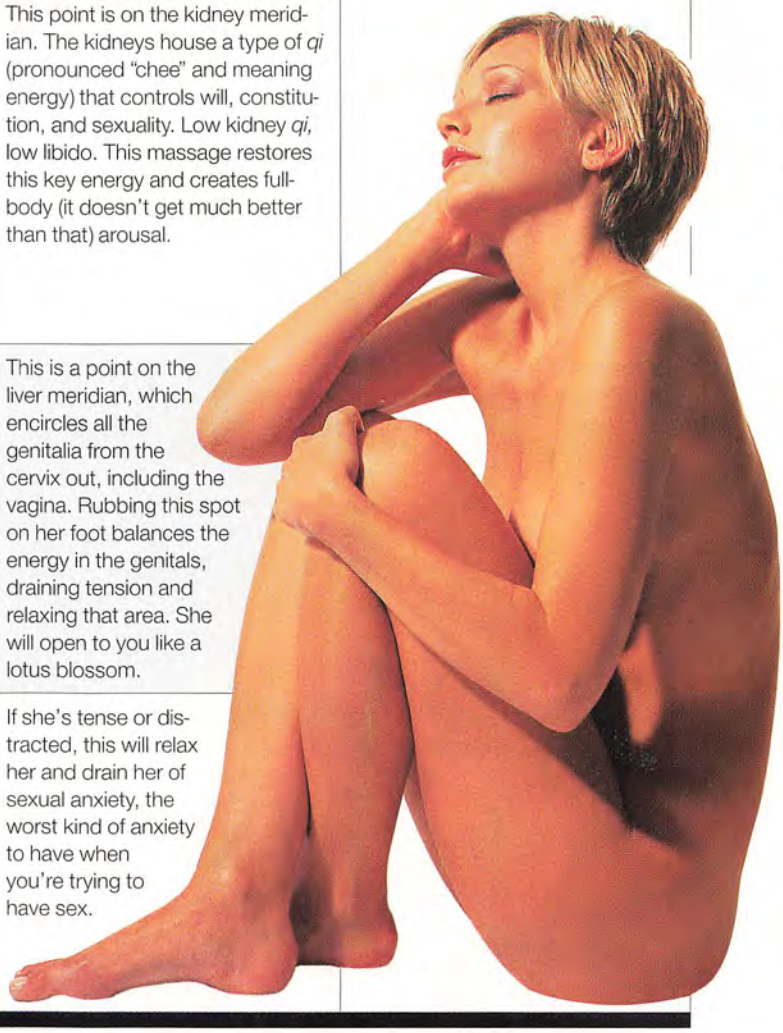
You don't have to do all the techniques. Try a couple. You can do them as foreplay or during play. Alternate sensations every 30 to 60 seconds: Touch with your fingertips, kiss, vary the pressure. This helps build the sexual charge. Oh, and by the way, you need to be naked.

Get ready for sexual godhood, you lucky bastard.

The Masters:
Truett Bridges, M.D., board-certified anesthesiologist with formal training and certification from the American Academy of Medical Acupuncture, currently practicing in Atlanta.
Raymond Powers, certified Tantra therapist practicing in Los Angeles. Former coach at Landmark Education: Curriculum for Living school.
Bill Helm, certified instructor for the American Oriental Bodywork Therapy Association; director, Taoist Sanctuary of San Diego; dean of allied arts, Pacific College of Oriental Medicine.

HOT SPOT	YOUR MOVE	WHAT IT'S GOING TO DO TO HER	
The tip of the nose	Starting here, lightly trace a path with your fingertip down the right side of her body: down her neck, armpit, breast (resist the urge to stop here), stomach, and genitals (or here) and back up the left side of her body to her nose.		The tip of the nose is at one end of the meridian, or channel of energy, that connects to the sexual chakra, the center of erotic energy, which resides at the base of the spine. No, you can't just dive straight for her sexual chakra, you Western dog; you have to create this circuit of energy to awaken her sexual desires.
The frenulum, or little piece of tissue, inside the mouth that connects the upper lip and gums	Gently suck her upper lip between your lips (no teeth) so that your lower lip lightly rubs her frenulum.	The frenulum is directly connected to the clitoris, not in those knee-bone's-connected-to-the-ankle-bone terms, of course, but via a meridian. Women have been known to have orgasms from this. Write us if you pull this off.	
The four- or five-inch circle between the base of the skull and the tops of the shoulders, smack in the middle of the neck	Alternating between gently grasping, squeezing, biting, and sucking, move up the back of the neck to the base of the skull.		Releases energy trapped at these notoriously tense points. This is key because they are also on the meridian that connects to the lower back and the pelvis, two focal areas for sexual awakening.
Between the shoulder blades	Facing her, reach around her and lightly rub the area to warm and stimulate it. Slowly move closer to her until your chest is pressed against hers (at least this part is good for *you*), massaging deeper and deeper between her shoulder blades while holding her in your arms.	The contact of your chest in front and your hands in back opens a channel through her heart—the seat of passion, caring, and love. She'll feel very nurtured and want to nurture you back—maybe even play nurse.	
The lower back, right above the tailbone	Apply light, then increasingly firm, pressure. Watch for movement in other parts of her body and more rapid breathing to see which she responds to best. You can also scrape your nails against the lower back or grasp the soft flesh there, gently tugging the skin away from the spine, then releasing it.		Work in the lower back increases the amount of energy that flows into the pelvic organs, including the genitals, uterus, and ovaries. She'll either be sexually aroused or turn into a hula girl.

HOT SPOT	YOUR MOVE	WHAT IT'S GOING TO DO TO HER
The yoni, or external female genitalia	Place your right hand on the woman's yoni, palm to pelvic bone, with your fingers either covering her love triangle or resting between her legs–you make the call. At the same time, put your left palm on her heart. You thereby create a circuit of passion that runs from her heart through you and back into her yoni.	Do we really have to explain this?
A few inches below the navel, in the area just above the pubic bone (also known as the "elixir field")	You can use soft, light touches with your fingers or whole hand, or just gently rest your palm there, letting the energy flow from your hand into her body.	Get this: Touching here stimulates the sacred spot (what we call the G spot) *from the outside.* Press lightly and she'll feel her breath moving into that area and experience enhanced arousal.
The hollows between the Achilles tendon and the ankle bone	Using two hands, massage the hollows on both sides of the ankle at once. Then do the same to the other ankle.	This point is on the kidney meridian. The kidneys house a type of *qi* (pronounced "chee" and meaning energy) that controls will, constitution, and sexuality. Low kidney *qi*, low libido. This massage restores this key energy and creates full-body (it doesn't get much better than that) arousal.
Starting between the first two toes, slide your fingers up a couple of inches from the web to where the bones join. You may kiss her on the beak while you're doing this.	Massage that area on both of her feet.	This is a point on the liver meridian, which encircles all the genitalia from the cervix out, including the vagina. Rubbing this spot on her foot balances the energy in the genitals, draining tension and relaxing that area. She will open to you like a lotus blossom.
The crease of the wrist. To find it, flip her hand palm-up, then run your finger down the pinky side to the fleshy groove where her hand meets her wrist.	Massage gently.	If she's tense or distracted, this will relax her and drain her of sexual anxiety, the worst kind of anxiety to have when you're trying to have sex.



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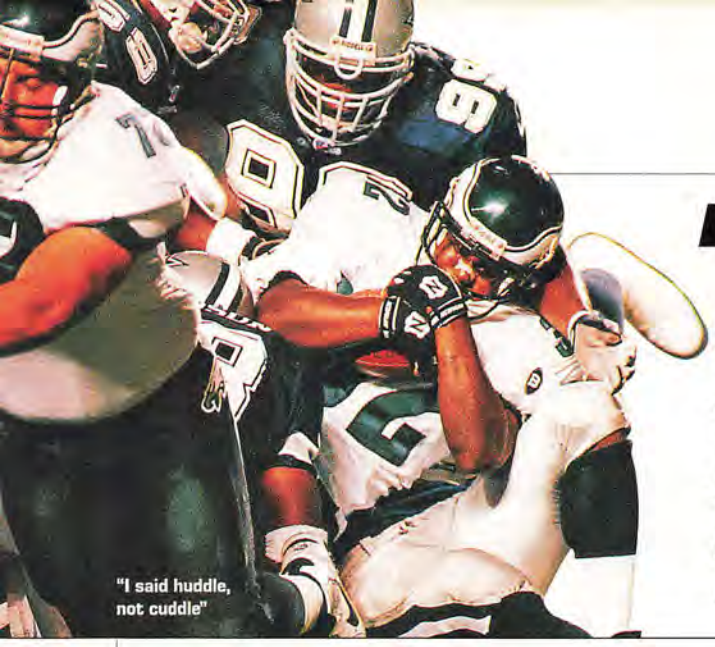


"I said huddle, not cuddle"

THE 30-

A season preview for short attention spans, hyperactive adults, and any fan who'd rather watch a game than read about one.

By Matt Toll

Arizona Cardinals The Cards, longtime NFL doormats, are finally ready for prime time. The reason? **Their defensive line.** With behemoth tackle Eric Swann (313 pounds, pending his next feeding), superb pass-rusher Simeon Rice, and Andre Wadsworth (picked third overall in the draft), you could stick Yanni at the other tackle and this line would still be one of the league's best. Look for Arizona to squeeze its way into a playoff berth.

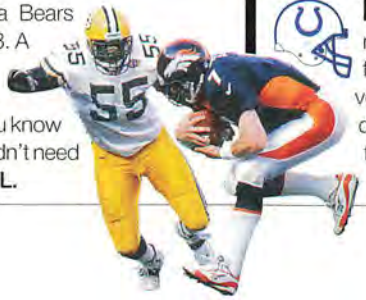
Atlanta Falcons Sorry, but there's no particular reason to pay attention to the Falcons this season. If you have to watch this dull, go-nowhere team at all, keep your eye on quarterback **Chris Chandler.** Last season he was the NFL's second-highest-rated QB, behind Steve Young. He also suffered two concussions, a bruised sternum, and a sprained ankle—fragility that earned him the nickname Chandelier. Watch him throw, watch him shatter.

Baltimore Ravens With a truly mediocre 6–10 record last year, the Ravens didn't give their fans diddly-squat to cheer about. Even with all the off-season drafting and trading, '98 won't be much better. Which is where free agent quarterback **Jim Harbaugh** comes in. After "leading" the Indianapolis Colts to a 3–13 record last season, Harbaugh joins Baltimore for 1998. Can Captain Comeback spur the Ravens to new heights? Like 7–9?

Buffalo Bills In their continuing effort to find a replacement for retired QB Jim Kelly, the Bills signed the best player in the history of...the Canadian Football League. Thirty-five-year-old **Doug Flutie,** who won three Grey Cups, whatever the hell those are, will now battle for a spot as an NFL backup. Bills fans are less than wild about the idea. Need proof? Visit the anti–Doug Flutie Web site at www.angelfire.com/ny/flutiehaters.

Carolina Panthers Kevin Greene's relationship with Carolina is best described as "troubled." Before the start of last season, the talented linebacker held out for more money; he was cut and even *sued* by the Panthers. The fans hated his guts. After a great year in San Francisco (10 sacks), he's back. His pass-rushing skills will help Carolina immediately. Amazing, the mutual respect and forgiveness that come from a two-year, $5.5 million deal.

Chicago Bears Last year da Bears stunk (4–12), and they'll stink in '98. A typical boneheaded move: With the fifth overall pick in the draft, they took running back Curtis Enis (rhymes with...well, you know what it rhymes with). Good idea? No. They didn't need a running back! **The worst team in the NFL.**



Cincinnati Bengals Although QB **Jeff Blake** and receiver **Carl Pickens** connected for 41 TD passes in the past four seasons (more than any other combo in the league), Cincy recently bought itself some insurance: veteran Neil O'Donnell. The Bengals will still be weak, but the fight for the starting QB job should be tasty.

Dallas Cowboys New head coach **Chan Gailey** has the easiest job in all of sports—replacing Barry Switzer. Assuming Gailey can keep his foot out of his mouth and avoid the occasional airport gun bust, he should be fine, considering he's got the NFL's second-ranked defense and three future Hall of Famers on offense (Troy Aikman, Emmitt Smith, Michael Irvin). The Cowboys will certainly improve on last year's dreadful 6–10 finish.

Denver Broncos Ending months of speculation, quarterback/car dealer **John Elway** announced he will play again in '98. At least now that he's won a title, we won't be subjected to heart-tugging features on His Dogged Pursuit of The Ring. Now it'll be heart-tugging features on His Looming Retirement. Another championship? Nah, but the Broncos will be tough. Get your last look at Elway, one of the best passers the game has ever known.

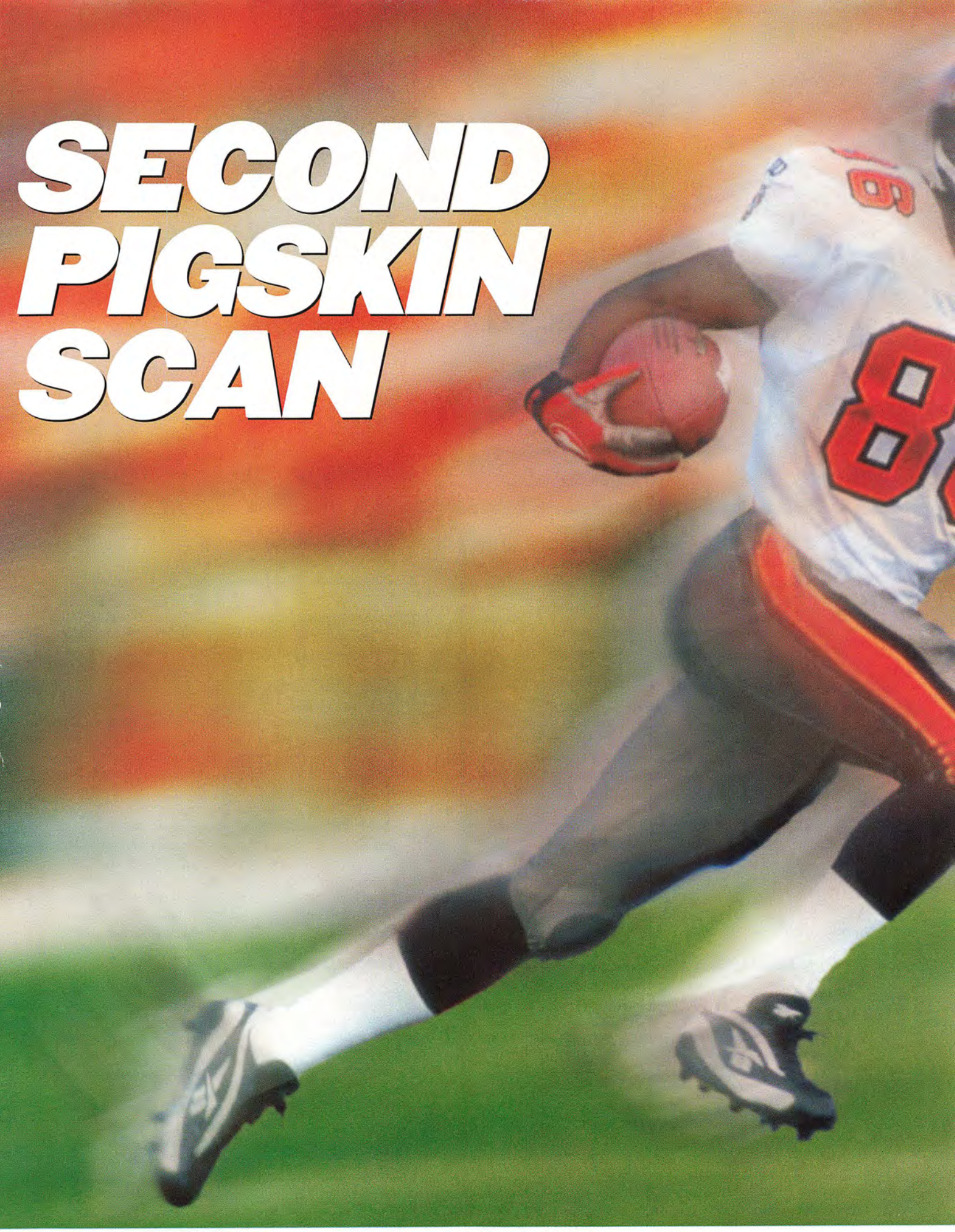
Detroit Lions Barry Sanders, Barry Sanders, Barry Sanders. There's no other way to say it: Baryshnikov in cleats. (Um, guys, that means he can run his ass off.) Sometimes watching this Hall of Fame–bound running back *lose* yards is more exciting than watching somebody else gain 20. The unstoppable Sanders will lead the league in rushing while the Lions narrowly miss the playoffs. Again.

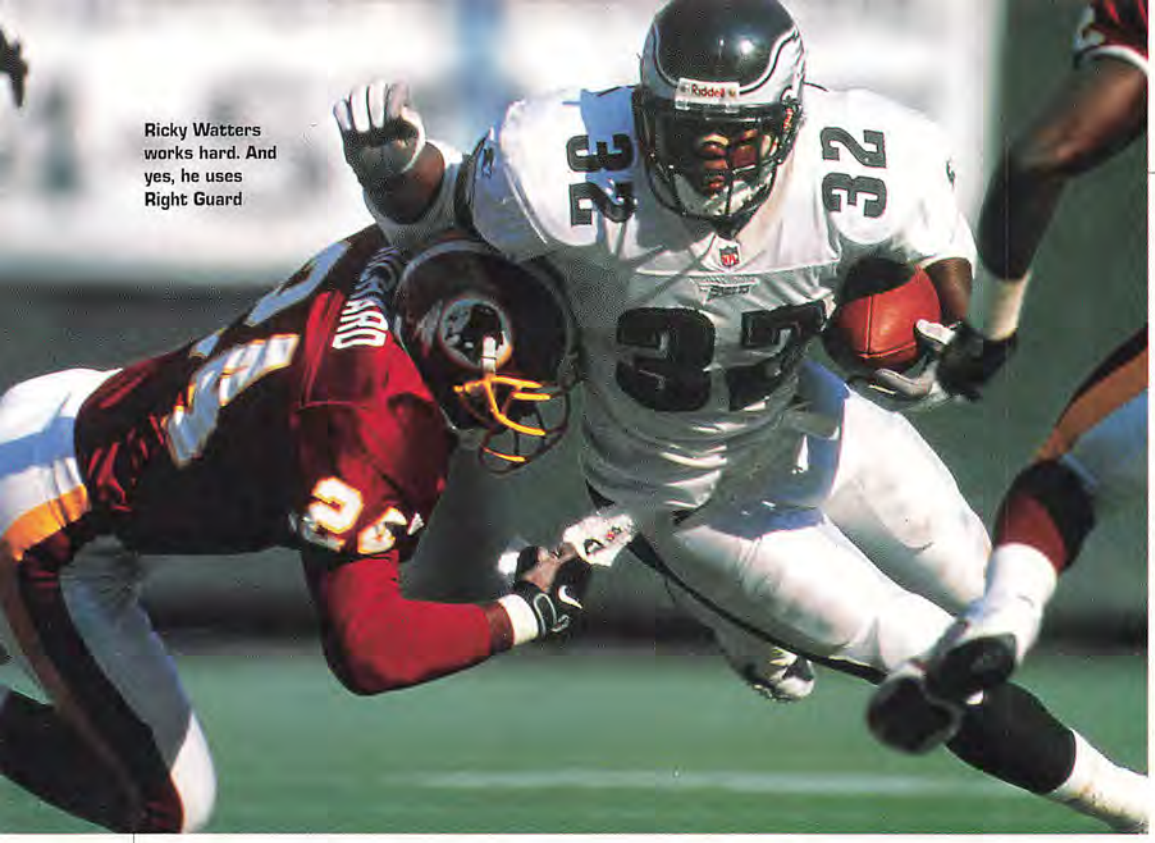
Green Bay Packers Reggie White, the Pack's star defensive end, had quite an off-season. He gave a wacked-out speech to the Wisconsin legislature in March ("Hispanics are gifted in family structure...they can put 20 or 30 people in one home"). Then he announced his retirement...only to change his mind the next day on orders, he said, from God. If the Almighty tells him to shut up and play ball, Reggie could have another solid year.

Indianapolis Colts The Colts were 3–13 in '97, so it's not surprising that all anybody wants to talk about is the future. And the future's name is **Peyton Manning,** the University of Tennessee QB who was the top pick in this year's draft. Manning is a natural talent who's ready to contribute from day one. If he can stay out of traction playing behind a porous offensive line, Manning is a future star. ▷

Helmets courtesy of NFL Properties, Inc.; Photographs (clockwise from the top): Al Tielemans/Duomo; Al Bello/Allsport; Digital Illustration by Dan Lippow; Scott Halleran/Allsport (art for illustration); Chris Trotman/Duomo.

SECOND PIGSKIN SCAN





Ricky Watters works hard. And yes, he uses Right Guard

New England Patriots

Remember when the Cowboys traded Herschel Walker to the Vikings for 42 players, 71 draft picks, and three mid-size lakes? Well, the Patriots benefited in a similar manner from sending coach Bill Parcells and running back Curtis Martin to the Jets: They scored 10 picks in seven rounds of the April draft. And the Pats used them extremely well, grabbing six potential starters (led by Georgia running back Robert Edwards and Syracuse defensive back Tebucky Jones). So don't miss the Patriots' **rookie class,** because this team—a respectable 10–6 last year—could be on its way to a Super Bowl in a year or two.

Jacksonville Jaguars

The Jags, a respectable 11–5 last year, had two big slots to fill in the off-season: running back (the humongous Natrone Means bolted for San Diego) and defensive line (the NFL's worst in stopping opponents inside the 20-yard line). They nailed both in the draft. Don't overlook the Jags: **A few lucky breaks and only minimal injuries** and this team could go far. Maybe even a dark horse to play in the Super Bowl.

Kansas City Chiefs

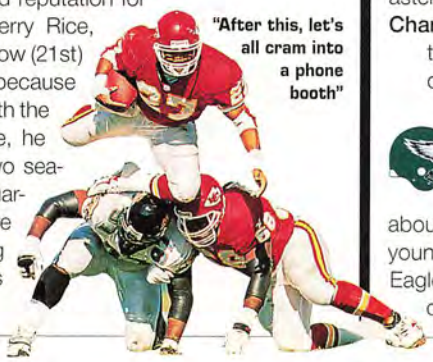
Last season the Chiefs won their division but lost to the Broncos in the playoffs. It was an M.O. that Chiefs fans know like a bad smell: a solid season followed by a playoff meltdown. Why? Well, coach **Marty Schottenheimer** has a history of big-game brain lock. So ignore the Chiefs until early January—the regular season will sparkle as usual (13–3 last year)—and then watch them collapse with the Super Bowl in sight.

Miami Dolphins

The thing to keep your eye on in south Florida this fall will be **Jimmy Johnson's hair**. The pressure's really on the Dolphins' coach: He's in the third year of every coach's nightmare, the "three-year plan." This means the Dolphins (9–7 last season) are supposed to win the Super Bowl this year. Ain't gonna happen. So watch ol' Jimmy's head—the stress could produce enough sweat to penetrate the shellac he applies to his follicles.

Minnesota Vikings

The Vikings did what no other team was, um, gutsy enough to do: drafted Marshall University wide receiver **Randy Moss**. Despite his intimidating size, great hands, super speed, and reputation for being the reincarnation of Jerry Rice, Moss was picked surprisingly low (21st) in the draft. That's mostly because Moss has had a little trouble with the law (assault, drugs). And sure, he hauled in 53 TD passes in two seasons, but as he was playing at Marshall, most of those passes were caught against the guy sitting next to you on the bus. Moss could go either way.



"After this, let's all cram into a phone booth"

New Orleans Saints

As the eternally average Aints plod toward another sub-.500 season, watch coach **Mike Ditka's blood pressure** skyrocket. See his face turn fascinating shades of maroon as his hapless team struggles to move the football downfield. Don't miss the veins popping on Ditka's meaty neck as his team fumbles and bumbles and throws the ball away. And, yes, Ditka's already had one heart attack.

New York Giants

The Giants were undefeated in the NFC East last year, recording an impressive 7–0–1 record. But watch their **conference schedule** this fall, where the competition should be significantly stiffer: The Cardinals, Redskins, and Cowboys have all improved in the off-season. If the Giants manage to ride roughshod over this bunch—and that's a big, fat *if*—you can start making playoff plans.

New York Jets

When it comes to the Jets, you could talk about the youth-versus-experience quarterback battle or the acquisition of running back Curtis Martin. But screw all that. The best thing about the Jets this season is that they'll be wearing **throwback uniforms** from the '68 season, in which Joe Namath led his squad to one of the century's great upsets in Super Bowl III. Yeah, they'll be a 9–7 team, but a 9–7 team that looks quite fetching.

Oakland Raiders

The track records of recent Heisman Trophy winners in the NFL have been a series of disasters punctuated by an occasional bright spot. Ty Detmer? Disaster. Desmond Howard? Disaster. Gino Torretta? Disaster. Will **Charles Woodson** achieve bright-spot status? Early indications are that Woodson, a brash, two-way player at Michigan (receiver *and* cornerback) is the real deal. He might just turn Oakland's awful

Philadelphia Eagles

After a hideous 6–9–1 campaign last year, Philly did very little to improve itself in the off-season. Something to watch? Um...well...let's see...how about quarterback **Bobby Hoying's medical bills?** The promising youngster begins his first full season as a starter playing behind the Eagles' sieve-like offensive line (they're on their eighth left tackle this decade). Bobby, we feel your pain.

Photographs (clockwise from the top): Jamie Squire/Allsport; Rick Stewart/Allsport; William Sallaz/Duomo; John Fowler; Jessen Associates, Inc.; Jay Baccile; Andy Lyons/Allsport.

Sheryl Crow (A&M) 00022
The Best Of The Tubes (Capitol) 00360
Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) 00713
The Best Of Buffalo Springfield: Retrospective (Atco) 00844
The Best Of Albert King (Stax) ℄ 01464
Grateful Dead: Workingman's Dead (Warner Bros.) 01638
Bob Marley: Rastaman Vibration (Tuff Gong/Island) 01680
Jane's Addiction: Nothing's Shocking (Warner Bros.) ♮ 01967
Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers: Greatest Hits (MCA) 02390
Faith Hill: Take Me As I Am (Warner Bros.) 02426
Elton John: Greatest Hits (Polydor) 03077
Jewel: Pieces Of You (Atlantic) ♮ 03972
Jeff Buckley: Grace (Columbia) 05159
Wade Hayes: Old Enough To Know Better (Columbia/DKC Music) 05211
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Pittsburgh Steelers There'll be no ignoring Pittsburgh's **new, improved offensive game plan,** brought to you by multitalented QB Kordell Stewart and new offensive coordinator Ray Sherman. Expect more audibles and creativity from Stewart. Expect an exciting, take-no-prisoners offense. Expect huge payoffs.

BOWL-BOUND

San Diego Chargers Dipshit alert: Chargers QB Craig Whelihan went 0–7 as a starter and then had the arrogance to say he'd "welcome" competition in the position. Well, the Chargers picked Washington State's **Ryan Leaf** No. 2 overall in the draft. Leaf is huge (6'5"), with a howitzer arm that got him 3,968 yards and 34 touchdowns last season. Memo to Craig: Your bluff's been called.

San Francisco 49ers Somehow, even with an epically screwed-up ownership situation—Eddie DeBartolo and his sister locked in a death struggle for control of the team—the 49ers keep winning. And they'll do it again this year, thanks to their shrewd acquisitions and draft picks, which are aimed at making the team younger. Still, everybody will be watching the old guy: **Jerry Rice,** the best wide receiver ever to play the game.

PLAYOFF PLAYERS

Seattle Seahawks Last season the Seahawks overhauled their defensive backfield. This season they addressed their running-back needs with prima donna **Ricky Watters.** Watters, who gained 1,110 yards last year in Philly, will provide personality to the milquetoast Seahawks, but he brings baggage too: Ask Eagles fans about his infamous "For who? For what?" response after he bailed out of a pass pattern in anticipation of a bone-jarring hit.

St. Louis Rams **This team will suck almost as much as the Bears,** and guess what? The two play each other on November 8. For the love of God, make other plans! Go to the dentist, cruise gay bars, do *anything* but ruin your Sunday watching this game. Even their "big signing"—QB Steve Bono from the Packers—won't help the Rams, who've lost an astonishing 30 out of 48 games since moving to St. Louis from L.A.

Tampa Bay Buccaneers Their offense was next to last in the league in '97, but the Bucs still managed to make it to the NFC championship game (they lost to the Packers). This year they'll do even better. Their choirboy quarterback, Trent Dilfer, will be throwing to, among others, a guy who just may grab Rookie of the Year honors: receiver **Jacquez Green,** a man with 4.4 speed in the 40, game-breaking moves, and a Tasmanian Devil tattoo.

BOWL-BOUND

Tennessee Oilers Although the Oilers continue to contend with the Utah Jazz for the title of Most Improbably Named Team, their real embarrassment last year was attendance—a league-low 28,095 fans per game. The Oilers wisely made some moves aimed at filling those seats. Tops among them was signing **Yancey Thigpen**—a one-time Steeler special-teamer—and making him the most highly paid wide receiver in NFL history.

Washington Redskins The Skins fixed their flimsy defensive line with free agents Dana Stubblefield (San Fran) and Dan Wilkinson (Cincinnati). Now the question is, **Can the Redskins score?** The team didn't have anybody ranked in the NFC's top 10 in rushing, passing, receiving, or scoring in 1997. (And those are kind of important.) The offense rests on the shoulders of QB Gus "Who's He?" Frerotte and his backup, Jeff "Old" Hostetler. Yikes. M

PLAYOFF PLAYERS

POMPOM PREVIEW

Two, four, six, eight. Who do we appreciate?

Pro football's tightest end

Smooth, refreshing Bierwirth

Amber waves

Belly up to the Barsky

In 1972 a dynamic group of young women known as the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders stormed the football world...and the modern era of cheerleading was born. Today their successors march the sidelines, embodying the dual pursuits of athletic excellence and really catchy rhymes. A look at the league's cheeriest leaders.

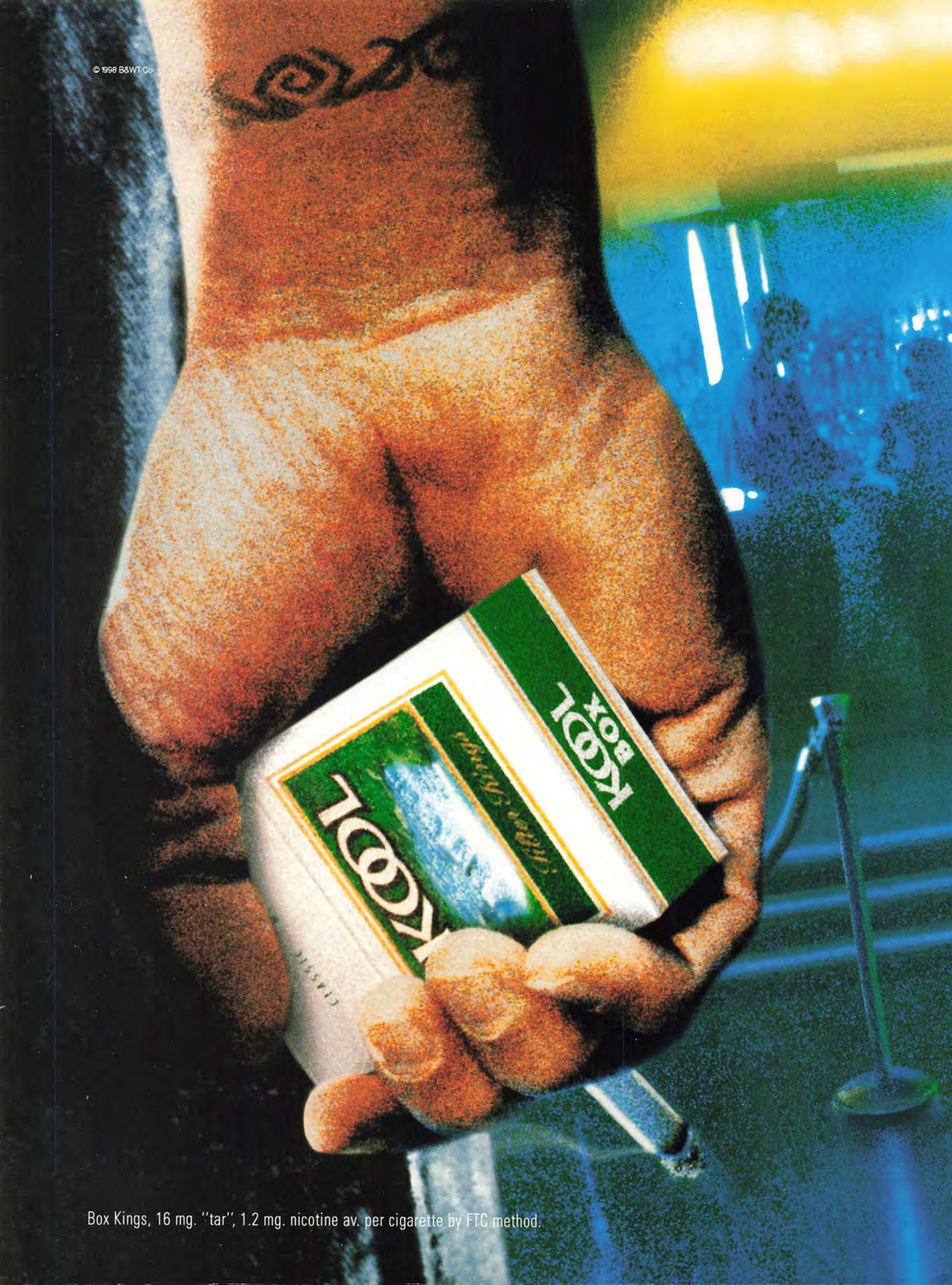
Suzanne Bierwirth, Miami Dolphins
Height: 5'5" Hair: blonde
In only her second year with the Dolphins, Bierwirth is already a team captain. This won't surprise Miami fans—Bierwirth's precision kicks, jumps, and twirls stand up to those of anyone in the game today.

Amber Lewis, Arizona Cardinals
Height: 5'5" Hair: light pine
While you're watching Amber Lewis shake her pompoms, just remember: In a few years this former college marketing major could be selling you something you don't want to buy.

Amie Barsky, Philadelphia Eagles
Height: 5'4" Hair: winter cranberry
Barsky's agility, nurtured through years of ballet, shines at Veterans Stadium, where the artificial turf allows for brisk leaps and pirouettes.

Vicki Henry, Buffalo Jills
Height: 5'4" Hair: chestnut

Erin Oliver, Buffalo Jills
Height: 5'5" Hair: mocha
Both are seven-year veterans, both are captains, both have cheered at two Super Bowls. True, Buffalo was crushed at those Bowl runs, but consummate professionals such as Henry and Oliver cannot be held accountable for these defeats. —*John C. White*



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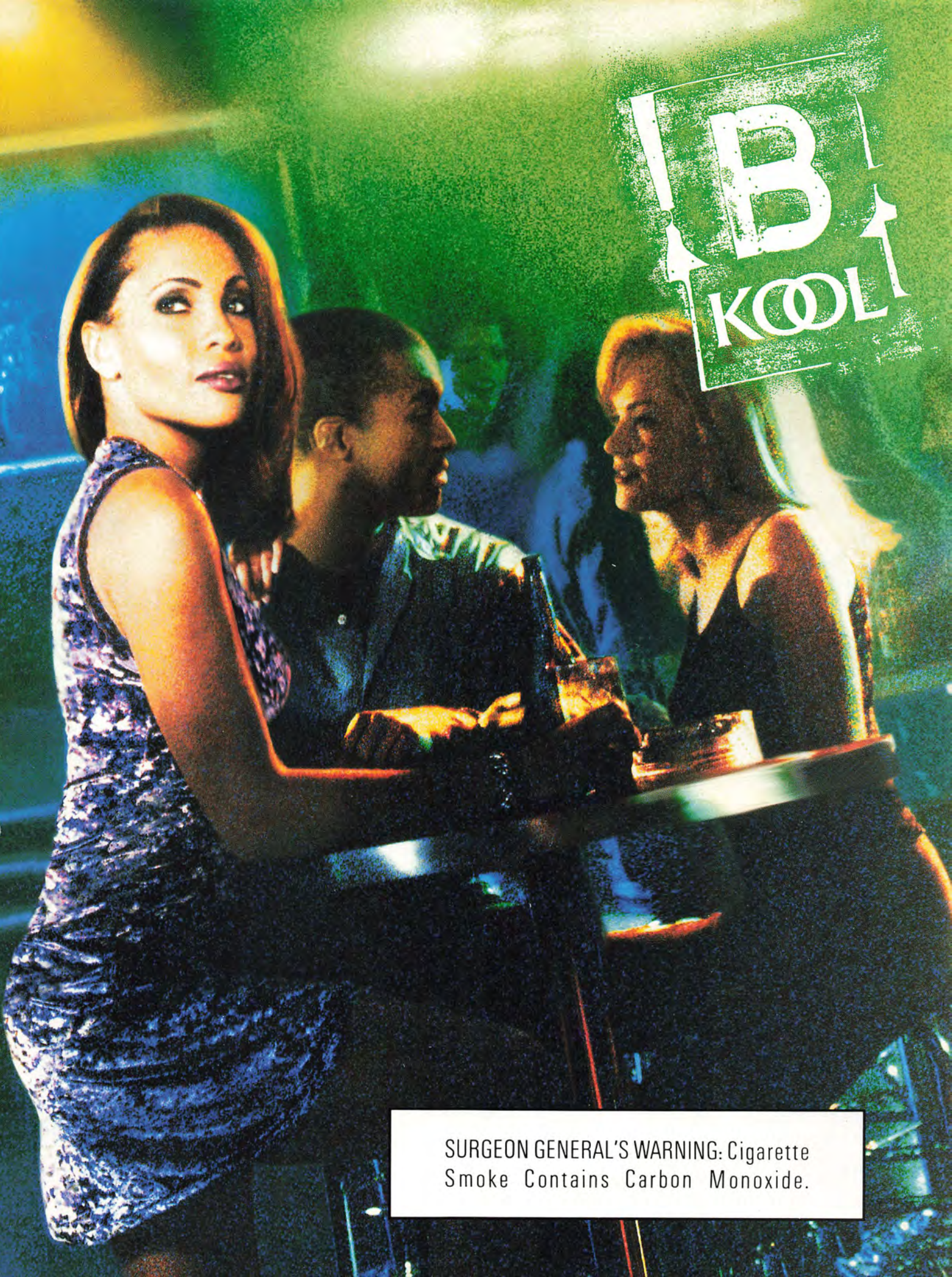

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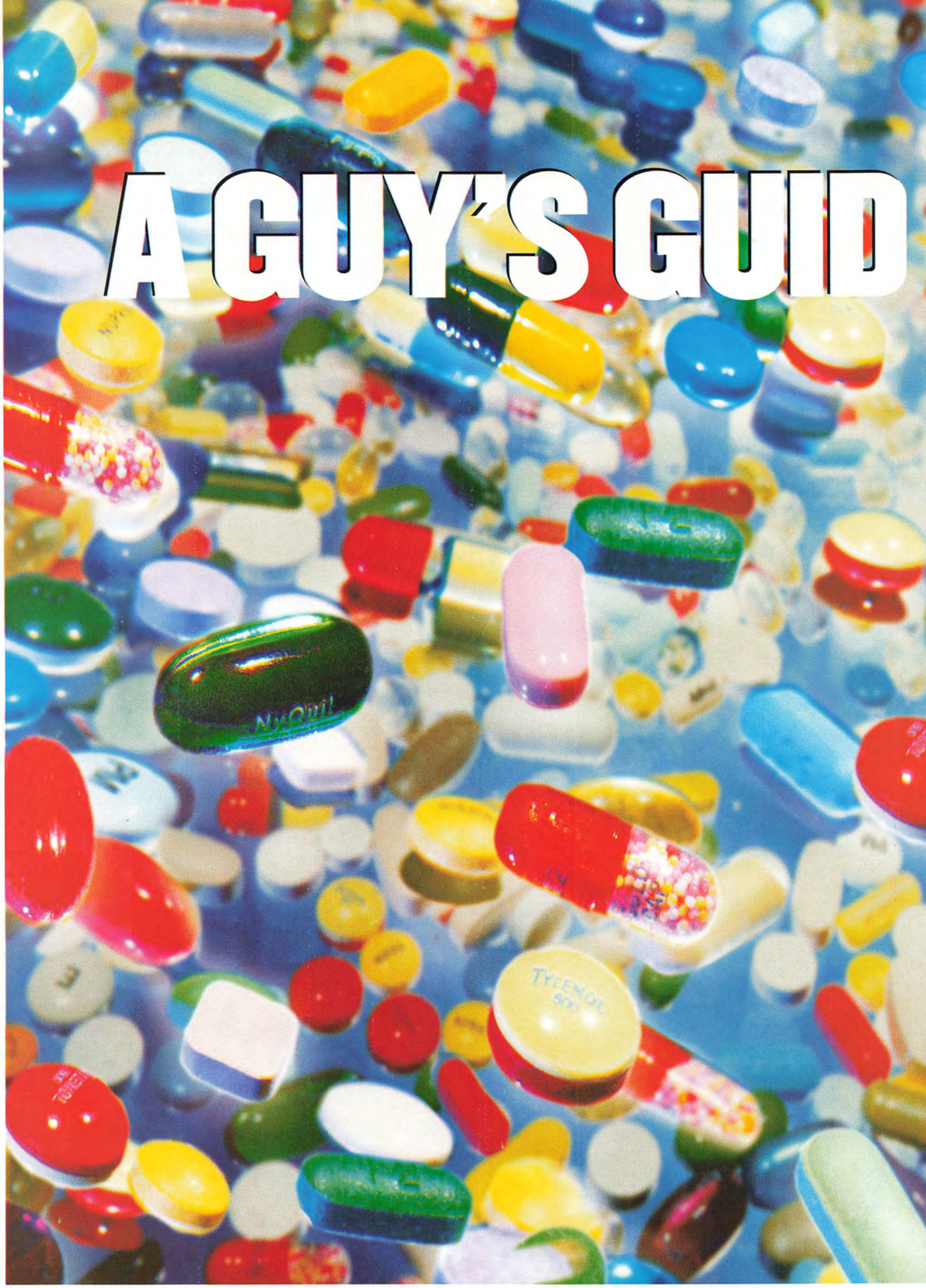
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E TO

PILL POPPING

Bigger muscles, fewer farts, better moods, and serious wood—all are but a capsule away. By Russell Wild

What separates man from happiness, really, but a childproof cap and an inch-thick wad of cotton? Under those thin barriers lies the sublime promise of a cure for whatever ails you. Can't get your flag to rise even with Mistress Judy looming over you in tricolor stilettos? There's a pill for that. Do even burritos of modest size make your pants flap with volleys of Tex-Mex gas? Want bigger muscles? Are you still depressed after all these years over the death of Lassie, or the harsh realization that Wayne Newton is still alive? There are pills for that, too. Of course, only some pills live up to their promises. Others are as useless as yesterday's race forms. Some are completely safe, while gulping others is akin to sticking your ear in Mike Tyson's mouth. We're going to help you sort it all out. Here is a revealing discussion of the pills that men take—or at least wonder about—most often, from heart pills to fart pills.

THE ÜBER-VITAMIN

Forget about the alphabet of vitamin supplements crowding drugstore shelves. If you take only one supplement, says Giuseppe Squadrito, Ph.D., nutrient and oxidative biology researcher at the Biodynamics Institute at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, let it be that squishy brown orb **vitamin E.**

Effectiveness: E, an antioxidant, has been shown to reduce the risk of heart disease (the number one killer of both men and women), cancer (killer number two), Alzheimer's, arthritis, and cataracts, and provides us with a line of defense against the potentially nasty effects of air pollution, such as asthma and bronchitis.

Expert advice: "I take 400 I.U.[international units] a day, at breakfast," says Squadrito. "And I take the natural [d-alpha] form, not the synthetic [dl] form. Studies have shown that the natural form is more effective at preventing cardiovascular disease. And because vitamin E is known to get a boost from vitamin C, I make sure my breakfast includes a glass of O.J., or I take a moderate-dose [about 250 milligrams] vitamin C pill with my E." Although vitamins E and C are generally safe, he adds, check with your doctor before taking any supplements if you have nagging health conditions. ▷

PENIS PILLS

Every real man knows that true virility comes from eating chili, driving a Humvee, and reading *Maxim* magazine. Nevertheless, some men look for it in a bottle. What can you do?

Introduced to the market in April with enormous fanfare and to ungodly initial sales, **Viagra** (sildenafil citrate) is the first prescription pill for erectile dysfunction. Headlines have since linked Viagra to the deaths of 16 men. Those headlines are extremely misleading, says James Barada, M.D., director of the Center for Male Sexual Health in Albany, New York. Stress to the heart is a well-known risk of Viagra, and 12 of the men either had a history of heart problems or manifested them at the time of their death. And consider the numbers: of the million men who are taking the drug, only 16 deaths have occurred.

Effectiveness: If he takes Viagra about one hour before jumping on top of Elizabeth, assuming she's in the mood, even geriatric Bob Dole (as he confessed to Larry King) can spring a woody. "Viagra has been shown to improve the quality of erections in up to 70 percent of men with erectile difficulties—although not all those erections will be hard enough for intercourse," says Barada. This drug works by suppressing a certain enzyme, resulting in greater blood flow to the penis upon arousal and creating a happy hard-on. But Viagra in no way creates or increases arousal, and there's no evidence that it will turn a guy with normal, healthy erections into a John Holmes. And the redwood doesn't come cheap: It's around $10 a pill, with one pill required per sexual encounter—though Viagra has been reported to allow men to go for rounds two and three.

Expert advice: Other possible side effects include headaches, facial flushing, indigestion, and change in vision (seeing a blue-green haze). "While the drug isn't perfect, Viagra is a good and apparently safe drug, and men with erectile problems should consider it," Barada says.

MUSCLE PILLS

Anabolic steroids help build strong muscles, but controversy still surrounds the drugs; some critics warn of increased risk of high blood pressure, cancer, and serious liver damage. The latest bodybuilder craze is using **creatine,** a cocktail of amino acids taken in pill or powder form and sold everywhere muscleheads shop.

Effectiveness: Creatine regenerates ATP, the source of energy for muscle contractions. Some studies on creatine show that men taking it can pop out more reps in the weightroom, which, theoretically, should make for stronger muscles over time, says Melvin Williams, Ph.D., professor emeritus of energy science and founder of the human performance laboratory at Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Virginia.

Expert advice: Long-term health effects remain unknown. If you want to take creatine supplements, says Williams, limit yourself to 20 grams a day for five to seven days, then five grams a day for six to seven weeks. But check with your physician first.

MEN WHO ARE TAKING CREATINE CAN POP MORE REPS.

Rocco required help holding up his arm

HEARTBURN PILLS

We eat too much, too fast, too late, and too greasy, and the rest of the night is hell—thanks to stomach acid drifting north. Fortunately, over-the-counter medicine can bring quick relief. Sometimes.

■ Axid AR, Pepcid AC, Tagamet HB, Zantac (histamine H_2 blockers)

If you find that the traditional over-the-counter antacids (Tums, Di-Gel, Rolaids, Mylanta, Maalox) aren't dousing the inferno under your sternum, try histamine H_2 blockers, which have been around for years but only recently in nonprescription form. These babies don't neutralize acid but rather short-circuit one of the mechanisms that create stomach acid in the first place.

Effectiveness: Slightly more effective than the antacids at combating acid, H_2 blockers can also last as long as 12 hours, as opposed to a couple of hours.

Expert advice: "All of the H_2 blockers are basically the same," says Eric Mack, Ph.D., assistant professor of pharmaceutics at Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and Allied Health Sciences in Boston. Start with whichever is on sale, he says, but check the package info for contraindications. The H_2 blockers all take time to kick in, so take them shortly before a meal you think may cause heartburn.

If the over-the-counter H_2 blockers aren't strong enough to put out the fire, or they are but you're relying on them several times a week, see a doctor for a proper diagnosis. You may simply need a stronger, prescription dose of the blocker.

■ Prilosec (omeprazole), Prevacid (lansoprazole)

This family of prescription drugs, called proton pump inhibitors, have a much more direct effect on the secretion of stomach acid than do H_2 blockers, says Kenneth DeVault, M.D., a gastroenterologist and associate professor of medicine at the Mayo Clinic in Jacksonville, Florida. For this reason, they are used to combat the most distressing ongoing cases of heartburn, known as gastroesophageal reflux disease (GERD).

Effectiveness: According to a study published in the *American Family Physician,* while H_2 blockers reduce acid production by 60 to 70 percent, proton pump inhibitors prevent its release almost entirely. That's because they suppress all three mechanisms that trigger acid production.

Expert advice: Doctors aren't sure what causes GERD, but treatment is important, since its effects snowball, or should we say fireball, because of acid burning your esophagus. Luckily, proton pump inhibitors allow your torched tissue to heal.

Photographs, Satoshi (color pill photos); opening spread, Index Stock(pharmacist); this spread, FPG (muscle man); Index Stock (stomach pain); Tony Stone/Hulton Getty (falling building)

FART PILLS

If you equate gassiness with manliness, skip this section. But if you'd rather impress people with your sensitivity and wit than with your ability to dismantle chairs, listen up. Gas is most often caused by fiber or milk products, which some people find difficult to digest. The best treatment depends on the source of your problem.

Beano (alpha-galactosidase)

This is an over-the-counter enzyme drop or tablet available at pharmacies and supermarkets everywhere.
Effectiveness: At least three studies have found that Beano reduces flatulence in people who are fed high-fiber foods. But it only works on fiber farts. Milk farts or any other kinds of farts won't be affected at all.
Expert advice: Take it with your first bite of food.

Lactaid (lactase)

Lactase is an enzyme that helps you digest lactose, the sugar found in dairy products that causes the bowels of lactose-challenged cheese eaters to swell up like Donald Trump's head.
Effectiveness: "Very effective. Will relieve not only gas but diarrhea and cramping," says Eric Mack, Ph.D., assistant professor of pharmaceutics at Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and Allied Health Sciences.
Expert advice: To find out if you're lactose intolerant, do not eat anything after 10 P.M. Next day, eat a normal breakfast, but include a 12-ounce glass of milk. Note over the next six hours whether your southern intestinal tract does the cha-cha. If it does, repeat the experiment, this time swallowing a Lactaid tablet with your milk. If there's less volcanic activity, you've found your cure. Take it every time you eat a dairy product.

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR FARTINESS DEPENDS ON THE SOURCE OF YOUR PROBLEM.

Phazyme, Di-Gel, Gas-X (simethicone)

These nonprescription remedies zap gas bubbles and keep more from forming. Need proof? Drop some into a beer and shake; you'll see less of a head.
Effectiveness: Your stomach, presumably, is not an open-mouthed beer mug (fraternity brothers excepted). So while simethicone may pop the gas bubbles within, the exhaust must eventually go out through one of your orifices. For that reason, "simethicone doesn't have much effect on gas," says David O. Thueson, Ph.D., pharmaceutical consultant in McKinleyville, California, and author of *Thueson's Guide to Over-the-Counter Drugs.*
Expert advice: Go easy on the cauliflower, take your girlfriends on open-air outings, cross your legs in meetings with the boss. Forget simethicone.

COLD PILLS

Despite all the hope that Linus Pauling and Granny on *The Beverly Hillbillies* gave humanity regarding a cure for the common cold, the bane of winter is as common today as ever. And if you don't get an occasional cold, find a vet and ask him why—you're clearly not human. But while a remedy evades us, there's been a lot of excitement lately over a nonprescription lozenge that at least seems to reduce a cold's severity. It's called **zinc gluconate**.
Effectiveness: Studies, while inconclusive, are promising. In one 1996 study published in the *Annals of Internal Medicine,* sniffly patients who were given 13.3 mg of zinc gluconate every two waking hours saw their colds clear up in an average of 4.4 days, compared with 7.6 days for those who took placebo pills.
Expert advice: Zinc gluconate is sold in generic form in just about any pharmacy or health-food store. You can also buy the brand name Cold-Eeze, which is considerably more expensive. Does the brand-name product offer an edge? "I don't see it," says Terry M. Phillips, Ph.D., D.Sc., professor of microbiology and immunology and director of the immunochemistry laboratories at George Washington University. Take with your first sniffle or at the first sign of a sore throat. ▷

PILLS THAT KILL LIBIDO

Can't get it up with a crane? It may be because you're popping one of these party poopers.

The last thing you need when you take a pill is to have it turn your salami soft. Many drugs can cause erectile problems, so you need to examine what you're taking if you've been having problems in paradise. According to Dr. Steven Lamm's *The Virility Solution* (Simon and Schuster, 1998), certain categories are especially troublesome. Topping the list are many high-blood-pressure medications, including the commonly prescribed clonidine (Catapres) and methyldopa (Aldomet). Some others are:

- Beta-blocking medications (for heart problems and high blood pressure), such as metoprolol (Lopressor) and propranolol (Inderal)
- Antidepressants, such as fluoxetine (Prozac) and sertraline (Zoloft)
- Antianxiety drugs, such as diazepam (Valium) and chlordiazepoxide (Librium)
- Antihistamines (for allergies, motion sickness, insomnia), such as diphenhydramine (Benadryl) and dimenhydrinate (Dramamine)

"One for Mrs. Peabody, two for me."

MOOD PILLS

If you've been feeling more jumpy than a turkey in November, crankier than a teased pit bull, or lower than when your pet tarantula croaked, you may need help. As long as your symptoms are mild—they haven't incapacitated you, you aren't seriously thinking about hurting yourself or anyone near you—you may be able to get away with a visit to your local drugstore or General Nutrition Center (GNC). Large-scale studies have real M.D.s taking a hard look at herbal remedies: They're not just for New Age wusses anymore.

■ For depression: St.-John's-wort

The job, the wife, even the upcoming football season aren't giving you the kick they once did? Been feeling down for a couple of weeks or more? You might be mildly depressed, in which case the wort may be all you need. A nonprescription herbal antidepressant gaining popularity in the United States, St.-John's-wort (*Hypericum perforatum*) is a big hit in Germany, where, as early as 1994, doctors were prescribing 66 million daily doses. Today in Germany it's prescribed more frequently than Prozac.

Effectiveness: Ya, it verks. A recent analysis of numerous studies shows that for mild to moderate depression, taking this herb for four to eight weeks eases the pain in more than half of all cases. The National Institutes of Health is currently comparing its effectiveness to Zoloft.

Expert advice: "Sure, try it," says Washington, D.C., psychiatrist Brian Doyle, M.D. "But tell your doctor. And *never* take St.-John's-wort with Zoloft, Prozac, or any of the other selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs). Mixing is potentially fatal." Most studies have used 300 mg of hypericum (the main active ingredient in St.-John's-wort) three times a day. Look for reputable brands, such as Nature's Way, PhytoPharmica, and Sunsource.

Signs you need a doctor: You've been taking St.-John's-wort for a few weeks and feel the same. Or you've noticed significant increases or decreases in your appetite, sex drive, or need for shut-eye. Your energy level is so low or your ability to concentrate is so shattered that you are unable to perform your job. (Alternately, you feel driven to work around the clock, week after week.) You have increasingly been turning to alcohol for solace. These are all signs that you are seriously depressed.

■ For stress and anxiety: Kava

Yes, this is a version of the drug that South Sea island chieftains took in massive quantities as part of stupor-inducing rituals. Kava-kava (*Piper methysticum*, commonly known as kava) can be taken regularly to reduce constant mild anxiety, or for "special" occasions, such as speaking in public, flying, meeting deadlines—if these situations cause numbness, headaches, or shallow breathing.

Effectiveness: Recent studies have shown that anxiety symptoms were greatly reduced in patients who took kava compared with those who took a placebo. English, German, and Swiss health boards have approved kava for treatment of anxiety. You need 70 to 85 mg of kavalactones per dose; check the percentage extract you've got (a 250 mg capsule of 30 percent extract would contain 75 mg). "Take it at the first sign of more anxiety than is useful," says Harold Bloomfield, M.D., a Yale-trained psychiatrist. "Start with one dose; go up to three if necessary." But *do not* mix it with alcohol or prescription antianxiety medications, such as Valium and Xanax.

Expert advice: "Kava is a better alternative to popping Valium," says Bloomfield, also the author of *Healing Anxiety with Herbs* (HarperCollins, 1998). "You can stay clearheaded, and it isn't habit-forming." Reputable brands: Enzymatic Therapy, Pure Encapsulations, Rexall Sundown.

Signs you need a doctor: Kava has not helped your low-level or situationally triggered anxiety, or, as Bloomfield says, "*life* is the situation that triggers your anxiety." You have frequent panic attacks—or ongoing anxiety—during which you experience physical distress as well as an overwhelming and/or incapacitating sense of doom. Time for good old-fashioned pharmaceuticals.

■ For sleepless nights: Valerian

Have you tried exercise, sex, watching reruns of *Perry Mason*, and now you're thinking about drugs to help you sleep? You may want to try the herbal route first.

Effectiveness: Studies have shown valerian (*Valeriana officinalis*) to be effective enough in a number of studies that the German Board E medical board has approved it as a calmative and a sleep-promoting agent.

Expert advice: "Take 400 mg of valerian extract, standardized at 0.8 percent valeric acid, at bedtime," suggests Bloomfield. You may need to do this for three weeks before feeling shut-eye benefits. But valerian is thought to be nonaddictive, and you don't wake up hungover, as you do with over-the-counter antihistamine-based sleep aids. Reputable brands: Enzymatic Therapy, PhytoPharmica.

Signs you need a doctor: Either valerian is a bust or you can't sleep without taking it. Chronic insomnia can indicate anything from neurological problems to depression to the wrong kind of mattress. Get checked out.

HERBAL DE-STRESS REMEDIES: THEY'RE NOT JUST FOR NEW AGE WUSSES ANYMORE.

Photographs: FPG (pharmacist); Hulton Getty/ Tony Stone (card game); FPG (headache)

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FAT PILLS

Alas, corpulent comrades, now that the prescription weight-loss drugs fenfluramine and Redux (dexfenfluramine) have been yanked off the market (pronounced guilty of causing potentially fatal primary pulmonary hypertension and heart valve disease), you're no doubt wondering what else is available.

If you're only slightly porkly, er, portly, skip over-the-counter diet aids, such as Dexatrim and Acutrim (phenylpropanolamine). One *Consumer Reports* survey found that fewer than 5 percent of those who tried them were satisfied. Jog and eat fewer doughnuts instead.

But if you're 30 percent overweight or more—or if you have another cardiovascular risk factor, such as high cholesterol, and are 20 percent overweight—the prescription pill **Meridia** may have your name on it. Like fenfluramine and Redux, Meridia suppresses the appetite. Unlike those drugs, it shouldn't do any uncommissioned valve jobs.

Effectiveness: Studies show that most chunky people taking Meridia (sibutramine hydrochloride monohydrate) lose 5 to 10 percent of their body weight over six months. Effects last only as long as you're on the drug; stop taking it and, if you were ever inclined to eat an entire side of beef in one sitting, that inclination will return.

Expert advice: "Meridia is the most well studied prescription weight-loss pill on the market right now. The main side effects seem to be insomnia, headache, and constipation," notes Arthur Frank, M.D., medical director of the George Washington University obesity management program in Washington, D.C., who adds that the drug carries some risk of raising blood pressure. It also increases heart rate slightly. "As with all weight-loss drugs," says Dr. Frank, "this pill should be used as an adjunct to, not as a substitute for, healthy eating and regular exercise."

HAIR PILLS

The things mankind has fallen for in hopes of regrowing lost hair! Everything has been tried, from Dr. John's Miracle Elixir (two parts egg whites to one part turpentine) to hot chili paste to cattle spit. Then came Rogaine (minoxidil). Rogaine was the first hair-growth product that wasn't total horseshit. Then, last December, came the prescription pill **Propecia.**

Effectiveness: Although the drug doesn't grow hair on everyone, a study by the pharmaceutical company Merck of more than 1,200 balding men found that within two years, 83 percent of those who took it maintained their hair or saw slight to moderate hair growth, whereas 72 percent continued to lose hair with a placebo. There have been no head-to-head studies comparing Propecia with Rogaine, but Rogaine manufacturer Pharmacia & Upjohn claims that Rogaine Extra Strength will help regrow or maintain hair in roughly 80 percent of all men. Both products are specifically for male-pattern baldness and work fine on the top of the head but so far have not proven effective on a receding hairline. "Propecia definitely works better than minoxidil," says Neil Sadick, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology at Cornell University Medical College. "It is the best thing we now have available." Propecia's side effects? It leads to erection problems in fewer than 2 percent of the men who use it, but this downside tends to disappear after they've been on the drug for a while.

Expert advice: At $45 to $50 a month, you'll have hair, but you may feel fleeced. And if you stop taking the drug, you'll lose any hair you may have grown. M

PILLS THAT MAKE YOU BEHAVE

Can't quit gambling, smoking, screwing women you aren't even attracted to? New drugs may make kicking habits almost as easy as kicking pigeons.

NEW DRUGS MAY HELP SMOKERS BLOW OFF THEIR HABIT WITH EASE.

Are your condo and car up for auction because you blew the entire budget on a horse named Crippled Nag going at 120:1? Have the no-smoking laws sweeping the country made a puffing pariah of you? Your ticket to responsible citizenship may be no farther away than an M.D.'s scrip pad.

In one study, seven out of 10 compulsive gamblers taking the antidepressant fluoroxamine (Luvox) saw a marked decrease in their "gambling thoughts, urges, and actual gambling behavior," says Eric Hollander, M.D., director of the Compulsive, Impulsive, and Anxiety Disorders Program at New York City's Mount Sinai School of Medicine. And compulsive gambling is but one form of obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD) helped by the use of selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs), the class of antidepressants to which Luvox belongs. Other forms of OCD—about sex, food, and shopping—have also seen 60 to 70 percent cure or partial-cure rates with the use of SSRIs. Antidepressants may also help smokers blow off their habit. Doctors are prescribing bupropion (Zyban, Wellbutrin), which seems to affect one of the chemical messengers in your brain (dopamine) the same way nicotine does. In one study at the Mayo Clinic, 44 percent of the smokers who used bupropion over seven weeks were able to quit, compared with 19 percent who took a placebo. (Researchers wrote off the 2 percent who burned their fingers trying to light the pills.)

"I'll see your Luvox and raise you a Wellbutrin."

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She was America's favorite walking blonde joke for 11 whopping seasons on *Married... with Children*. Now, with a meatier role in her own must-see sitcom, Christina Applegate is the girl we most want to turn on this fall.

By Chris Geitz
Photographs by Andrew Eccles
Styled by Karen Shapiro

Christina Applegate

She is instantly recognizable, even from across a busy Los Angeles street. That's what being on a hit show for more than a decade—not to mention being gorgeous to the point of cruelty—will do for you. After watching her breathe life into the always willing body of Kelly Bundy since she was 15, you might think separating Christina Applegate from her cunningly clueless *Married...with Children* image would be tricky. But before she's even finished sitting down and stirring her coffee, it's clear this California-born 26-year-old is no ditz—she only played one on TV. Her new high-profile fall series, *Jesse* (NBC on Thursday night, right after *Friends*), could make us forget the formidable mental vacuum that was Kelly. We'll miss Miss Bundy, but Christina's new character—a single mom who does amazing things with a St. Pauli Girl dress as a barmaid in a German-style alehouse—just may ease our pain.

MAXIM: When you auditioned for *Married...with Children,* did you ever dream you'd play a scantily clad airhead for more than a decade?

CHRISTINA APPLEGATE: No, I thought I'd get to be a scantily clad airhead for...maybe 13 weeks. Each year, ▷

"I'm looking for a guy with a job. I don't care what. Just a job—any job."

I could never quite believe the show was still on.
M: How aware were you that guys everywhere saw you as their fantasy girlfriend—
CA: —and some women, judging from the show's mail.
M: I even heard that the U.S. troops in Iraq during the gulf war voted you the most beautiful woman on TV.
CA: [laughs] I wonder how they voted. "Hey guys, could you hold the gunfire for a second? All right, raise your hands. Applegate?" I can't quite imagine CNN filming the soldiers sitting out in the desert with their ballots.
M: Fox didn't give *Married* a farewell show like NBC's huge *Seinfeld* finale. How would you have liked your character, Kelly, to end her days?
CA: Exactly the same as she started. The beauty of the show was that no one ever evolved. They almost regressed, in a way. Everyone thought the Bundys would win the lottery or Kelly would marry this wonderful man and actually start wearing long skirts. I thought she should just stay perfectly vacant forever. [Pours liquid sugar into her coffee. The sugar container, with its long shaft and metal-tipped head, plainly resembles, well, a penis] Very erotic, this liquid sugar. I like it when it shoots out—oh, look, there it goes! [With a finger, wipes some foam from the tip of the container and swallows it down]
M: [after disoriented pause] Do you think men are more attracted to the Christina Applegate image than to the real you?
CA: In the past, I got off on it. The fact that a guy would be so into me from the get-go without really knowing me. That's probably why I had so many bad relationships.
M: You once said you wanted a boyfriend "who knows that I can't be there 24 hours a day."
CA: That was more about the fact that I always dated guys who didn't have jobs. Big problem. Now I'm looking for a guy with a job. I don't care what. Just a job—any job.
M: You started acting very early—as an infant, in fact—on your mom's [actress Nancy Priddy] soap opera, *Days of Our Lives*. What's the first job you actually remember?
CA: Playing a drug dealer when I was nine. My one line was "It's really good shit, man." That's the '70s for you.
M: What was it like to be the guest host on *Saturday Night Live* a few years ago?
CA: Petrifying. During the dress rehearsal, I thought my organs were going to shoot out of every orifice; but when we went live, I didn't have time to panic. My favorite sketch was with Chris Farley: It was the first time he ever did his motivational-speaker character. He cranked it up about 100 percent, and I thought I was going to lose it on live television. It was like laughing in church. It was so exhilarating. Took me hours to come down.
M: What do you watch on television?
CA: "Nick at Night," right before I go to sleep—that's the only time I get to watch. They're having a *Brady Bunch* marathon right now, so I'm beside myself.
M: Best episode?
CA: The one in which Jan makes up a boyfriend, George

Hair and Makeup, Eric Barnard for Cloutier; manicurist, Deborah Espisito for Cloutier; Fashion editor, Karen Shapiro.Opening spread: red camisole by Katayone Adeli, jeans by D&G Dolce&Gabanna, shoes by Stuart Weisitzman; Second page: silver dress by Maja Hanson. This page: furry jacket by Roberto Cavalli. Next page: Red printed snakeskin pants by Maja Hanson. White top by Todd Oldham jeans.

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Glass. And the one where Peter saves a little girl's life and then becomes such a little asshole that he even throws a party for himself.

M: Do you watch any sports?

CA: Occasionally. Did you know that the Super Bowl is the biggest day for domestic violence?

M: Actually, that's been proven to be a myth, though guys *do* get pretty pumped.

CA: Yeah. I was watching a game, and I started getting so stressed, I couldn't even breathe. All that aggression that goes through your body when you're really into a sporting event—it's got to be detrimental to your system.

M: Happens to me when I watch the Food Network. What made you jump back into another series?

CA: I love the idea of playing a young single mother, because I was raised by one and I know what it's like. The show's probably going to get a lot of flak because my character gave birth so young, but that's reality.

M: You play a waitress in a German-style beer hall. Quick bar quiz: Can you tap a keg?

CA: [unfamiliar with lingo] Tap a keg? I guess I'll have to learn these things, won't I?

M: Can you pour a pint without ending up with a glass that's more full of foam than beer?

CA: Oh, sure, that's easy. You just tip the glass and let the beer stream down at an angle.

M: And now the bonus round: Can you balance a tray loaded with pitchers, glasses, pretzels, and bratwurst?

CA: Oh, I'm getting very good at balancing. But bratwurst—that's one disgusting form of food.

M: Ever dress up as a sexy waitress for Halloween?

CA: No. Last year was the first time I actually participated in Halloween. I dressed up as a pimp, and my sister was my bitch. We had to walk down Sunset Boulevard because we couldn't get a ride to the party, and everyone was sticking their heads out of their cars and yelling at us. It was great.

M: You have several tattoos. Any regrets?

CA: No. They all represent things very dear to me. I have one that's a ti-leaf lei—a symbol of power in Hawaii—around my ankle. I have a vine that a girlfriend and I both had done to signify our friendship. And then I have an apple—not for Applegate—symbolizing the forbidden fruit from the story of Adam and Eve.

M: Where?

CA: Right down here. [Points to a spot below her navel]

M: Wow. Exactly where forbidden fruit should be. M

"I'm a really bad liar. When I fib even a little bit, I turn bright red."

Christina at a Glance

Vital stats: Born on November 25, 1971 in Los Angeles and raised by singer-and-actress mom. Keeps her 5'5" frame in shape with jazz-dancing. Single—and considering only gainfully employed boyfriends.

Alma mater: L.A.'s Excelsior High School, which she swears isn't a performing arts school, though she was in classes with other celeb kids, like Milla Jovovich and the Coreys (Haim and Feldman). "It wasn't like *Fame,*" she says. "I wasn't dancing on any cars."

Other notable TV roles: Played a nymphomaniac on *21 Jump Street,* Ricky Schroder's prom date on *Silver Spoons,* and a member of Tina Yothers' "band" on *Family Ties*.

How she lets loose: Off-roads in a black Lexus sport-utility vehicle. "Now when I drive an ordinary car, it feels like a go-cart," she says. Also owns an old Betty of a Ford Falcon convertible.

If elected president: First thing she'd do? Redecorate.

Why she'll never be elected: "I'm a really bad liar. When I fib even a little, I turn bright red."

LOOKING FOR A LITTLE ACTION ON SATURDAY NIGHTS?
SINS OF THE CITY
Starring Marcus Graham
"YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT THESE EYES SEE."
In Miami, a city that bleeds color, nothing is as simple as black and white. Not love. Not sex. Not sin. See private investigator Vince Karol as he reveals what's really behind the sins of the city.
SATURDAY NIGHT Heat
USA NETWORK
NEW SERIES. SATURDAYS AT 10PM/9C.
www.usanetwork.com

Maxim **scans the fall lineup to screen out the shows that blow from the ones that'll make us stay home at night. Plus: Create Your Own Sitcom, the ultimate remote, and more!**

By Mike Hammer and Dale Hrabi

NOCTURNAL TRANSMISSIONS

Is it just us, or has TV lost some of its genius since the glory days of *T.J. Hooker*? Too many channels? Too many angels? The sobering loss of *Hee Haw*? Whatever the cause, this season we're merely exhilarated about the new fall shows, instead of dangerously enthusiastic, as we usually are. You know the feeling. Of course, we're the same guys who sat through a four-day *Twilight Zone* marathon, who turned down sex with an ambidextrous Dutch girl to watch that TV remake of *The Shining* (big mistake), and who nicknamed the office angelfish Pot-sie. So come premiere time, look for us at the end of the couch, hogging the remote and clutching our beers with feverish hope. Here's what's coming up.

SHOWS THAT'LL MAKE YOU SKIP POKER NIGHT

SPORTS NIGHT

Think *Larry Sanders* with a jockstrap. There's plenty of backstage backstabbing in this parody of sports newscasts like ESPN's *SportsCenter*—plus highlight clips! Anchors Casey (Peter Krause) and Dan (Josh Charles) work together like Stockton

The starting offensive line

and Malone, on-camera and off. The problem: Unless they keep hitting home runs with viewers, they'll be benched by their hard-assed boss (Robert Guillaume).
(ABC, Tuesdays, 9:30 P.M.)

THE KING OF QUEENS

His Royal Hogness

Move over, Drew Carey; we've found our new *Maxim* man. In this big-buzz sitcom, Doug Heffernan (Kevin James) has a good job (he's a UPS box jockey), a great wife ("You're the best mail-order bride ever!"), a finished basement, and a brand-new 70-inch TV. But the king's castle is about to be stormed. His father-in-law (*Seinfeld*'s Jerry Stiller) is moving in; so's his wife's sister. Doug, we feel your pain.
(CBS, Mondays, 8:30 P.M.)

BUDDY FARO

If Frank Sinatra were a crime show (and, uh, still alive), this cool-cat dramedy is just what he'd be. Buddy (Dennis Farina) was the heppest private eye on Sunset Strip in the '60s and '70s. Then he dropped out of sight. When a young, square detective (Frank Whaley) tracks him down and brings him back, he's still got it, baby. Chicks, smokes, jokes... putting punks in the poke. These guys do it their way.
(CBS, Fridays, 9:00 P.M.)

"Oof! That boot hurts, Nikita!"

ENCORE!

Who'd-a thunk a sitcom about a womanizing, egotistical opera singer would appeal to the beer-and-Bruce audience? But Broadway's Nathan Lane would be funny in any neighborhood. Returning home to the family winery, our hero immediately grasps his nephew's problem—"He loves homework, hates brandy. Clearly a cry for help"—and takes him under his wing in admirable fashion.
(NBC, Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M.)

SHOWS YOU'D WATCH ONLY IF THREATENED WITH A BIG GUN

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

He's a handsome cop (Sean O'Brien) who'll bend the rules to help his fellow man. She's a tender-hearted lawyer (Moira Kelly) who forgoes the big bucks to defend the underprivileged. They're in love. We're in danger of losing our lunch.
(CBS, Wednesdays, 9:00 P.M.)

TWO OF A KIND

The Olsen Twins, formerly the interchangeable moppets on *Full House* and TV's strongest case for child abuse, are ba-a-ack! This time they're aging interchangeable moppets scheming to hook their single dad up with a nutty nanny. Hasn't anybody got some milk cartons to put these kids' faces on—quick?
(ABC, Fridays, 8:00 P.M.)

MAGGIE WINTERS

Faith Ford (*Murphy Brown*) stars as a woman who was voted Most Likely to Succeed back in high school. When her marriage wilts and her career flops, she heads back home to pick up the

Most likely to bore us

pieces. Why not a show about the girl voted Most Likely to Open a Successful Strip Club? Better yet—skip the show and *go* to a successful strip club.
(CBS, Wednesdays, 8:30 P.M.)

"Susan Lucci lost again—let's riot!"

CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

A *Maxim* prison poll reveals the top 10 shows for guys with nothing but hard time on their hands. Hey, who stole the remote?

1 News: If you're in the big house, there's little "news you can use," but at the Louisiana State Penitentiary, watching daily newscasts is mandatory. Redeeming factors: Weather girls, Dan Rather's loosening grip on reality.

2 La Femme Nikita: USA's lethal looker (left) was condemned to die, then given a reprieve and a license to kill. Hmm, what's the appeal?

3 The Young and the Restless: You'd be restless too if you were squandering your youth in a 6'x10' cell.

4 Soul Train: Music! Excitement! Limber female dancers contorting their bodies like jailbirds sneaking through electrified wire fences!

5 Hard Copy: An excellent way to keep tabs on which drugged-out pretty-boy actor might be your next bitch—uh, cellmate.

6 Martin: Sitcom star Martin Lawrence has committed battery and brandished firearms in heavy L.A. traffic—yet he got off with probation. Everyone needs role models.

7 Sports: Not that there's any gambling going on, but former bookies seem to double their cigarette collections during *Monday Night Football*.

8 It's Showtime at the Apollo: Anything with *time* in the title is big in prison.

9 National Geographic: Claustrophobic felons dig wide-open spaces, not to mention a look at countries that don't have extradition treaties with the United States.

10 Cops: Wow. Misery really does love company.

Source: *The Angolite*, the inmate newspaper at Louisiana State Penitentiary

"Shut up or I'll kill you."

HYPERION

Mark-Paul Gosselaar—the *Saved by the Bell* star least worth saving—graduates to a dopey drama as a businessman who returns to his dying hometown to save his brother's marriage, the local economy, and, possibly, his own soul. The big question: Was Screech not available?
(WB, Mondays, 9:00 P.M.)

CUPID

Picture *Ellen*'s Jeremy Piven as a matchmaking cherub who's been sent to Earth to unite 100 couples in romance without the benefit of magic. Never mind...you probably don't want to picture it.
(ABC, Saturdays, 10:00 P.M.)

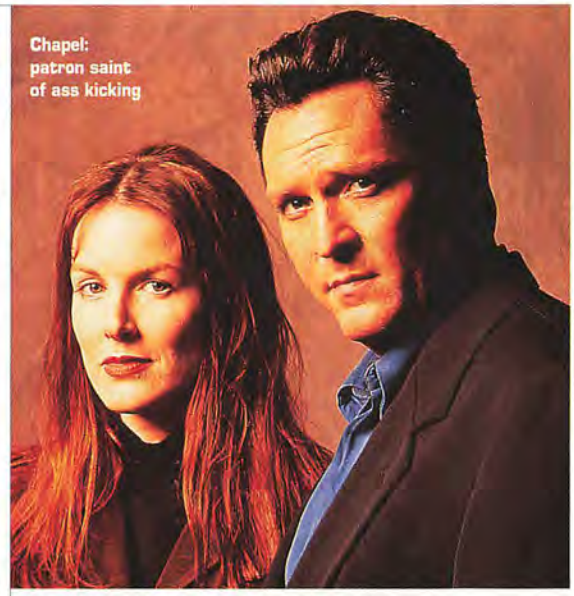
SHOWS THAT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL SORRY FOR THUGS

MR. CHAPEL

A not particularly serene Michael Madsen (*Reservoir Dogs, Donnie Brasco*) stars as a very angry, creepy man. Once a victim of a nasty crime, he's become an Equalizer without the English accent. His shtick: Track down criminals who've somehow beaten the system, then beat the crap out of them. Note to O.J.: "Take Bronco in for tune-up."
(ABC, Thursdays, 8:00 P.M.)

MARTIAL LAW

With Dr. Quinn no longer in, CBS has a new treatment for Saturday-night audiences: violent physical therapy. Sammo Hung (left), a vet from the Chinese chop-socky circuit, plays a martial arts expert who gets his kicks helping L.A. cops give bad guys a special hoof-in-mouth massage.
(CBS, Saturdays, 9:00 P.M.)



Chapel: patron saint of ass kicking

AS THE WORLD TURNS INSANE

You think Jerry Springer's necrophiliac nuns are extreme? Nothing compares with the sick shows offered by our friends in other lands.

"Welcome to Dying for Dollars!"

Interception

Supermarket Sweep too domestic for you? Crime-infested Russia offers this grand-theft game show, in which a contestant actually steals a car and attempts to outrun police on the streets of Moscow; if he eludes the fuzzski for 35 minutes, he wins the car. (A Russian car? Thanks, we'll take the Water Pik instead.)

Endurance

The most popular program of the sadistic Japanese-game-show genre, *Endurance* subjects contestants to extreme physical discomfort—having their heads held underwater while hungry fish nip at their faces; performing handstands in the desert while special lenses concentrate the blazing sun on their bare nipples—all for a grand prize of...a trip to Hawaii.

A Perfect Match

In Australia's NC-17 version of *The Dating Game,* lucky couples are not only paired up for a dream date, they're required to have sex. The catch: They have to go back on the show and describe every (pencil-dicked) detail.

Petrovka 38

Another Russian law-enforcement laff fest—in this slice of real post-Soviet life, officers named Boris and Vlad arrive (too late) at murders, rapes, and mob gunfights, then just kinda look around. They pretty much suck at catching criminals, but the lovingly documented gore makes *Cops* look like *Flipper.*

Buona Doménica ("Have a Good Sunday")

Those uptight Vatican cardinals have been gunning for years to get this Italian variety show canceled. We can't see why: It has featured a man playing Russian roulette before an anxious audience and a guessing-game segment in which a busty minx hides a Magic Marker underneath one of her ample breasts. *Ah, la dolce vita!*

BARELY DISGUISED RERUNS

DIRESTA

John's a brash transit cop with a big heart and a bigger mouth. He's a blue-collar guy who loves his family and would do anything for them. Too bad whatever he tries causes mayhem. Still, in the end—baby, he's the greatest. Stay tuned for the class-action suit filed by Fred Flintstone and Ralph Kramden.
(UPN, Mondays, 8:30 P.M.)

THE SECRET LIVES OF MEN

OK, we admire the effort. A collection of down-in-the-dumps divorcés (Peter Gallagher, Brad Whitford, and Mitch Rouse) share their sorrows in a weekly round of golf. Though unusually well written, this "innovative" show's big secret is that it's one long rerun of the 1996 ABC series *Champs,* in which a group of divorced guys anted up a dwindling pot of laughs in a weekly card game. Hey, ABC! You gotta know when to fold 'em.
(ABC, Wednesdays, 9:30 P.M.)

GUYS LIKE US

Sean and Jared are two regular Joes whose lives take an irregular turn when a new roommate, Jared's younger brother, arrives. At first Sean's psyched at the thought of another roomie—less rent, more beer!—but when Little Bro turns out to be a six-year old, Sean sees they all have some growing ▷

Guys unlike us

The Miracle Remote

***Maxim* designs** an "advanced" remote control that'll turn any lazy boy into an all-powerful, all-conquering, and not particularly pleasant god!

"One more word, Ted, and I'll squash you with my big fluffy bum."

BelchSwitch™ function
Every time someone on TV says the word *love,* it is replaced by an obnoxious, heartfelt burp. Example: "Bu-urrrp means never having to say you're sorry."

Ten-hut button
Thrusts the offensive line of the L.A. Raiders into boring TV (e.g., Barbara Walters interviewing a *defiant* Anne Heche) with merry results.

Nudify button
Makes performers on your screen instantly naked. Danger, porn fans: Using this on actors who are already naked may remove their skin instead.

Intoxicator
The more you click it, the drunker the folks on TV become. Especially effective with squeaky-clean types like Mary Hart, Ted Koppel, and all four Teletubbies.

Tongue function
Makes everyone on your screen grow a 15-foot tongue. Allows viewers to transform the witty sitcom *Friends* into *Disgusting Social Pariahs Who Can't Banter or Even Drink Coffee.*

Big Birdification function
If a news correspondent utters any of the following phrases, Big Bird shows up and sits on him: *Only time will tell, dark days ahead, teens in turmoil, town in trouble, haunting reminder, tykes, Cokie,* and any word that ends in *-gate* (e.g., *Zippergate*).

MindReveal™
Broadcasts what TV stars are thinking instead of the bullshit they're saying (useful when David Letterman interviews any member of the Gore family).

YapRite™
Raises and lowers the pitch of actors' voices. Force Clint Eastwood to squeal his catch phrase, "Make my day," like a tiny Disney creature! Turn Ally McBeal into a gravelly-voiced lesbian!

Rock-opera button
Converts any show—even the news—into an overblown rock opera à la the Who's *Tommy.*

God button
Actually changes the weather outside by triggering hailstorms, so that—unfortunately—you *can't* attend your sister's performance-art piece, *Shingles.* Handy during *Walker, Texas Ranger* reruns.

Mute button
Compels every living creature in a three-mile radius—from girlfriends to bacteria—to curl up and take a nap so you can watch Burger King commercials in silence.

Porn alert
If you're viewing *Chitty Chitty Gang Bang* or *The Ass Menagerie,* this sensor notes the arrival of intruders and transforms your TV set into a sleeping lamb.

Pop-up Punishment
This function ensures that every time one of those annoying VH-1 "pop-up video" bubbles clutters your screen, the show's creator—wherever he is—receives a sudden, sharp pain in the rear ("Ow!").

Chow Now!
Point 'n' click at any food shown (Red Lobster buffets, roasting boars, Soylent Green) and it appears on your coffee table with a side of fries.

Slave-O-Matic
Walk into the room and yell, "Here, boy!" and no matter where it is, the Miracle Remote hops across the room and leaps into your hand.

Photographs, (previous spread, clockwise from the top left): Kwaku Alston (opener); groomer, Richard Downs for Punch N.Y.; remote, courtesy of Sony; lamp courtesy of Pier 1 Imports; Spike Nannarello/CBS; Everett; Andrew Eccles; hair, Saturo for Frame, NYC; makeup, Fran Cooper for the Stephen Knoll Salon; Monty Brinton/CBS; Joseph Viles/CBS; Murray De'Atley; illustration, Rian Hughes (x2).

Brimstone: Satan needs detectives too

up to do. Call it *My Two Moronic Dads;* not to be confused with ABC's rival sibling-sitcom, *Brother's Keeper.* **(UPN, Mondays, 8:00 P.M.)**

"HIGH" CONCEPTS (OR, WHAT WERE THEY SMOKING?)

MERCY POINT

ER meets *E.T.* In the farthest corner of space, a medical station serves men, women, children, and aliens (some of whom *do not even have health insurance*). Houston, we definitely have a problem with this. **(UPN, Tuesdays, 9:00 P.M.)**

BRIMSTONE

The Fugitive meets Stephen King. Detective Zeke Stone (Peter Horton) was a nice guy until his wife was raped—and he murdered the man who did it and ended up in hell. But when 113 evil souls break out of the hot house, Satan (John Glover) sends Stone back to Earth to round them up again and redeem his scorched ass. Sounds like it ought to be called *Spawn of Spawn.* **(Fox, Tuesdays, 9:00 P.M.)**

HOLLYWEIRD

Fame meets *Unsolved Mysteries.* A few good-looking Midwestern kids take their local cable show to California, where they turn their cameras on unsolved Hollywood murders—like the slaying of the Fox exec who greenlighted this show. Produced by Wes Craven (*Scream*) and Shaun Cassidy ("Da Doo Run Run"). **(Fox, Thursdays, 9:00 P.M.)** ▷

Mercy: What's the point?

CREATE YOUR OWN SITCOM

It's easy to invent a surefire network sitcom—especially on UPN! Just follow *Maxim*'s six-step chart.

"Voilà...two parts cheerleaders, one part tornado!"

1. Choose a banal, interchangeable name for your sitcom:
a. *That's Life!*
b. *Starting Over!*
c. *Hey, You!*
d. *Move Over, Natalie!*
e. *The Tony Danza Show*

2. Start with a lead character who will appeal strongly to adults 18–35 and/or teens:
a. Ralf, a half-angel, half-alien dude from a distant planet (via Ireland) who touches people's souls as a competitive skateboarder
b. Gruffy, a pretty teenage FBI agent with a strong interest in creepy paranormal mysteries *and* Leonardo DiCaprio
c. Vicki, the Vice President of the United States: a daffy yet womanly twentysomething who excels at her fast-paced job while spending 23 hours a day looking for Mr. Right
d. Saul, a charismatic bar of soap
e. Stan, a rotting corpse who's also a grade-school nurse

3. Add key supporting characters to lovingly ridicule the lead character and appeal to a secondary demographic (e.g., vindictive losers):

a. Two beautiful Japanese neighbors who can't speak any English yet convey sarcasm through shy, knowing smiles
b. A hard-drinking asshole boss with a heart of pure gold
c. A pathetically sex-obsessed (or chronically sexless) friend who's also disfigured, red-headed, nerdy, overweight, *really* overweight, or Betty White
d. A troll that lives under the stairs
e. Satan, who—in the form of an Ab Roller—taunts the lead character during crucial abdominal workouts

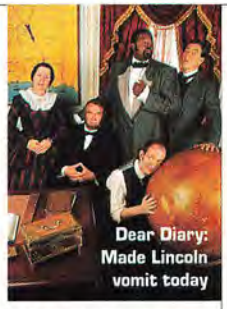
4. Throw in an amusing twist or memorable gimmick:
a. Everyone has only one arm!
b. It's set in Maine!
c. Without warning, the lead character is turned into an enormous, jolly dachshund!
d. Somehow or other, in every episode, Dom DeLuise dies a bloody, bloody death
e. Deaf paraplegics in *Solid Gold*–inspired bodysuits deliver the opening and closing credits in sign language

5. Carefully choose a unique, engaging plot for the pilot:
a. They buy a table at IKEA!
b. They walk upstairs, then down again!
c. They lose their elbows—right before the big game!
d. They get into a spat about oxygen!
e. Conflicts arise when a strange, sad runaway girl with a guitar (portrayed by Jewel in her network TV debut) arrives in a tube top to change everyone's lives!

6. Remember to include a heart-warming moral:
a. "Sodomy is rarely the best policy."
b. "If at first you don't succeed in killing Dom DeLuise, try, try again."
c. "The early bird catches chronic fatigue syndrome."
d. "You know, *Silver Spoons* was really underrated."
e. "Dachshunds have problems, too."

Photographs, (previous spread,clockwise from top left): James Sorenson/WB; Monty Brinton/CBS; Craig Sjodin/ABC; Jon Gipe; Kevin Foley/UPN; Illustration. Chuck Elliott (miracle remote); (inset photos) Everett. Neal Peters Collection; Rian Hughes (boy with fish); this spread.

THE SECRET DIARY OF DESMOND PFEIFFER


Dear Diary: Made Lincoln vomit today

Benson meets *Amistad.* A period comedy about a black English nobleman (Chi Bride) who's mistaken for a slave and shipped off to the United States. There he maneuvers his way onto Abraham Lincoln's White House kitchen staff. How many times have we seen *this* before?
(UPN, Mondays, 9:00 P.M.)

FOR GIRLS...AND GIRL WATCHERS

CHARMED

In this drama, Shannen Doherty—*90210* dropout and, by many accounts, total bitch—concocts a brilliant TV comeback as a witch. When she and her two sisters (magically delicious Holly Marie Combs and Lori Romm) move into their recently deceased parents' spooky home, they realize they have powers far beyond Xena, Sabrina, and Witchiepoo combined. Only flaw: These sappy sorceresses use their craft for good (aww!), not evil. Think *Touched by a Newt.*
(WB, Wednesdays, 9:00 P.M.)

WILL & GRACE

"God wants me to hit you."

Debra Messing—late of Fox's *Ned & Stacey,* another odd-couple comedy—gets rematched. But with Will, there's no way 'cause he's gay. So even though Messing's definitely worth messing around with, file this under *heart-warming.* As Grace, she's sexy, needy, and self-absorbed. Meanwhile, Will is supportive, tidy, and disappointed about the *horrible* way ABC treated Ellen! This *Birdcage* smells like it needs a new lining.
(NBC, Mondays, 9:30 P.M.)

FELICITY

Ally McBeal with books—and one of the most talked-about fall dramas. Cute Keri Russell stars as an extra-fresh college freshman (with several thousand sweaters) who comes to New York City to find herself and go blitheringly guy crazy in a pretty, demure way. We have at least three questions: 1) Will Felicity's fave guy continue to ignore her? 2) Will she ignore the nice guy who wants her bad? 3) Will we be able to ignore everything except her?
(WB, Tuesdays, 9:00 P.M.)

Felicity and her moron pals

JESSE

Christina Applegate is unmarried with children in this sitcom with a can't-lose time slot on NBC's Must-See Thursday (wedged in between *Friends* and *Frasier*). The former babelicious Bundy is now a nicely filled-out single mom who's raising a son, waitressing in an Oktoberfestive German-style bar, and dealing with her dad and bros at home. Might sound mumdrum, but with Applegate wearing the maternity suit, this is one mother superior.
(NBC, Thursdays, 8:30 P.M.)

What If *Maxim* Ran the Networks?

Tired of wimpy shows with inadequate amounts of sex and mayhem? If *Maxim* called the shots—and it's a good thing we don't—the current offerings would be ever so slightly tweaked:

Touched by a Hell's Angel: Earthlings who are struggling bravely with life's big questions are mercifully pummeled with crowbars by God's own bikers.

Buffy the Ally McBeal Slayer: Frees up countless miniskirts for Sabrina, the Increasingly Voluptuous Witch, to wear.

60 Minutes of America's Funniest Videos: "Hi, I'm Mike Wallace." "I'm Ed Bradley." "I'm Morley Safer." "And these are some of the most humiliating videos of world leaders in supremely compromising situations."

Live With Regis and Tommy Lee: Every time Regis giggles or mugs for the audience, Tommy (Mötley Crüe) bitch-slaps him.

Suddenly Sousa: A routine sitcom takes on an element of suspense when—at unexpected moments each week—a large marching band playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever" crashes through walls and tramples Brooke Shields.

Two Guys, a Girl, and Viagra: The comedic possibilities keep growing when three roommates get the wrong prescription for vitamin supplements and a new craving for togetherness!

Caroline in the Hood: Bored with her painfully white existence, Caroline packs up and busts a move uptown to hang with the Wayans brothers on the WB network and see if size *does* matter.

Clinically Insane About You: Helen Hunt and Paul Reiser, those yappy yuppies on *Mad About You,* are committed to a psychiatric prison—and forced to view Paul's amusing AT&T commercials nonstop.

Martha Stewart Dominatrixing: Exciting new ways to make your S&M lifestyle a good thing: Trim your handcuffs with fresh pear blossoms; build your own ceiling-mounted harness out of maple-smoked bison skin; sew your own calfskin hood; add fresh dill to your scalding candle wax.

MSNBCNN: When two 24-hour news channels decide to merge, breaking stories in Iran are overshadowed by steamy on-air catfights between Jane Pauley and Bobbie Battista.

Sabrina: Now available in more miniskirts

(clockwise from top left): Michael Courtney/Fox; Kevin Foley/UPN; Andrew Eccles; hair & makeup, Eric Barnard for Cloutier; manicurist, Deborah Espisito for Cloutier; Victor Scocozza/FPG; Neal Peters Collection (Sabrina's head); James Sorenson/WB; V. Pearson/County Stars/Sygma; Henryk T. Kaiser/Envision; Kevin Foley/UPN; Tony Stone; illustration, Rian Hughes (x3).

THE FALL GIRLS

Maxim scanned the season's new TV shows for the women most likely to turn us into bigger couch potatoes than we already are. Get ready to watch and yearn. Photographs by Andrew Eccles

LAURA PREPON

You know her as: Chloe, the best thing to happen to blue jeans since the button fly, on the popular Levi's Internet series *They Go On.*
New show: *Feelin' Alright,* a sitcom about high-school buds trying to survive the music, clothes, and problematically bulky rec-room furniture of the '70s. (Fox, Sundays, 8:30 P.M.)
She plays: The sexy tomboy next door, ready to party at the drop of a Supertramp eight-track. "Even in real life, I'd rather hang out with guys," says Laura. "They say whatever's on their minds."
'70s handicap: Born in 1980, Laura just missed the Me Decade but has been studying up on its cultural impact. "Free love *sounds* great," she reports wistfully.
Favorite Charlie's Angel: "Tanya Roberts, because she was the only redhead Angel—and she plays my mom on the new show."

Styling assistant, Cindy Lopez; Hair and make-up by Eric Barnard for Cloutier; manicure, Lisa Jachno for Cloutier. This page: stretch button down and brown suede miniskirt, all by Family Jewels. Next page: black sequined tank: Moschino Couture; bikini brief, BodyGlove

JACINDA BARRETT

You know her as: The Aussie cast member on MTV's *The Real World* (London) who turned us into voyeurs quicker than you can say "Cut to the shower cam."

New show: *Wind on Water,* an ESPN2-meets-*Dynasty* drama set in Hawaii, in which two brothers save the family cattle ranch by, uh, surfing. (NBC, Saturdays, 8 P.M.)

She plays: A resort developer's daughter who'd rather hang ten with the two brothers than cope with her dirty-dealing dad.

Extreme hobby: Skydiving. "It gets scarier the more you do it. After a while, you realize you're flinging yourself out of a perfectly good plane for no apparent reason."

Oops: Her first night in Hawaii, she drained six mai tais, unaware of their wallop. "I was dancing on tables, grabbing the band's mike. I couldn't walk the next day."

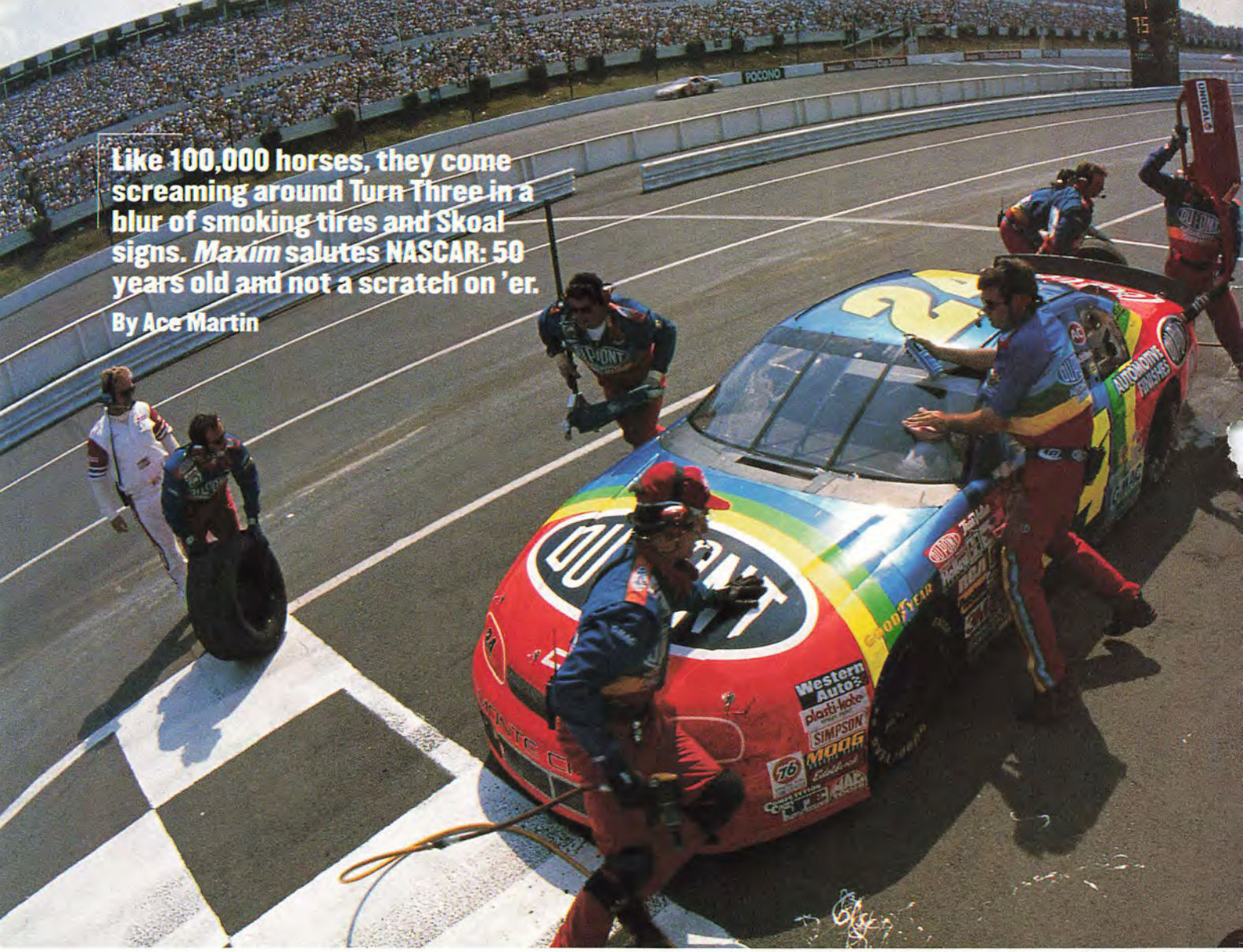
MADCHEN AMICK

You know her as: *Twin Peaks*' Shelly, the hottest diner waitress ever to serve up rhubarb pie.
New show: *Fantasy Island,* a twisted update of the '70s series, with Malcolm McDowell as Mr. Roarke. Neither the show nor Madchen's body has a Tattoo: "I *do* have a little birthmark shaped like a lemon on my thigh," she says. "Does that count?" (ABC, Saturdays, 9 P.M.)
She plays: Ariel, a mystical shape-shifter (personally, we don't see the need) who makes the guests' fantasies come disturbingly true. "She breaks every rule. She even uses her sexuality on her boss [Mr. Roarke] to get in good with him."
Favorite fantasy: To be a fly on the wall at an audition. "Then if someone said ugly things about me, I'd turn into a wasp and get instant revenge."

This page: White dress by Betsy Johnson, shoes by Emporio Armani.
Next page: white tank by Guess?; black leather pants by Guy Fulop

TAMMY LAUREN

You know her as: The toughest female crime fighter on TV in *Walker, Texas Ranger.*
New show: *Martial Law:* chop-socky flick meets TV cop show, with Sammo Hung, the amusingly fat Asian superstar, kung-fu fighting L.A. thugs. (CBS, Saturdays, 9 P.M.)
She plays: An LAPD cop who butts heads with her new colleague Hung. "I've done all my own stunts," says Tammy, a black belt since age 13. "The director cuts me no slack."
Don't taunt her: After a buff valet dissed her, she decked him so hard, he called for police protection. "When you're young and full of piss and vinegar, you do crazy things."
Favorite Asian food: Tempura. No sushi, please: "I like my food cooked—and by cooked I mean *deep-fried*!"



Like 100,000 horses, they come screaming around Turn Three in a blur of smoking tires and Skoal signs. *Maxim* salutes NASCAR: 50 years old and not a scratch on 'er.

By Ace Martin

BLOOD, SWEAT A

Imagine yourself burning up the freeway doing 70 or 80 miles per hour. Suddenly somebody blows by you at around 120 mph. Kamikaze nutbag, right?

Now imagine *you're* the one moving at that terrifyingly break-neck speed and you're sitting behind the engine of a $200,000 muscle car rattling like it's being throttled by the devil. The stench of gasoline and burning rubber is making you loopy; the roar of your engine threatens to deafen you.

Now push it up to 180 mph—hairy beyond your wildest dreams. Only you're no longer driving on a nice flat straightaway—you're hauling ass on a coffee-spilling 36-degree bank. (The G-force from a mere 31-degree grade at 140 mph makes it almost impossible to lift your head off your shoulder.) And now there are two dozen other emblazoned bombers roaring alongside you at the same reckless speed, packed in tighter than gay anchovies. Adrenaline is spurting out of your pores, and try as you might, you can't shake the knowledge that you are mere inches away from one of the gnarliest deaths possible on planet Earth.

This goes on for the next 500 miles.

Pro baseball hasn't been played in Brooklyn for 40 years, and the NHL can't ditch Canada fast enough. But NASCAR, ever since the first races on the hard sands of Daytona Beach in the 1930s, has remained true to its roots. Races are still held in small antebellum towns impervious to the ravages of time and the lure of big-city money. Darlington, South Carolina. Bristol, Tennessee. Talladega, Alabama. NASCAR at 50 isn't radically different from NASCAR at five. It's just faster, cooler, and way, way more popular.

It is generally argued that the event that coaxed NASCAR out of

ND GEARS

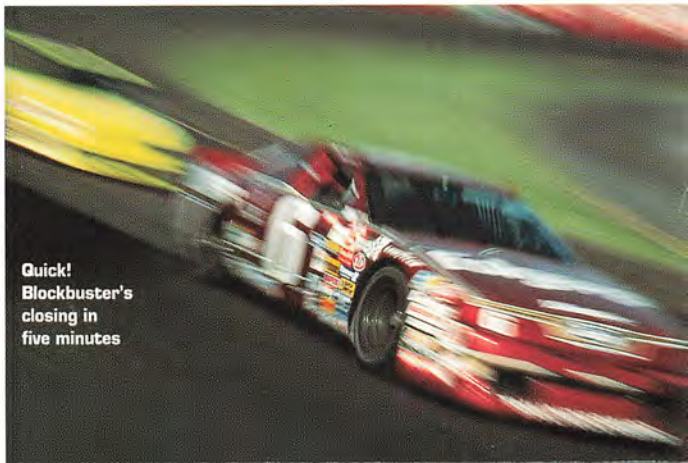
On a typical weekend, the equivalent of two Super Bowl crowds piles into a stadium to watch a race.

the back streets was the 1979 Daytona 500. The first stock-car race ever televised nationwide flag-to-flag, it was a doozie of a debut. Cale Yarborough, that midget in a Stetson, was duking it out with Donnie Allison on the last lap when the two brought each other low and, having simply run out of room, wrecked spectacularly. An enraged Allison leaped out of his smoking Buick and attacked Yarborough with his fists. Bobby Allison, a lap behind and out of the money anyway, pulled over for the hell of it and joined the fray as Richard Petty—running third before the fracas—skulked by for the win. The cameras caught it all, and the action riveted couch potatoes and made lifelong NASCAR converts. In the Nielsen ratings, the show lapped its competition—including golf on NBC and international championship boxing on ABC—and even won an Emmy.

Other factors contributed to NASCAR's rise to glory in the '80s. Ken Squier, the Pat Summerall of stock cars, argues that NASCAR's real turning point came in 1984, with the advent of the in-car camera. Suddenly the TV audience could see what the driver sees and hear every boom and shrieking twist of metal. It's fun to watch a flock of cars beetle around a track from above, but it isn't until you get to ride with the drivers that the brutal, rocket-sled-on-rails experience becomes addictive. At around the same time, a fledgling network called ESPN emerged and invested heavily in NASCAR, largely because it couldn't afford the rights to other sports. By the late '80s, every race was televised, and stock-car racing was on the map.

And the fan support hasn't diminished: NASCAR attendance has grown an astounding 65 percent in the last six years. On a typical weekend, the equivalent of two Super Bowl crowds piles into a stadium to see a race, with 10 million TV viewers riding shotgun at home. What accounts for the numbers? Undoubtedly NASCAR's picked up some fans who were disillusioned with other major sports, those playgrounds for pampered millionaires. At its heart, though, NASCAR simply has a more basic connection to its fans: We don't often get to hit fastballs or kick field goals in real life, but God damn it, we drive cars.

Another key factor driving NASCAR's popularity: the potential for entertaining mayhem, even disaster. Though serious accidents are rare, they're obviously more of an issue here than in other sports. (Name the last PGA players to collide and erupt in a fireball.) In April 1996, Ricky Craven went airborne in Turn One at Talladega, crashed and ricocheted backward onto the track, then bounced upside down off several cars, which smashed into one another like props in a cheap comedy. Craven doesn't remember the crash—he had mercifully ▷



Quick! Blockbuster's closing in five minutes

Mom's chili in the fuel tank: bad idea

blacked out—but it's one of the best pieces of NASCAR footage ever, proving that crashes don't have to end tragically to make good theater.

The real NASCAR experience can't be captured by TV, of course. For that, you have to buy yourself a yellow school bus and outfit it with a bathroom and kitchenette. Spend a weekend in the infield, that redneck Woodstock where disciples of the Church of the Sweet Science of Speed get buzzed on a 100-degree day and scream their lungs raw as their boy goes low for the lead. Kinda makes tailgating at Giants Stadium feel like a wine-and-cheese party at Yale.

Head deeper inside the oval, through concentric circles of fences, and you'll ultimately reach its vortex: Pit Road, the ER of racing. See that silver-haired executive with his arm around Geoff Bodine's tire changer? He'll make 15 mil this year and has stock options worth 50 times that. But when that announcer says, "Gentlemen, start your engines," and more people than live in Trenton, New Jersey stand and yell their heads off in the grandstands, and 43 engines flare with a collective 30,000 horsepower, and your head gets light—it's not that exec but the tire changer, the guy who looks like the 7-Eleven Slurpee jockey, who becomes The Man.

When 43 engines flare with the power of 30,000 horses, your head gets light.

Stock-car racing has always been about such salt-of-the-earth guys with dirt under their nails and transmission fluid in their veins. Guys who collect grudges like old parts: As one story goes, BDR Motorsports' Junior Johnson hated Richard Petty so much (Petty was a stone cold killer when it came to beating Johnson's drivers) that he taped the King's photo to the urinal in his race shop.

NASCAR drivers may not be athletes in the Kordell Stewart sense, but you can't fault their grit. Bobby Hamilton, one of three drivers profiled in Shaun Assael's *Wide Open: Days and Nights on the NASCAR Tour,* went temporarily blind after hitting the wall during a run-of-the-mill practice. Ten minutes after the accident, when his sight returned, he was back on the job. What would have kept you or me out of a car for years was, for Hamilton, another day at the office.

As the stakes go up for NASCAR—as the crowds get bigger and the television ratings and ad dollars climb—the pressure increases for drivers to work on their hair, speak with telegenic accents, and otherwise put on the ritz. Jeff Gordon, winner of last year's Daytona 500, is the golden boy of the new breed prophesied by the Tom Cruise role in 1990's *Days of Thunder.* Five years into his Winston Cup racing career, Gordon made *People* magazine's ▷

REINVENTING THE WHEEL

The evolution of the stock car: a decade-by-decade comparison. By Stan Creekmore

The '50s

As the name implies, stock cars were once production-run street models; racers would often drive to the speedway in the same car they'd later race in. Powerful V-8s filled the bellies of Cadillacs, Lincolns, Mercedes, and bygone classics like the Hudson Hornet. The long march toward proper racecars began with specific safety and communication innovations like the first two-way radio, in 1952.

The '60s

Drivers and crews started modifying their cars: tearing out back seats, adding roll bars, beefing up suspensions. Engines ballooned up to 427 cubic inches (compare to today's max, 358 cu in.), thrusting the era's Fords, Chryslers, and Mercurys ever closer to the once formidable 200 mph barrier. To be on the safe side, gas tanks were replaced by the safer "fuel cell," an expandable rubber bladder inside a steel shell.

The '70s

On March 24, 1970, Buddy Baker took a Dodge Daytona over the 200 mph barrier at Talladega, Alabama, and a new age was born. Manufacturers began producing cars specifically for stock-car racing, starting with a chassis and frame built to NASCAR specs, attaching driver roll cages, then slapping on a manufacturer-supplied body and an engine tuned far beyond any factory specifications.

The '80s

By the time Reagan left office, the only stock things about the stock car were the floor pan, the roof, the hood, the rear-deck lid, and the ashtray; everything else was purpose-built for safety and performance. Innovations included replacing the old bias-ply tire with a compound radial that cornered better, helping to push the speed envelope: In 1987, Bill Elliott turned 212.809 mph at Talladega.

The '90s

Today's machine is a tight, powerful rocket. Advances in aerodynamics, like Chrysler's cab-forward design, let cars corner faster; and driver control is becoming a major concern. But NASCAR has shaved 1,000 lbs from its weight limit, lessening the effects of inertia during crashes, and now requires roof flaps to keep cars from taking flight and a roof safety bar in case of roll-overs.

Photographs, opening spread (clockwise from top left) Greg Crisp; William Sallaz/Duomo; Eric Axene; (this page, clockwise from top) Greg Crisp; Brian Spurlock; B. Muscolino/Allsport; Pete Biro/Sports Illustrated; UPI/Corbis-Bettmann; AP.

While most breasts today are bought,
it's nice to know you can also rent them.

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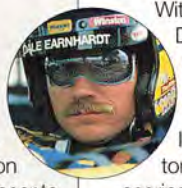
Stock Boys

Maxim salutes 10 gritty living legends of NASCAR.

Junior Johnson

After running Daddy's moonshine all over North Carolina, Johnson took his swamp racer to the stock-car circuit in 1953. He won the 1960 Daytona 500 and 49 other Grand National races, placing him eighth on NASCAR's all-time win list. As a team owner, Johnson has had 130 wins and six series championships.



Dale Earnhardt

With his 1998 Daytona 500 win, The Intimidator is still scaring the bejesus out of the pack. The '79 Rookie of the Year and '80 series champ has slashed his way to 71 series wins (sixth all-time), $30 million in winnings (first), and the fans' vote this year as NASCAR's greatest ever.

Richard Petty

The dominant driver of the '60s and '70s, Petty was the sport's first true superstar. Son of legend Lee, King Richard won 200 series races (first) and seven series championships in his 35-year career. In '67 he won 27 of 48 races (including 10 in a row) and finished second seven times.

Bobby Allison

Beginning with the '66 series, this 'Bama boy challenged the dominance of Carolina-born drivers for 20 years with his Alabama Gang. Allison won 84 series races (fourth), the '83 championship, and three Daytonas, including '88, when he edged his son Davey for the win.

David Pearson

Known as The Silver Fox for his graying locks and sly driving style, Pearson spent 26 years chasing Richard Petty's taillights all over the circuit. He's second on the all-time win list with 105; he won the Daytona 500 in '76; took 11 of the 18 Cup events he entered in '73; and took the national championship three of the four years he contended for it.

Lee Petty

Father of Richard, granddad of Kyle, Lee crashed the family Buick in his first Grand National race, in '49. But with a new set of wheels, Petty went on to win the inaugural Daytona 500 in '59, three Grand National series championships, and 54 series races (seventh). A bad crash at Daytona ended his career in '61.

Cale Yarborough

Yarborough was a devil on the track; he and his crew almost never pulled out of a race, helping him run up nearly as many career miles as Richard Petty in just half the races. He took the flag in four Daytona 500s, won the championship in '76, '77, and '78, and scored 83 Winston Cup/Grand National wins (fifth).

A.J. Foyt

Motorsports' most versatile driver, Foyt joins Mario Andretti as the only men to win both the Indianapolis 500 (IndyCars) and the Daytona 500 (stock cars). The difference: Foyt won at Indy not once but four times. In his spare time, the Houston native also took the flag in seven Winston Cup competitions.

Buddy Baker

The son of two-time champion Buck Baker, Buddy has 19 circuit wins, 202 top-five finishes (ninth), and 40 pole positions (10th, behind Dad). He was the first to bust the 200 mph barrier (Talladega, '70), earning himself the nickname Leadfoot. The purty-talker is now a commentator for CBS Sports and TNN.

Bill Elliott

"Awesome Bill from Dawsonville" has already been inducted into the Georgia Sports Hall of Fame, and he ain't done yet. Besides a Winston Cup championship, 40 series victories (including two at Daytona), and NASCAR's first million-dollar purse (which he won in 1985), Elliott has been voted NASCAR's most popular driver 12 times.

R. Petty, Focus on Sports; J. Johnson, AP; D. Earnhardt, Greg Crisp; R. Petty, Greg Crisp; B. Allison, AP; D. Pearson, UPI/Corbis-Bettmann; L. Petty, Daytona Racing Archives; C. Yarborough, AP; A. J. Foyt, Sporting News/Archive Photos; B. Baker and B. Elliott, UPI/Corbis-Bettmann(x2); checkered flag, David Madison/Duomo; crash, George Tiedemann/Sports Illustrated.

It all started with a front-row miniskirt

1997 "Fifty Most Beautiful People" list. Not exactly the type who'd cold-cock a drunk for gettin' cheeky with his chick, iffen you get our drift.

But NASCAR's in no danger of going Hollywood. There's too much oil and dirt involved, too much sweat and steam, blood and guts. Dirty hands are honest hands: We relate to these guys who live to drive and drive to live.

So here's a toast to the unreconstructed, those drivers who gut it out every week in something other than state-of-the-art equipment, the good old boys who keep the passion alive. Jimmy Spencer, Rick Mast, Ernie Irvan, Derrike Cope, Dick Trickle, Dave Marcis…the list goes on and on. You don't see their mugs on television that much. They're throwbacks to an era before cool suits and power steering and caution flags that wave far too long. An era when a bastard Southern-backwoods sport was quietly tearing up black-and-white cotton-mill towns. As NASCAR guns her old engines and heads for those big-city lights, we know in our hearts she'll never forget where she came from.

And if she does, Fireball Roberts will come back from the grave and kick everybody's ass. M

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By Michael Anthony

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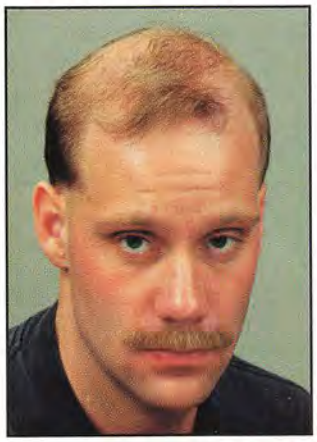

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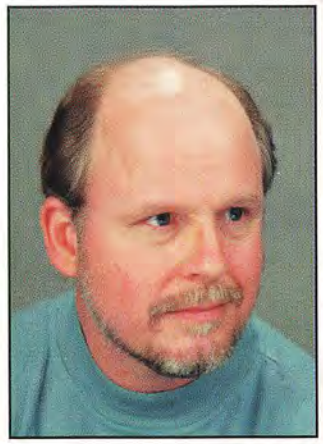

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LUST

The Suit: Doing the Don Juan thing gets pricey, so stem the cash flow with an affordable pinstriped suit, $295—with buttons enough for at least two of your many girlfriends to undo. All men's apparel by Tommy Hilfiger

The Splurge: With the $705 left over, push their buttons: the ones marked EXPENSIVE NIGHTIES DRIVE ME WILD. Lingerie by La Petite Coquette

7 DEADLY SUITS

We start with $1,000, then show you seven ways to score a killer suit *and* have enough cash left over to sin like Satan.

Photographs by Antoine Verglas

GLUTTONY

The Suit: Excess? Not in the sharp lines of this subtly iridescent suit, $400, by Ron Chereskin. Its echoes of martini time Rat Pack style, however, make us positively parched! Shirt by Van Heusen; tie and belt by Perry Ellis Portfolio; shoes by Hush Puppies

The Splurge: The remaining $600 buys enough beer to: a) laboriously stack to form a wall, b) share with your 100 new friends, or c) find out what it's like to explode.

SLOTH

The Suit: As close as we could get to a suit you'll want to curl up in: this nubby, comfy, thick-wool number, $425, from Nautica by David Chu. Tie from Nautica by David Chu; shirt by Van Heusen; belt by Perry Ellis Portfolio

The Splurge: Those *Friends* guys have them. Admit it, you want one too. Sink into kingly repose in this La-Z-Boy—it retails for $699, but who ever pays full fare?

PRIDE

The Suit: With your superior instincts, you nabbed this great two-button suit by Claiborne for only $425. Shirt by Van Heusen; tie and belt by Perry Ellis Portfolio; shoes by Hush Puppies

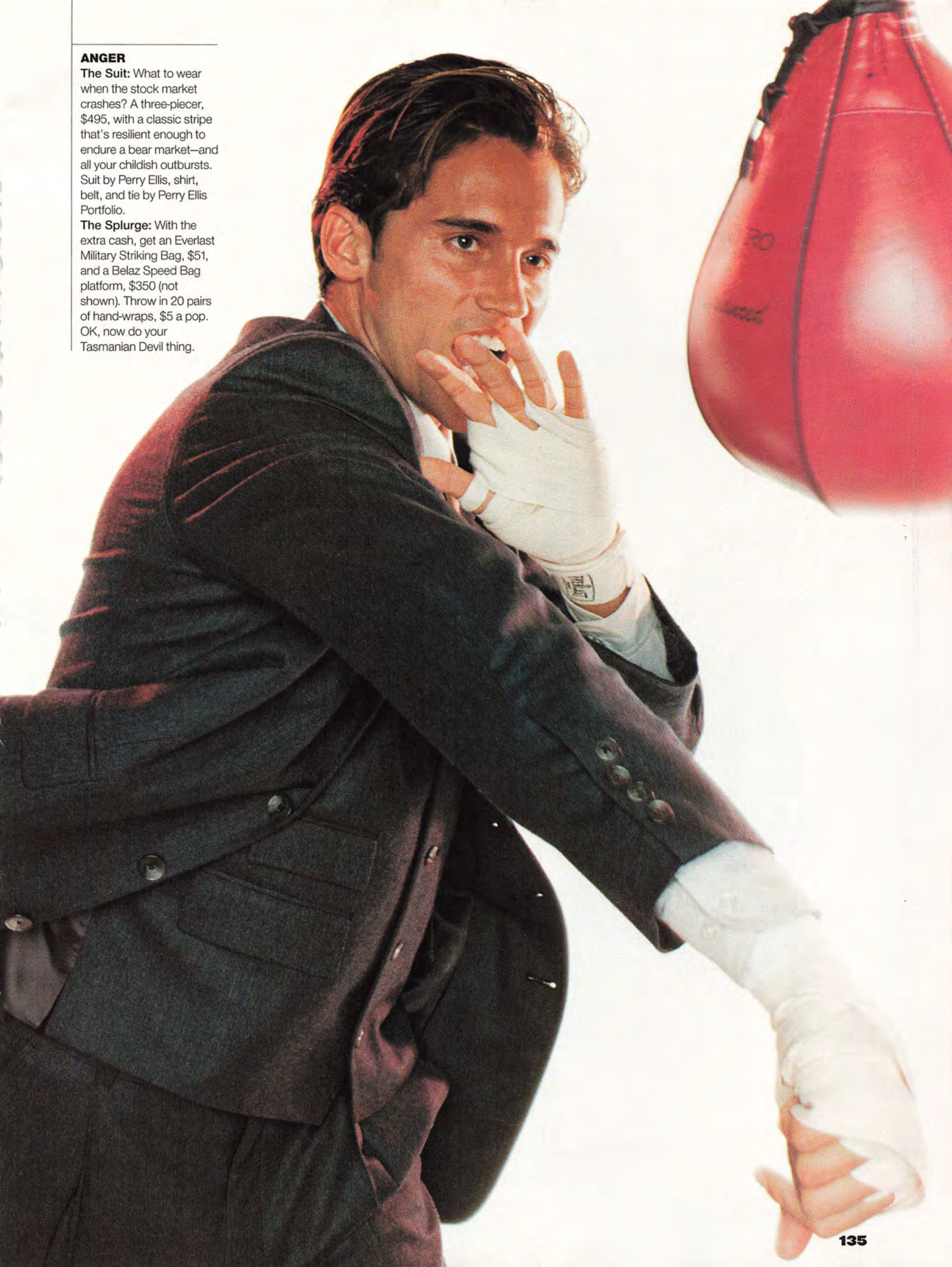
The Splurge: A little picture, $575 (unframed), to remind you and everybody else just how amazing you are.

Photographs, Antoine Verglas for Jean Gabriel Kauss; Styling by Stan Williams; hair: Ric Pipino for Bryan Bantry; makeup: Clorinda Vitale for Marek & Assoc.; women's styling by Karen Shapiro; fashion assistance by Yesenia Alfaro; poster (this page) photograph, Chris Rogers for AKA Reps; groomer,Rowland Brummer for Punch N.Y.

ANGER

The Suit: What to wear when the stock market crashes? A three-piecer, $495, with a classic stripe that's resilient enough to endure a bear market—and all your childish outbursts. Suit by Perry Ellis, shirt, belt, and tie by Perry Ellis Portfolio.

The Splurge: With the extra cash, get an Everlast Military Striking Bag, $51, and a Belaz Speed Bag platform, $350 (not shown). Throw in 20 pairs of hand-wraps, $5 a pop. OK, now do your Tasmanian Devil thing.



ENVY

The Suit: To make coworkers turn green, drop 3/4 of your $1,000 on this enviably tailored pinstriped suit, $725. Shirt, suit, and cuff links by Burberry; tie by Robert Talbott; shoes by To Boot New York Adam Derrick

The Splurge: Rev the envy factor on a BMW motorcycle ($250 for a two-day rental). California Motorcycle Rental, Ltd., serves jealousy-provoking people nationwide: (619) 581-6879.

GREED

The Suit: For a premium suit on your budget, grab this European-made masterwork, $950, with unpredictable stripes that say "fashion"—not to mention "Get out of my way!" All apparel by BOSS Hugo Boss

The Splurge: Not enough for you? Have it all—or at least 25 chances to win a few measly millions—with $50 worth of lottery tickets. And even if you don't strike it rich, your new suit lets you fake it plausibly. See Buying Guide, p. 138

COMING NEXT MONTH IN MAXIM

REBECCA GAYHEART
The sultry star of upcoming fright flick *Urban Legend* lets her wicked side out for Halloween.

MAXIM GOES TO HELL
We visit America's favorite eternal-vacation destination and give you the lowdown on what to do and see in this fiery lakeside resort.

THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST THINGS
Powerful poisons, killer kitchen appliances, and wicked weapons; the stuff most likely to bring a smile to the Grim Reaper's face

YOU SCREWED UP...NOW WHAT?

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BUYING GUIDE

THE $100 TIE
Pages 144–145: Ties by Dormeuil at Dormeuil. Ralph Lauren Purple Label at Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus, and Stanley Korshak. XMI New York at Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom. Turnbull & Asser at Turnbull & Asser New York, Bergdorf Goodman, and Neiman Marcus. Charles Hill for British Apparel at Harrison Limited.

7 DEADLY SUITS
Page 130: Suit, $295, shirt, $55, and tie, $45.50, by Tommy Hilfiger at Dillards, Macy's, and Parisian's.
Page 132: Suit, $400, by Ron Chereskin at Men's Wearhouse. Shirt, $28, by Van Heusen at Macy's and JC Penney. Tie, $40, by Perry Ellis Portfolio at Macy's, Marshall Field's, and Lord & Taylor. Shoes, $85, by Hush Puppies; call (800) 626-8696.
Page 133: Suit, $425, from Nautica by David Chu at Lord & Taylor, Macy's, and Dillards. Shirt, $28, by Van Heusen at Macy's and JC Penney. Tie, $38.50, from Nautica by David Chu at Lord & Taylor, Macy's, and Dillards. Belt, $35, by Perry Ellis Portfolio at Macy's, Marshall Field's, and Lord & Taylor.
Page 134: Suit, $425, by Claiborne at Lord & Taylor, Macy's, and Filene's. Tie, $40, by Perry Ellis Portfolio at Macy's, Marshall Field's, and Lord & Taylor. Shoes, $80, by Hush Puppies; call (800) 626-8696.
Page 135: Suit, $495, by Perry Ellis; shirt, $45, tie, $40, belt, $35; all by Perry Ellis Portfolio, all at Macy's, Dayton's, Hudson's, Marshall Field's, and Lord & Taylor.
Page 136: Suit, $725, shirt, $75, and cuff links, $240, by Burberry at Boyd's for Men in Philadelphia; Gaidry in Lafayette, LA; and Burberry stores worldwide. Tie, $95, by Robert Talbott at Bergdorf Goodman and Nordstrom. Shoes, $255, by To Boot New York Adam Derrick at Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom, and Bergdorf Goodman.
Page 137: Suit, $950, shirt, $145, and tie, $95, by BOSS Hugo Boss at BOSS Hugo Boss shops, Short Hills, NJ; Dallas; and Los Angeles. Belt, $110, by Trafalgar at men's specialty stores.

Photographs, (clockwise from the top left): Stephen Danilian/Outline; Pete Turner/Image Bank; H. Armstrong Roberts; Antoine Verglas; Styling, Stan Williams; Hair, Ric Pipino for Bryan Bantry; Makeup, Clorinda for Marek & Assoc.; John Cancalosi/Peter Arnold,Inc.

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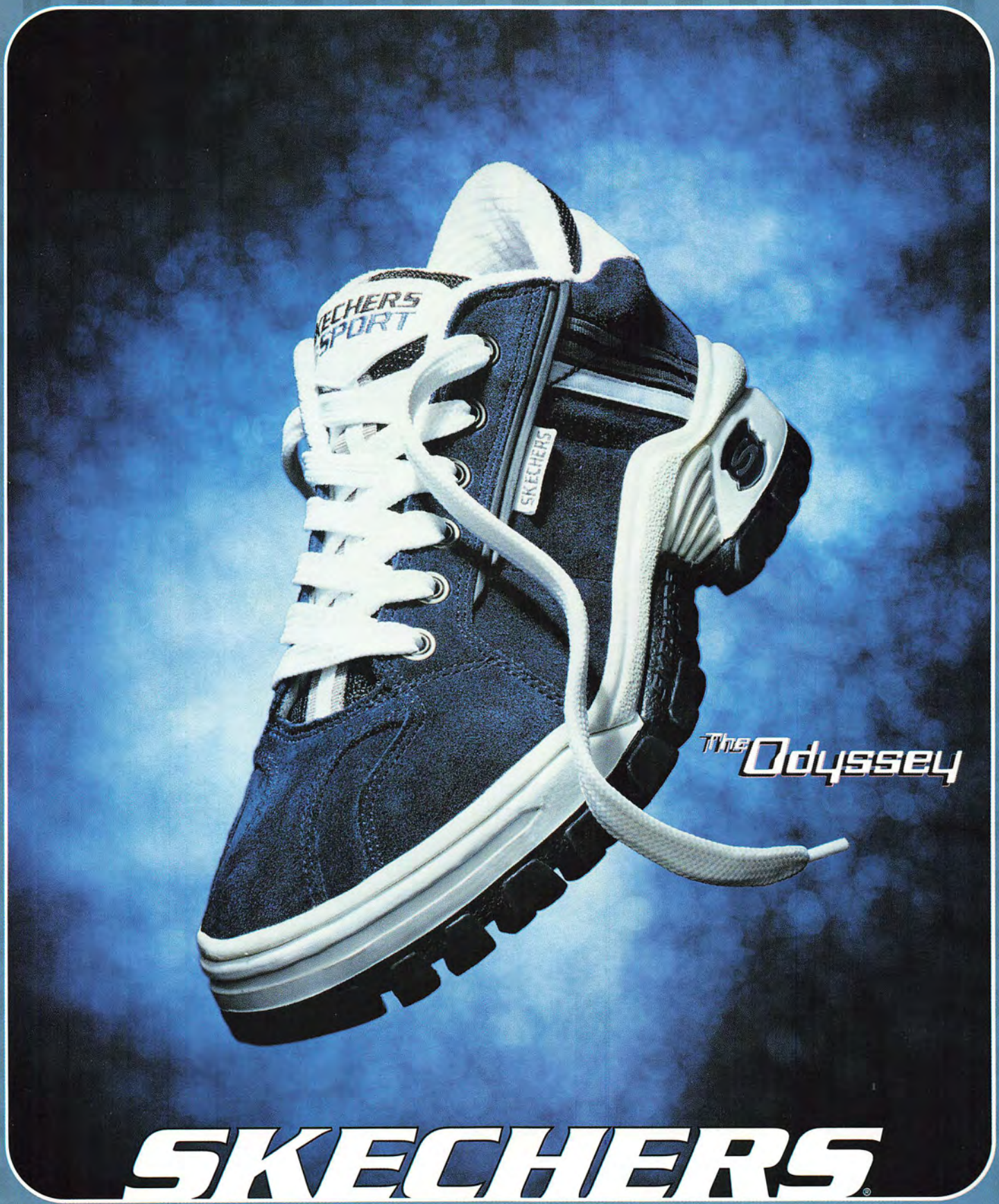

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SHOT TO HELL

Doing shots isn't just about getting hammered. It's about bonding through shared suffering...and drawing a crowd of rubberneckers to gawk at your misery. Here are some of the wildest, most creative shots we've ever tossed back.

CHILLY WILLY

1 shot glass or old fashioned glass with concave base
1 tsp to 1 Tbsp chilled vodka
Flip glass upside down, load with vodka, and snort. Yes, through your nose. Zin-n-n-n-ng!

DOCTOR PEPPER

3/4 oz amaretto
1/4 oz Bacardi 151
1 lager beer in a mug or pint glass
Top amaretto with 151, light the shot, drop it into the beer, and chug—extra style points if you can catch the shot glass in your teeth when draining the beer. The drink of choice for softening up Southern college coeds.

PURPLE FUCK

1 shot sambuca
1 shot tequila (in separate glass)
1 straw
Sip sambuca through straw as an attractive friend keeps that glass full by adding tequila. The mix will slowly turn from 100% sweet to 100% ugly; the straw doubles the buzz. Why purple? No reason—in fact, if your face turns purple, what you've got is not a straw but a *coffee stirrer.*

FOUR HORSEMEN

1/2 oz Bacardi 151
1/2 oz Jägermeister
1/2 oz Rumple Minze
1/2 oz Goldschläger
1 spoon

By slowly pouring them over back of spoon, layer Horsemen in shot glass in order listed. Drink. See visions of Apocalypse.

BLOODY BRAIN

1 1/4 oz light rum
1/4 to 1/2 tsp Baileys Irish Cream
2 drops grenadine

Pour Baileys into center of rum-filled shot glass, where it will hang in a brainlike mass; add grenadine for ersatz blood and drink it up.

HOT LICK

1 shot sambuca
1 microwave oven
1 match

Put sambuca in microwave for 12–15 seconds, then *carefully* light alcohol fumes for billowing, eerie blue flame. Great entertainment value, especially if you forget to blow it out before drinking it. (Warning: As you get loopy, be extra cautious with the matches, butterfingers.)

PUNISHMENT SHOTS

Whether it's quarters, cards, pool, or darts...here's what to make the loser drink.

DRAGON PISS

3/4 oz butterscotch schnapps
1 oz hot cinnamon schnapps
4 oz Mountain Dew

Mix it up and sock it back. Drink enough of these and you'll be breathing fire, all right—though not through your first-choice orifice.

STOPLIGHT

1 shot cherry brandy
1 shot Galliano in separate glass
1 shot Midori (or other melon liqueur) in separate glass

Stack shot glasses (from top to bottom: red, yellow, green) and present. (The colors are the important part, obviously: Substitute grenadine-laced vodka, banana liqueur, and crème de menthe, or other variants.)

CEMENT MIXER

1 shot Baileys Irish Cream
1 shot lime juice in separate glass

Have target sucker pour Baileys, then lime juice, into mouth without drinking them. Instruct him or her—OK, her—to swish the two around for a bit. Within moments, the citrus in the lime will curdle the cream in the Baileys, solidifying both shots into a disgusting clay-like ball. (Cement—get it?) If she doesn't swallow, it's the spanking machine.

"Never touch the stuff myself..."

PRAIRIE CHICKEN

1/2 oz tequila
1 Tbsp Tabasco sauce
1 raw egg

Mix the liquids; drop in the egg; distribute the punishment. Unrestricted access to a bathroom is a must.

Photographs: Satoshi; Foto Fantasies(dragon)

JUMBO-LAYA!

From the heart of the bayou, the king of the one-pot meals. By Leslie Blanchard

Jambalaya says New Orleans like chowder says Boston. Born of French and African influences, this dish reflects its mixed parentage in its name, which derives from *jambon-à la-ya*, where *jambon* is French for "ham" and *ya* is an African word for "rice." Ham à la rice is just the beginning, of course: Jambalaya is traditionally a kitchen sink of tasty animal chunks, including beef, pork, fowl, smoked sausage, ham, and seafood, in any combination, spiced to perfection. Here's our favorite recipe—grab a bowl and pull up a stump.

INGREDIENTS

1 lb shrimp, peeled and deveined
1 lb chicken breasts, cubed
2 tsp paprika
Salt and fresh ground pepper
1 Tbsp fresh thyme, chopped
3 Tbsp hot sauce
1 Tbsp olive oil
1 lb andouille (or other hot sausage), sliced into rounds
1½ cups onions
2 Tbsp minced garlic
1½ cups chopped green peppers
1½ cups chopped yellow peppers
1½ cups chopped celery
1 28 oz can chopped or crushed tomatoes
3 bay leaves
2 tsp Worcestershire sauce
3 cups chicken stock
2 cups rice
¼ cup chopped parsley
½ cup chopped scallions

In a glass bowl, combine shrimp, chicken breasts, paprika, salt and pepper, thyme, and hot sauce. Heat olive oil in large stock pan; when hot, add andouille and sauté for 5 minutes, stirring once so that all sides brown. Add onions to pan and sauté another 5 minutes. Stir in shrimp-and-chicken mixture, garlic, peppers, and celery and sauté 3 minutes, stirring once. Stir in remaining ingredients except rice, bring to a boil, then add rice. Lower heat, cover, and simmer until rice is cooked (about 20–25 minutes). Remove from heat and stir in parsley and scallions.

Remove bay leaves and spoon into bowls. Serves 6–8 hungry po' boys; less if any are named Bubba.

Photography, Holly Linton; food stylist, Kelly Kochendorfer; props: lodge cast-iron pot, Broadway Panhandler; cutting board and bowl, 6 Fanion

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THE $100 TIE

Why cough up a C-note for a strip of silk? A great tie dimples like a baby's butt and flows like a river of riches. Every man needs one to whip out for clutch moments

MEET-THE-NEW-BOSS TIE
This revved-up classic will have the big guy wondering if you're out for *his* job. Give him a break: Wear it with a pale blue shirt and khakis. (Ralph Lauren Purple Label)

COCKTAIL-PARTY TIE
Wear a crisp white shirt, knot up this subtly shiny eye-teaser, and let the tie do the talking. You, however, still get to do the drinking. (Dormeuil)

GET-SERIOUS TIE
Tower above the competition in this sturdy geometric weave, especially if you go whole hog and wear it with one of those showy shirts that need, you know, cuff links. (XMI New York)

GIRL-MAGNET TIE

Yeah, it's polka dots, but the pattern's *muy* macho. Pair it with a solid shirt in any of the dots' colors and you'll never shop alone again. (Turnbull & Asser)

FILTHY-RICH TIE

Wear this anything-but-boring brown tie with a blazer, dark jeans, and a white shirt—and look like you're so loaded you can afford to dress casual anywhere. (Ralph Lauren Purple Label)

GET HUNG, NOT STUNG

A pricey tie isn't necessarily well-made. Five tips to make sure you're getting the right hang for the buck.

Cop a good feel: Quality ties are weighty, but you should be paying for silk, not lining. Pinch the tie between your fingers, just enough to separate the lining from the silk. If the silk is beefy, it's a keeper.

Go for wovens: There's nothing wrong with most printed silk ties, but a design woven directly into the fabric makes it look and feel as if the entire population of Italy slaved for months over your neckwear.

Spread it open: Turn the tie over and gently spread the center seam apart. If it's hand-sewn, you'll notice tiny irregular stitches running its length. This detail builds in extra give so the fabric doesn't warp like a Styx album left on the windowsill.

Let it hang: "Have you ever seen guys wearing ties that flip around so everyone can see the label?" asks XMI New York's tie connoisseur Bert Pulitzer. Grab the tie by the narrow end and hold it in the air like you would a stinky sock. If it squirms around and shows its backside, the quality isn't there.

Tie one on: A reputable shop won't kick you out for testing your potential investment. Make sure it delivers a plump, perfect knot. Then take a deep breath. Reach for your wallet. And prepare to be mistaken for a mysteriously attractive billionaire.

Below: Tie by Charles Hill for British Apparel. See buying guide on page 138.

Photographs, Eran Oflek (x5); Eric Axene (tie back); styling, Stan Williams.

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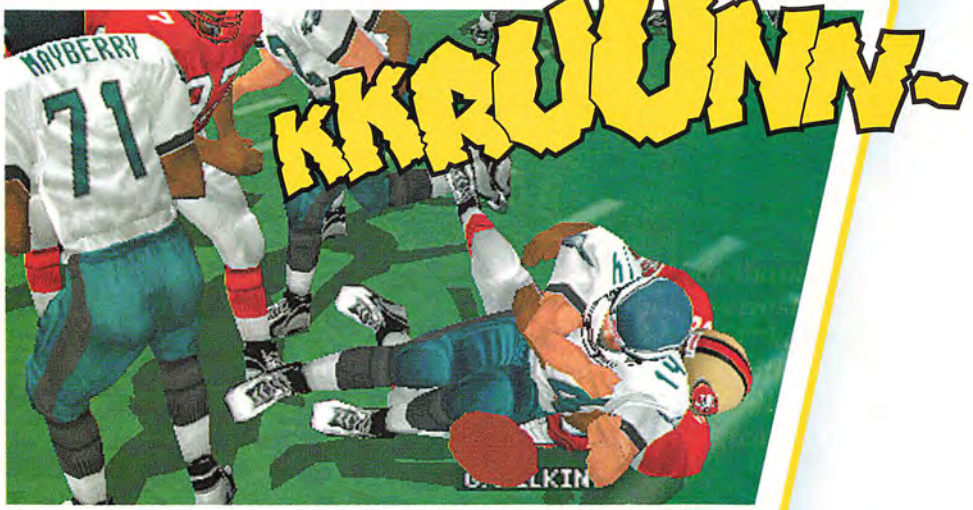

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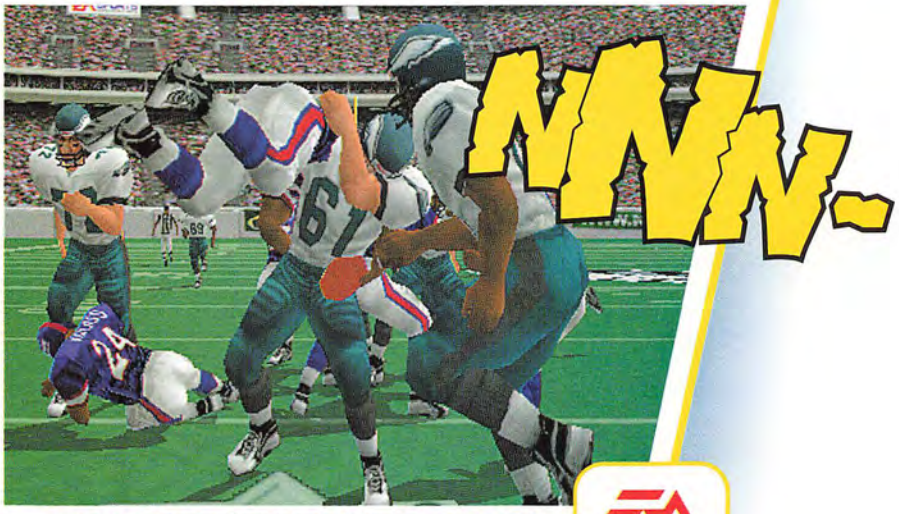

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Stuff

WHAT GOOD IS LIFE WITHOUT IT?

Age of Aquarium

Learn about exotic sea life! Watch strange mating rituals! Grow your own sushi! **By Jason Kersten**
Photography by Thomas Card

So you wanna play God. Who can blame you? After all, it's great work if you can get it. But when the rest of the world shows little interest in deifying you, the next best thing is having a fishtank. Rule it well and your aquarium will become a small saltwater Eden in your living room that your friends will envy. Of course, if you're a lazy dipshit, you'll have an aquatic gulag where beautiful, expensive fish watch their brethren floating motionless on the surface and quietly whisper about who'll be next to buy the farm.

VOLCANO
This device sucks up sand and spits it out again in an endless, mesmerizing eruption. The falling granules keep your fish visually occupied, but then again, so does tapping on the glass. Remember: If your fish aren't moving, at least your sand will be.
($60; That Fish Place, 888-842-8738)

CORAL
Thankfully, you can't kill your coral. Composed of millions of tiny skeletons, coral is the remains of little critters that have bit the dust. Reef-dwelling fish need coral so they can lurk, stake out territory, and otherwise fool themselves into thinking they're not living in some guy's skanky den. **($40–$60; The Aquarium, 801-255-3698)**

GREENERY
Plants—who needs them? Save the expense and frustration of underwater botany and go synthetic. Fish are pretty but dumb: They'll never guess that their ecosystem ain't exactly the real thing. **($5; New World Aquarium, 212-460-9390)**

CRASHED PLANE
Absolutely essential if your fish are native to the South Pacific, where, technically, a reef is not a reef unless it has at least one downed Japanese WWII aircraft sticking out of it. **($23; That Fish Place, 888-842-8738)**

Something's Fishy

There are millions of fish in the sea. Here's the dope on which ones belong in your underwater world, from cost to size to the likelihood of a toilet-bowl funeral.

Who can resist a great blowfish?

THE FLOATER SCALE

Will your fish get flushed?

1	Couldn't kill it with a .45
2	Survived Mrs. Paul
3	Even money
4	Intensive care
5	Will drown immediately

▽ ZEBRA EEL $100

Full size: 4–6 feet
Floater scale: 1

Eels hover in your aquarium like dark, fearsome ribbons, often provoking the "What the hell is *that*?" response from friends. Placing your eel in an aquarium with small fish is the equivalent of buying it an expensive dinner; and always—*always!*—make sure you have a tight-fitting lid.

▷ HARLEQUIN TUSK $100

Full size: 3–5 inches
Floater scale: 1

Their four honking front teeth aside, harlequin tusks are among the most attractive fish a guy can toss in his tank. As a bonus, they're relatively easy to keep alive—hell, they may even survive those Cuervo shots your pals dump in the water at your next toga party.

▷ BLUE BIRD WRASSE $75

Full size: 13 inches
Floater scale: 2

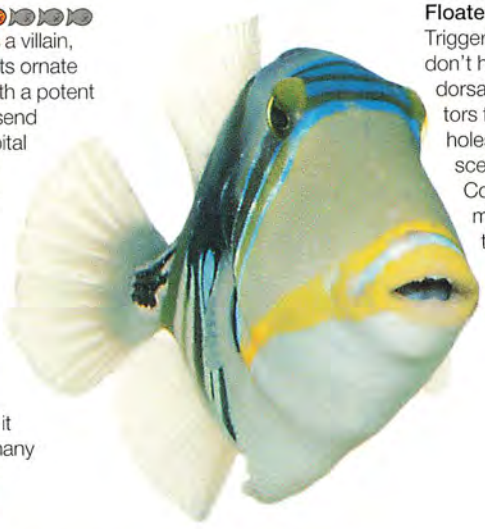
If you live in an aquarium, you quickly learn one thing: You can swim, but you can't hide. Unless, that is, you're a chickenshit fish like the blue bird wrasse, which, when frightened, buries itself in the gravel at the bottom of the tank for days on end.

▷ COWFISH $35

Full size: 16 inches
Floater scale:
Cowfish do not come in boxes; they *are* boxes. Their strange, cube-like bodies are composed of bony plates that actually make the fish stiff and quite delicate. While the cows may look positively dorky, they can release poison into the water that causes predators to skip the box lunch and seek a cheap meal elsewhere.

△ LIONFISH $55

Full size: 3 inches
Floater scale:
Every fishtank needs a villain, and the lionfish is it. Its ornate spines are loaded with a potent neurotoxin that can send your butt to the hospital in a hurry. Other fish will avoid it because they instinctively know that lionfish are badass predators, and small fish in the same tank are, well, bait. Give your lionfish live food, such as goldfish, then watch it inhale them like so many sacrificial Chee-tos.



▽ PICASSO TRIGGERFISH $100

Full size: 8–12 inches
Floater scale:
Triggerfish don't spew poison. Triggerfish don't have sharp teeth. All they've got is a dorsal fin that locks in place to keep predators from extracting them from hiding holes or, in the worst-case scenario, from swallowing them. Cool as they are, don't buy more than one: Triggerfish tend to get rather pissed when they see one of their own kind.

△ CLOWN FISH $18

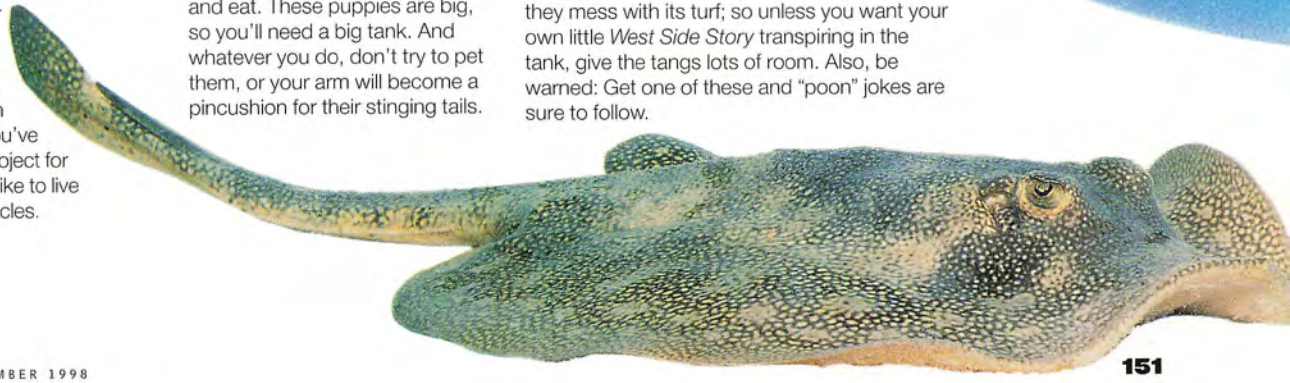
Full size: 3–4 inches
Floater scale:
The mainstay of every saltwater tank, clown fish are known as perfect starter fish for the aquarium rookie. Basically, they're colorful and, if you can manage to maintain a decent environment, tough to kill. Put sea anemones in your tank and you've got a housing project for clown fish, who like to live among the tentacles.

▽ STINGRAY $85

Full size: 2½ feet
Floater scale:
Stingrays are downright sneaky. They'll bury themselves at the bottom of your tank, nearly invisible except for their eyes, and pop up from time to time to prowl around and eat. These puppies are big, so you'll need a big tank. And whatever you do, don't try to pet them, or your arm will become a pincushion for their stinging tails.

▷ HIPPO TANG $20

Full size: 4–6 inches
Floater scale:
The black flourish on this fish makes it a shoe-in for the Most Likely to Be Used on an NFL Helmet award. It packs a bladelike fin near its tail that it will use on other hippo tangs if they mess with its turf; so unless you want your own little *West Side Story* transpiring in the tank, give the tangs lots of room. Also, be warned: Get one of these and "poon" jokes are sure to follow.



Fish and tanks provided by Alan Stewart at Aqua-Visions, (516) 546-5944

Hang Time

ENTERTAINMENT MADE EASY

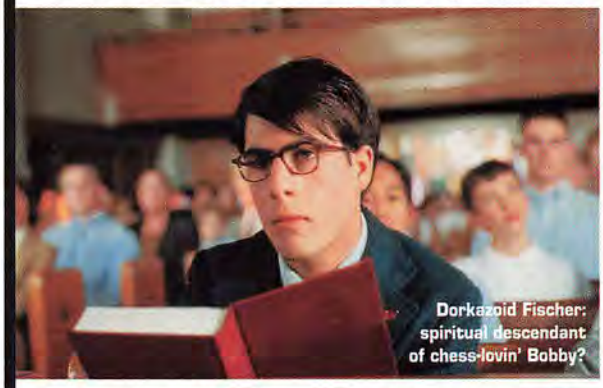
Movies

Previews	Film	Stars	Story	We say
	Knock Off (TriStar) **Release date:** September 4	Jean-Claude Van Damme, Rob Schneider, Lela Rochon	A CIA agent (Van Damme) goes under cover to thwart a Russian plot to smuggle bombs inside—we swear we're not making this up—*fake designer jeans*.	Keep your ass far away from this denim dud.
	Rounders (Miramax) **Release date:** September 11	Matt Damon, Gretchen Mol, Edward Norton	Damon puts on his poker face as a card shark who folds 'em for law school and fetchin' Gretchen. But when slimy pal Norton returns from prison, will Damon ante up again?	Deal us in. *Good Will Hunting*'s Damon has made his mark portraying troubled Joes with a knack for numbers. Besides, the world of gritty underground poker is more than a tad compelling.
	Touch of Evil (October) **Release date:** September 11	Orson Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh	Goody-goody Heston (as a *Mexican* narc) and crooked cop Welles tangle over a murder investigation in a sleazy border town. Janet Leigh (*Psycho*'s shower screamer) gets caught in the murky middle.	Classic cool. Though it was originally released 40 years ago, we're hot to see this version, re-edited to Welles' original dark vision—even if he reminds us of Jabba the Hutt.
	Rush Hour (New Line) **Release date:** August 28	Jackie Chan, Chris Tucker, Tzi Ma	Tucker, a rogue LAPD officer (there's another kind?) teams with supercop Chan to collar a kidnapper, avert an international crisis, and make buddy movies tolerable again.	No big rush here, guys. You gotta love Chan for his will-work-for-surgery stunts, but helium-voiced Tucker may be too annoying to kick-start a fading formula.
	Goodbye Lover (Warner Bros.) **Release date:** September 18	Patricia Arquette, Dermot Mulroney, Don Johnson, Ellen DeGeneres	Arquette's married to one brother (Mulroney) but porking another (Johnson). Not content to literally screw each other, the trio screw each other financially over a $4 million life-insurance policy.	Don Johnson makes us gnash our bridges, but if Arquette's willing to do two guys, the least we can do is give this a shot.
	Permanent Midnight (Artisan) **Release date:** September 18	Ben Stiller, Elizabeth Hurley, Janeane Garofalo	Drug fiend Stiller flees the Big Apple to settle down with Hurley and get clean as a Hollywood TV writer. Hey, pal—wrong town, wrong job.	A bad trip. We'd rather endure rehab than sit through another flick about the—yawn—dark side of Tinseltown. Plus, any fool who'd choose smack over a Hurley-whirly deserves to OD.
	Pecker (Fine Line) **Release date:** September 25	Edward Furlong, Christina Ricci, Martha Plimpton	A blue-collar Baltimore kid (nicknamed Pecker for his peculiar eating habits, not his dick) photographs his freakazoid family and becomes the toast of the New York art scene.	Don't be chicken. Might sound arty, but nobody brings geeks and freaks to the screen like John Waters, the warped director of *Pink Flamingos* and *Cry-Baby*.
	Welcome to Woop Woop (MGM) **Release date:** Late September	Johnathon Schaech, Susie Porter, Rod Taylor	A Yankee con man (Schaech) fleeing for his life in the Australian outback gets waylaid by a sex-crazed tomboy (Porter) and wakes up "married" in her wacko hometown.	Two woops up! Those Aussie accents are murder on our ears, but this politically incorrect farce promises plenty o' boozy sex—not to mention a schoolmarm who chain-saws kangaroos.

Illustration, Rian Hughes; Photographs, (this page,per movie, top to bottom): Chan Kam Chun/Columbia/Tristar (x2); John Clifford/Miramax; October Films(x2); Bob Marshak/New Line Cinema(x2); Mark Fellman/Warner Bros.; John P. Johnson/Artisan Entertainment; M. Ginsburg/Fine Line Features; Jim Sheldon/MGM(x2); (Next page clockwise from the top left); Touchstone; Bob Akester/October Films; Gramercy; Illustration, James Silvani.

Maxim recommends

Rushmore *(Touchstone, late September)*



Dorkazoid Fischer: spiritual descendant of chess-lovin' Bobby?

You wouldn't think 15-year-old geek Max Fischer (Jason Schwartzman) could outshine his tycoon mentor (Bill Murray) in the womanizing department. But since Max is the biggest bullshitter in his prep school—if not the Western hemisphere—you may want to hold all bets. This ace oddball comedy shows a darker side to Murray's goof-off charm; meanwhile, Schwartzman is clearly a graduate from the Dustin Hoffman School for Indefatigable Nerds. At first you may feel an urge to shove Max's pointy head down a toilet, but by the time he gets expelled, sics a swarm of bees on his rival, Murray, and directs a hilariously violent stage version of *Serpico* to impress a shapely young teacher, you'll be voting him homecoming king.—***Steven Russell***

Your Friends & Neighbors

(Gramercy, August 28)

Stiller (right): "How should I know where your cup is?"

The title may conjure images of Mister Rogers slipping into his cardigan, but this black comedy is more interested in people who rip their clothes *off*. From the writer-director of 1997's *In the Company of Men*, in which corporate creeps mind-fuck a deaf gal, *Your Friends & Neighbors* follows six men and women who climb into the sexual-ethics ring and land punches below the belt. Ben Stiller and Catherine Keener play lovers who stay hooked up only to inflict pain on each other. When Stiller tries to schtup his best friend's wife, and Keener goes lesbo with Nastassja Kinski (yes!), the gloves come off along with everything else. Sickly entertaining, but if your friends are anything like these, keep one hand on the camcorder and use the other to dial 911.—***Clark Jurgen***

"Justice makes us hornier than hell!"

The XXX-Men

Their sexual superpowers strike impotence into the loins of evildoers everywhere.

In *Orgazmo,* this month's live-action, censor-shaking satire, *South Park* co-creator Trey Parker stars as a porn star blessed with studly superpowers. But what's a horny comic-book hero without sleazy sidekicks and fornicating foes? *Maxim* sketches its own Orgy League of America:

The Purple Avenger

Costume: Turtleneck and smooth, supersensitive helmet
Powers: When aroused by injustice, swells up to three times his normal height and develops violent twitch
Arch-enemy: Trojan Man
Weaknesses: Cold showers and nude photos of Bea Arthur
Alter ego: Washington Monument tour guide

Wonderbra Woman

Costume: Cleavage-enhancing bra with armored miniskirt
Powers: Breathing, deep breathing, rapid breathing, heaving, gasping, and a breathy sort of yelping
Arch-enemy: The demented Dr. de Clasp
Weaknesses: Victoria's Secret catalog half-price sale, x-ray vision, tight doorways
Alter ego: Tori Amos

Ménage Man

Costume: He wears a king-size waterbed
Powers: Using his Rock-Star Ray, can convince leggy supermodels they must form a sex pretzel with him in order to save the human race
Arch-enemy: Every other man on the planet
Weakness: Still lives with his overbearing mother
Alter ego: Peep-show janitor

The Amazing Dominatrix

Costume: Black rubber leotard and mystic cattle prod
Powers: Verbally and physically shames naughty supervillains until they fall to their knees, whimpering for a "super spanky-wanky"
Arch-enemy: High Tolerance for Pain Man
Weakness: Spiked heels keep ripping her cape
Alter ego: Margaret Thatcher

Orgazmo: "Up, up, and... whoops."

Music

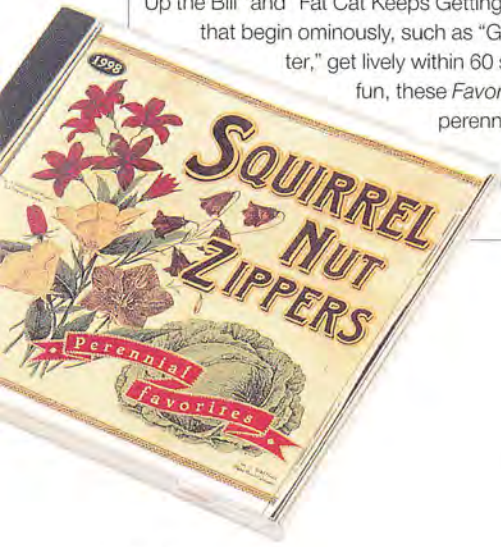
Loose Nuts: The Zippers let it swing

Squirrel Nut Zippers

Perennial Favorites (Mammoth)

When it comes to the resurgence of swing, the line between good-natured camp and cheap revivalism is thinner than Karen Carpenter. Luckily, North Carolina's Squirrel Nut Zippers have the musical agility to dance all over that line without crossing it. After last year's breakout hit, *Hot,* the Zippers regather the requisite retro tools—banjo, ukulele, horn section, and the Betty Boop–style vocals of Katharine Whalen—for *Perennial Favorites.* But here's the key: They still don't take the whole deal too seriously. Instead, they cheerfully skewer their own newfound fame with boppers like "Suits Are Picking Up the Bill" and "Fat Cat Keeps Getting Fatter." Even tracks that begin ominously, such as "Ghost of Stephen Foster," get lively within 60 seconds. Foolish and fun, these *Favorites* may not be truly perennial, but they'll still be great music after the next fad fades.

—Tom Lanham



Elliott Smith

XO (Dreamworks)

Elliott Smith may be a sensitive singer-songwriter type, but he ain't no sissy. How many guys would have the nads to get onstage at the Academy Awards—just minutes after singing toothpick Celine Dion has assaulted the crowd with full orchestra and fog machines—to sing *Good Will Hunting*'s "Miss Misery" with nothing but an acoustic guitar? Smith's fourth solo album, *XO,* is additional evidence that he could wipe the coffeehouse floor with most of today's faux Dylans. High-energy strummers, like "Amity" and "Bled White," prove that this guy can rock, while kinder, gentler tunes, like "Pitseleh," ring with a conviction absent from most songwriting. With his reedy voice, spare arrangements, and penchant for Beatles-esque melodies, Smith is the Evander Holyfield of folk music: a quiet and unassuming contender who'll knock you out when you least expect it.

—David Peisner

Willie Nelson

Teatro (Island)

It's official: Absolutely nothing can keep Willie Nelson down. After fending off the Internal Revenue Service, the pot police, and Hank Hill's tortured guitar picking on *King of the Hill,* country's coolest outlaw seems stronger than ever. *Teatro,* a terrific collection of new songs and carefully reworked classics, helps him further stake his claim as a survivor *and* a force in contemporary folk music. Recorded in an old Mexican movie theater by producer Daniel Lanois (who also produced Bob Dylan's *Time Out of Mind,* a 1997 Grammy winner) and featuring longtime pal Emmylou Harris on all but a few songs, the album gives fresh numbers, such as the accordion-drenched "Everywhere I Go," an appropriately aching edge. Nelson's vintage tunes come off just as well, especially the transformation of 1962's "I Never Cared for You" into a loose, border-town flamenco. At 65, Willie may be weathered, even worn, but this particular red-headed stranger refuses to fade away.*—Dan Catalano*

Dishwalla

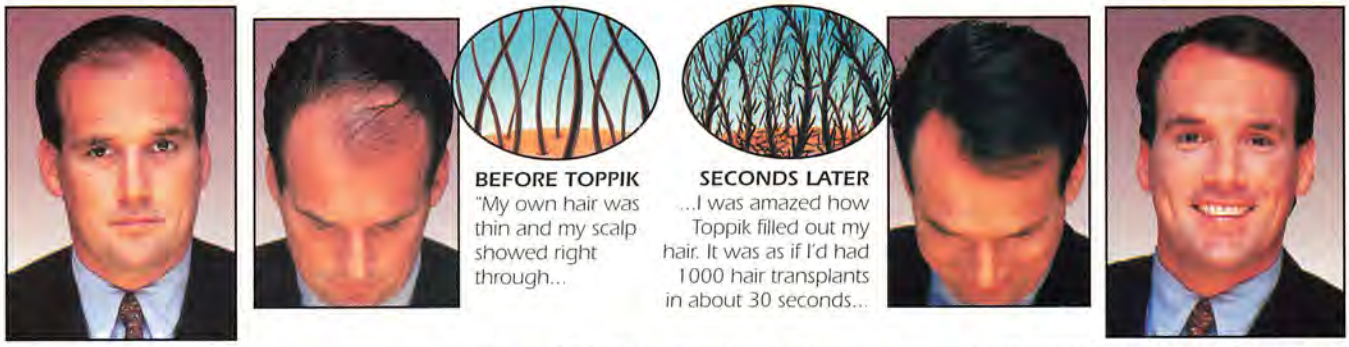
And You Think You Know What Life's About (A&M)

This continues to be the year of the interchangeable white-boy guitar band. If you can't keep straight which group led a semi-charmed life, which one wanted to push you around, and which one just wanted to fly (for the record, that would be Third Eye Blind, Matchbox 20, and Sugar Ray, respectively), it's because the biggest difference among these outfits is their brand of mousse. Dishwalla, another cute clone band, which spawned the 1997 hit "Counting Blue Cars," hopes to bust out of the pack as the first to crank out a follow-up album. Nice try, pretty boys. Not only is the title so pretentious it should wear a beret, but the songs are more of the same cookie-cutter, power-chord crap that makes modern-rock radio so remarkably lame. Sure, in a weak moment stuff like this can be catchy, but do you really want the same CD collection as your little sister?*—Todd Bridges*

Illustration, Rian Hughes; Photographs, (clockwise from the top left): Jay Blakesberg/Mammoth Records; Eric Axene (x3); Mercury Nashville; Stephanie Pfriender/Outline; Illustration, James Silvani.

The 30 Second "Hair Transplant"

ORGANIC HAIR-BUILDING FIBERS CREATE A THICKER, FULLER HEAD OF HAIR!



BEFORE TOPPIK "My own hair was thin and my scalp showed right through...

SECONDS LATER ...I was amazed how Toppik filled out my hair. It was as if I'd had 1000 hair transplants in about 30 seconds...

By Mark Kress

At last there is a safe, natural way to eliminate the appearance of baldness and thinning hair. *It's not a spray, cream or cover-up.* In fact, it's so scientifically advanced that it is unlike anything you've ever seen before.

Add "Hair" to Your Hair

TOPPIK is an amazing new complex of tiny, microfiber "hairs" that perfectly blend with you own hair. Toppik fibers are made of the same organic Keratin protein as your own hair. Through a unique process, Toppik fibers are specially restructured to merge undetectably with your own hair.

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TOPPIK does not simply create the illusion of thicker hair. By combining your own thinning hair with the Toppik fibers, you will actually see a thicker, fuller head of hair. You'll even be able to style your hair in younger looking ways that you've all but given up on.

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Toppik™ Hair Building Fibers are tiny, electrostatically "magnetized" hairs that actually bind with your own, instantly building density and creating greater coverage.

No expense was spared to make this the most valuable hair product you will ever own. Toppik comes in an elegant, discrete molded container specially designed to dispense the fibers through 167 digitally optimized openings. And Toppik is so easy to apply that after a while you won't even need to look in a mirror when you put it on. I've even applied it between floors on an elevator on my way to a business meeting.

Totally Undetectable

The strongest wind or driving rain will not effect Toppik and it cannot possibly smear or stain. Toppik is totally undetectable, even from as close as two inches. In fact, these keratin hair fibers merge with your hair so perfectly that not even a trained eye will be able to detect them. Toppik stays securely in place giving natural-looking thickness and fullness until the next time you shampoo. But Toppik removes easily with any shampoo. It is also totally compatible with Minoxidil. Toppik is great for both men and women.

A Safe, Effective Option

Speaking of medical treatments, Toppik is recommended by doctors because it is completely safe and works amazingly well with hair transplants. Starting right after surgery, Toppik will make any scabs or scars completely disappear. It will also eliminate the sight of any temporary post-operative thinning. And if you are still weighing your surgical options, using Toppik will give you more time to make the right choice. No matter what your condition, if you are concerned about visible hair loss, Toppik will change the way you feel about yourself every time you look in the mirror.

> ...it had sounded too good to be true, but the results were truly remarkable. Toppik is safe, convenient and inexpensive...and it really works. I strongly recommend this breakthrough product to any man or woman with thinning hair."
>
> Dr. Jonathon P. Konecny
> Southport, CT

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Hank Williams

The Complete Hank Williams
(Mercury Nashville)

■ Before country music turned into little more than a soundtrack for selling pickup trucks, there lived a man who drank like a camel with three humps, womanized incessantly, and lived with reckless abandon. Luckily, he translated all this into brilliant honky-tonk classics such as "Your Cheatin' Heart." Now, 45 years after his ticker gave out (he was only 29), Hank Williams is receiving the tribute he deserves. *The Complete Hank Williams* is as satisfaction-obsessed as the man himself: 10 discs of 220 cuts covering every song he ever recorded, from his earliest studio sessions to his final concert performances. Of course, you don't have to take it all in at once—though that kind of excess would be another fine tribute.
—Ian Landau

Liz Phair

whitechocolatespaceegg (Matador)

■ It's not easy being Liz Phair. After her critically lauded debut, *Exile in Guyville,* she endured an instant backlash from hipsters who thought she was either too cute, too insincere, too foulmouthed, or not foulmouthed enough. To make matters worse, after a strong—if not stunning—follow-up, she took a few years off to get married and procreate, which meant there was even more pressure for this album to succeed. Well, her goofily titled *whitechocolatespaceegg* has finally hatched, and we're happy to report that it's grade A. Highlights: songs about sexual obsession accompanied by fuzzy guitars ("Johnny Feelgood") and introspective ballads about screwed-up relationships ("Love Is Nothing"). If you're anti-Liz, this album won't change your mind. But for those with a jones for her warbling vocals and unguarded lyrics, it was well worth the wait.—***D.C.***

All's Phair in love, war, and blow jobs

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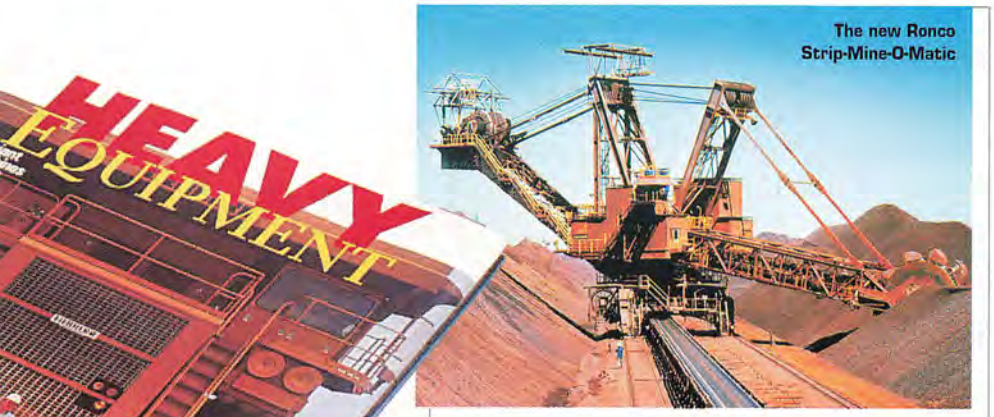


Heavy Equipment

by Eric Bruun and Buzzy Keith
(Black Dog & Leventhal, $24.98)

Guys know that coffee tables are made for propping up feet and collecting nine weeks' worth of empty beer bottles. Unfortunately, women tend to clutter up these sacred surfaces with sled-size books such as *Martha Stewart's Really Expensive Weddings* and *Babies, Babies...What Do You Know, More Babies!* Now, thanks to *Heavy Equipment*, coffee-table-book revenge is ours. Weighing in at nearly four pounds and cowritten by a guy named Buzzy, this 14"x14" volume delivers full-color photos of more "giant machines that crush, cut, dig, dredge, drill, excavate, grade, haul, pave, pulverize, pump, push, roll, stack, thresh, and transport big things" than Tonka ever imagined. From a dump truck with a 240-ton capacity (the weight of about 50 adult elephants) to a monster shredder that reduces cars to shrapnel in 30 seconds flat, these diesel titans are described in straightforward, construction-site lingo that'll make you reach for a hard hat. If that isn't cool enough, you can use *Heavy Equipment* to smash the shit out of any cockroach that dares crawl around those beer bottles.—***Steven Russell***

Let's Get It On

by Mills Lane, with Jedwin Smith
(Crown, $23)

With his bow tie and bald head, Mills Lane was already boxing's most recognizable ref. By disqualifying Mike Tyson for taste-testing Evander Holyfield's ear, he proved he was its gutsiest, too. Now he's turned his 15 rounds of fame into a book that's equal parts memoir, boxing commentary, and hard-nosed self-help. "Let's get it on" is Lane's signature ringside phrase, and it pretty much sums up his worldview: "You weren't put here to take up space. Make things happen, dammit... Let the other guy be the whimpering fool while you kick butt and take names." Sound like boot camp? That's because he's an ex-Marine as well as a Nevada judge who's known to unlucky perps as Maximum Mills. Pep talk aside, the best stuff here is his extremely insider account of the Holyfield-Tyson fiasco and other, more obscure boxing anecdotes (like the time the Venezuelan National Guard saved him from a crucifixion-minded mob after a controversial decision). Lane can be old-fashioned at times, but he's definitely a guy we'd want in our corner during a brawl. —*Aaron Roston*

Rumble Tumble

by Joe R. Lansdale (Mysterious Press, $22)

There's an old mystery-novel rule that good-looking broads lead to only one thing: trouble. Above average for the genre, this fifth installment of the bloody adventures of Hap Collins proves no exception. Hap is hitting middle age, toiling as a bouncer in a seedy east Texas nightclub, and living on the couch of his best friend, Leonard (a Vietnam vet). But at least he's getting it regular from a stacked former beauty queen. When her daughter, a junkie and prostitute in Oklahoma, needs help, Hap and Leonard are enlisted to rescue her and head off on a violent, high-octane road trip to hell and back. Along the way, our sorta-dynamic duo crosses paths with a cavalcade of freaks, including a hit man turned holy man, and leaves a trail of bullet-ridden bodies. If you savor classic pulp thriller stuff—girls, guns, and gore—*Rumble Tumble* will stuff you full.—***A.R.***

Fall of the Phantom Lord

by Andrew Todhunter
(Anchor/Doubleday, $23.95)

Like skateboarding and bungee jumping, rock climbing is yet another extreme sport that's been suburbanized and mainstreamed—really, how extreme is that big gray wall with the pretty colored knobs at

Illustration, Rian Hughes; Photographs, (clockwise from the top left): Eric Axene (books.x6); Smith/Zefa/H.Armstrong Roberts; UPI/Corbis-Bettmann.

BETWEEN THE COVERS

S-e-x for Dummies

True tales of ignorant intercourse and moronic bedroom boners.

Any idiot with 50 bucks can get laid. But judging by the dozens of real stories collected in *Stupid Sex* (Main Street/Doubleday, $9.95) by Kathryn and Ross Petras, there are no limits to coital cluelessness. Lesson #1: Just because your penis *can* fit into something doesn't mean it should. Cautionary tales from around the world:

■ **Motel hell:** A man taking a late-night dip in a motel pool can't resist gettin' jiggy wit' the water intake valve. Paramedics free him two hours later, though he goes to the emergency room with an 18-foot pipe still attached to his horribly swollen penis.

■ **Chicken on a stick:** Investigating a distressed squawk, a Turkish chicken farmer discovers his 80-year-old neighbor cock-a-doodling his prize clucker. He stabs the man 65 times as a matter of honor.

■ **Channel 69:** A couple of Italian newlyweds want to videotape their honeymoon sex fest. Apparently too horny to read the instructions, they plug the camcorder into their apartment building's cable system, unwittingly inviting neighbors to tune in.

■ **Pumping iron:** A Wichita, Kansas, man gets aroused upon discovering that his Little

Schwarzenegger will fit through the hole in a barbell weight. A urologist has to *drain blood* from his engorged penis to free it.

■ **Let 'em eat...yuck:** A woman in steamy, hot west Africa stores her contraceptive gel in the fridge. While hosting a formal dinner party, she watches in distress as the cook serves up dessert: a large cake topped with cherries, nuts...and what is clearly an appetizing spermicidal glaze.

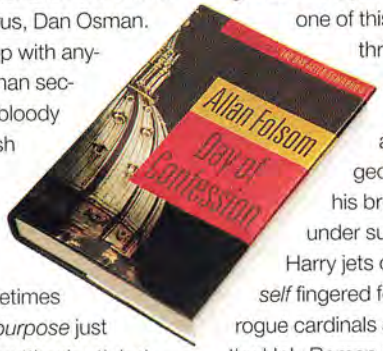
■ **Pistol popper:** An Ohio man gets his rocks off by shooting himself in the torso with a handgun—but he practices safe sex by sensibly wearing a bullet proof vest.

■ **Auto erotic:** An impotent California man receives an electronic penile implant that lets him spark an erection by remote control. Only bug: It also works whenever neighbors use their automatic garage-door openers.

your local gym? Unfortunately, this nonfiction book makes the real cliff-hanging thing seem just as tedious. For two years Todhunter followed and collected material on one of the world's leading rock gurus, Dan Osman. Still, he couldn't come up with anything more compelling than secondhand tales of mildly bloody mishaps and a mishmash philosophy of how to conquer fear. The profiles of oddballs in the rock-climbing fraternity aren't bad (Osman sometimes tumbles down cliffs *on purpose* just to perfect the art of not getting hurt), but when Todhunter, a pretentious windbag you'd love to shove off an icy ledge (the title should have tipped us off, huh?), examines his own so-called adventurous life, the book goes into a free fall.—***A.R.***

Day of Confession

by Allan Folsom (Little, Brown, $25)



■ If you like your international intrigue on a grand scale, you'll be hooked from page one of this gotta-save-the-world thriller. Hollywood lawyer Harry Addison has it made: raking in big bucks and bedding a different gorgeous starlet every night. Then his brother, a Vatican priest, dies under suspicious circumstances. Harry jets off to Rome only to find *himself* fingered for murder. Turns out that rogue cardinals are scheming to relaunch the Holy Roman Empire, and Harry's in the way. To avert the apocalypse (and save himself), our hero assembles a ragtag team that includes a sexy nun ready to renounce her vow of chastity. Far-fetched? Oh, yes. Dull? Oh, no.—***Steven Kotok***

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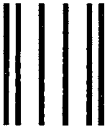

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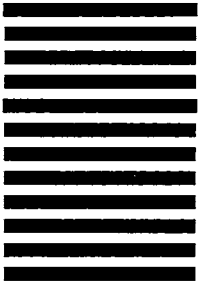

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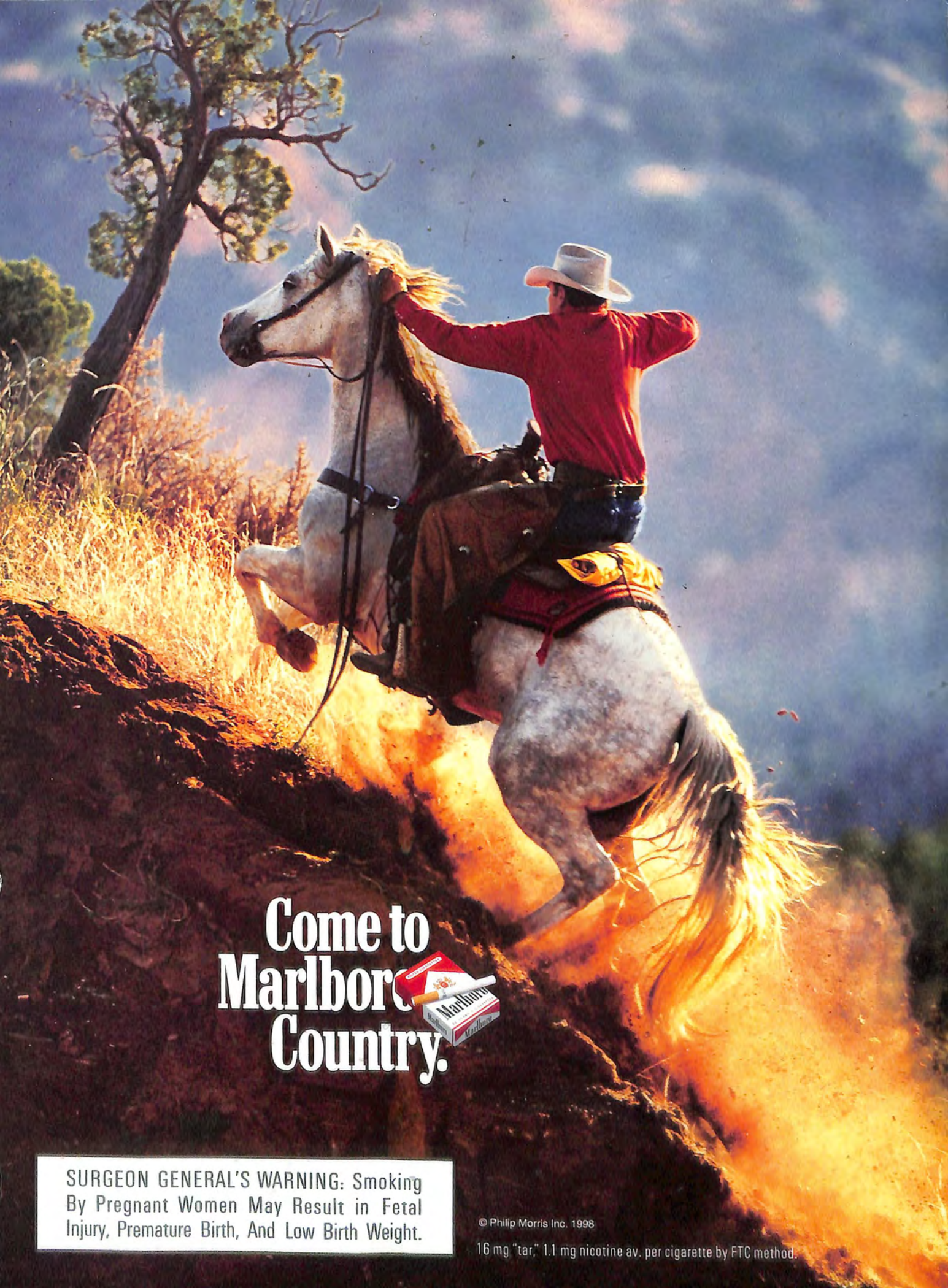
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